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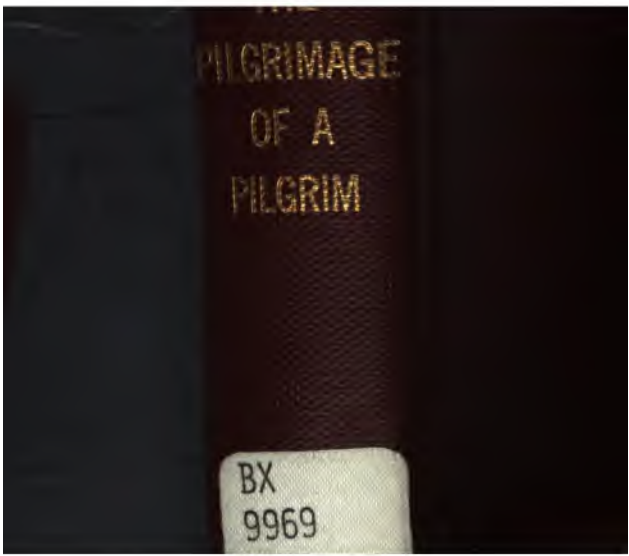
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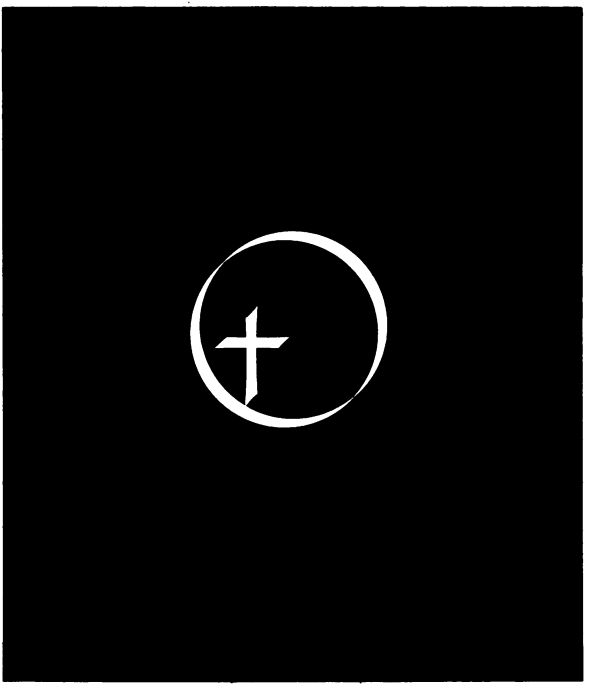

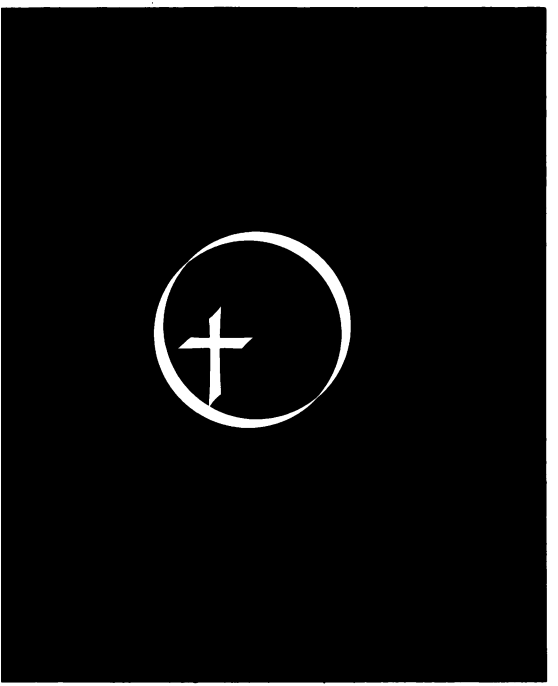

THE

PILGRIMAGE OF A PILGRIM,

FOR FORTY YEARS,

AS HE JOURNEYED TO, AND THROUGH, AND FROM, THE PARTIALIST CHURCH, INTO AND THROUGH SIXTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE UNIVERSALIST MINISTRY—AND NOT DONE YET.

BY ABRAHAM NORWOOD,

RECORDER OF THE "ACTS OF THE ELDERS, COMMONLY CALLED THE BOOK OF ABRAHAM," ETC. ETC.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths they have not known."—*Isa.* xlii. 16.
"Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger?"

THIRD AND REVISED EDITION.

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DEDICATION.

To her whose lap sustained him in infancy — whose hand led him in childhood — whose tongue taught him in youth — whose lips counselled him in manhood — whose eye beamed on him with tenderness — whose care cured him in sickness — whose voice soothed him in sorrow — whose smiles filled him with gladness, and whose pure, deep, holy, watchful affection ever was, and still is, above and about him for his highest good: to his beloved and honored MOTHER — his only surviving parent — is this "PILGRIMAGE" most respectfully dedicated, as a small tribute of the esteem and affection of her absent son,

ABRAHAM.

INTRODUCTION.

This volume is prepared and sent forth by one who, for many years, deeply realized the keen awfulness of a sincere faith in the dreadful doctrine of unending woe. In infancy it was impressed upon his tender mind, "grew with his growth, strengthened with his strength," and produced its baneful fruits.

It poisoned the purest fountain of youthful pleasures, scathed and seared the tender plants of joy, that strove, in vain, to flourish in his early pathway; and if, perchance, some beauteous buds of hope appeared, desiring to unfold their lovely leaves, those leaves were scattered by its ruthless blast, and, instead of fragrance sweet, a sulphurous smell remained.

It haunted him by day, tormented him by night, flashed forth in vivid dreams, awakened him from sleep, mingled in all his thoughts, and, like an evil genius from infernal regions, pursued him with its hateful presence.

But the great God — blessed be His name! — "delivered him from evil," raised him from the horrible pit of falsehood and delusion, and placed him on the mount of Faith, and Hope, and Joy. Here, now, he firmly stands, — here he has stood for years, — with heart enlarged, with hand outstretched, with voice upraised, to urge, persuade, by all the power of Heaven's own Word, his wandering *fellow-men to disbelieve*, reject, renounce forever,

the most loathsome doctrine that ever cursed the world, and receive the holy truth that maketh free indeed.

It is to aid in the high object of bringing souls from darkness into light, that this "Pilgrimage" is written. To aid, not only by the truths which it contains, and which God grant may be conveyed to many hearts, inspiring hope, and faith, and confidence, and love; but, also, to aid the Pilgrim writer in his constant journeyings from town to town, from state to state, to preach the gospel of the blessed kingdom, and enable him to satisfy the worldly wants of the dear loved ones he leaves at home, and to "*owe no man anything*, but to love one another." Reader, remember this — "*forget it not.*"

There are, 't is true, some things recorded in this Pilgrim-book, that have not much to do with *sacred* truth; such, for instance, as the writer's time and place of birth, his father's family, and when he lived, and where and how, and other trifling facts, which some, perhaps, may think unworthy to be read. If *you* think so, dear reader, pray don't read them; they are not for you, but others.

The author doubts not that this work has imperfections of style, of taste, of order, and of learning; still, he submits it to the Christian world, believing that it has a hallowed mission to perform, and that its good will more than overcome its ill; and praying that its readers may have grace and wisdom to treasure up the good in honest hearts — the evil, when they see it, cast away.

A. N.

Salisbury, Mass., September, 1848.

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THE PILGRIMAGE OF A PILGRIM, FOR FORTY YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

His birth and birthplace — Some account of his parents, and others — Receives baptism — Early instruction and its impressions — The catechism and the rod — Hears preaching, awful — Goes to heaven and hell in the visions of night — Fortunately escapes from both — Reflections.

In attempting to record my own biography, I find myself utterly unable to speak from personal knowledge of the very first fact customary to be mentioned, although all accounts agree that I was present when it transpired. I have taxed my mind to recall the circumstance, but still it is entirely unremembered. I am hence compelled to be so much like others as to depend upon the statements of my seniors as to when and where I took my first peep into this most singular and curious world.

I dislike to boast of my relations, whether past or present, as it is a habit I never indulged in; and besides, very likely, it would have been an improvement if some of them had been better even than they were. But then — and I want to say it very modestly — some of my very near relations

were so far on the right side of disrespectable, that I can depend upon their statement that I was born on Sunday, Dec. 28, 1806, in that part of the town of Gloucester, Mass., called Cape Ann, in that part of Cape Ann now called Rockport, and in that part of Rockport called Halibut Point; or as near this Point as a house could be found to be born in — said house being a two-storied, gambrel-roofed, antiquated building, owned in whole, and occupied in part, by Mr. Joshua Gott, a brave revolutionary soldier, since deceased.

But, I suppose, dear reader, as I was born on a point you will expect me naturally to come to a point, and to keep to a point, even if I have to be pointed in my observations. Well, you are right, and shall not be disappointed. The testimony of my relatives as to the when and where of my birth, is confirmed by the fact that I have not the most remote remembrance of being born at any other time, nor in any other place.

I should have been the first-born only for the fact that I found two sisters at home on my arrival; but I contrived not to be offended about it, as it was neither my fault nor my business. However, I was the first-born *son*, and should have been the last but for certain events that took place afterwards.

My parents seldom attended church, for there was none very near us; but I am of the opinion that they had either read very emphatically, or heard preached from on some particular occasion, the text, "*Be fruitful and multiply.*" At any rate, so mindful were they of the command, that *sisters and* brothers were added to us in rapid suc-

cession, until there were no less than ten sisters in the family, and five brothers *to boot!*

My parents, especially my father, welcomed each particular one when it made its first visit, just as though they had no other, and the dear little stranger had come a long journey on foot and alone, out of pure compassion, just to please and accommodate them. And then what a list of proper names had to be hunted up from the Bible, dictionary, and spelling book, to distinguish all these little members of the tribe of Abraham!

What *I* should have been called, if my careful mother had not given me the same old-fashioned name that my father's mother gave him, I shall probably never be informed.

Both of my grand-fathers were of direct English descent. The name of one was Jonathan, the other Gustavus, and the name of their father was Jonathan. They were own brothers, and of course my parents were own cousins, and of the same surname.

The children of Jonathan were ten,—five sons and five daughters; and the children of Gustavus and Abigail his wife, were ten,—five sons and five daughters.

At the age of nine months I was baptized, or christened, by Rev. Ezra Leonard, pastor of Annisquam parish, unto which parish we were considered as belonging. Mr. Leonard was then Orthodox, (so called,) but he afterwards became a preacher of Universalism, and continued firm in the faith of that doctrine until his decease. I heard him preach several times in the course of

my youth, and attended school which he taught, a term or two.

Rev. Mr. Jewett's meeting, (Orthodox,) at Sandy-bay, being nearest, my father took his name from the list of Annisquam parish, and allowed himself to be taxed for the support of Mr. Jewett, to whose meeting we children were sent, and sometimes to Sabbath school.

I have heard Mr. Jewett preach a great many times, and can remember very distinctly, though then quite young, with what awful and terrifying earnestness he would lay down the case of a poor sinner, after he had dispatched his "ninthly and lastly," and come to "improve upon the subject."

This was usually the hottest portion of the whole discourse, and designed to make both saints and sinners tremble for their safety. I think I can remember distinctly of hearing him assert that there were "infants in hell not a span long," and that the seats upon which we sat would be "swift witnesses against us at the bar of God."

I listened to all he said with the utmost reverence and most implicit faith, and his dreadful sentiments sunk deeply into my tender mind, for, though of a lively, ardent temperament, I was still of a reflecting, thoughtful, religious turn.

At home my mother carefully taught us the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism," and, as a crazy pedler used to say, other "good books about the devil." A portion of the Sabbath was usually devoted to this work. She also learned us many hymns, the substance and theology of which may *be* "summarily comprehended" in the following *example:*—

"There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
Where all good children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

"There is a fiery hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains."

We were all taught the Lord's prayer, and required to repeat it night and morning. Before going to bed, we would come around our mother, place ourselves in a devotional attitude, raise our little hands together, and say our hymns and offer our prayers.

I believe my mother had much more true religion even at that time than very many who profess to have enough to secure them a passport to the upper kingdom. Hers was sincere, unostentatious and true, performed in the hallowed secrecy of her family, without any profession thereof before the church or the world. She had a book of sermons, prayers, and hymns, which professed to be adapted to the capacities of children, from which she frequently read to us. Impressions of good were made upon our tender minds by her instructions, that have never passed away. I think she would have attended church constantly had she been conveniently circumstanced.

My father, like a large majority of those about him, never attended church, but he used to read to us from the Bible, and sometimes question us from the book containing the catechism. At any rate, he used to hold the little switch stick, or point to it, as *it hung in its* place over the mantle-piece, to

keep us in order, whilst we were being catechized by my mother.

I remember this fact very distinctly, and the more so, as on one occasion a little stick, which served the double purpose of keeping us in order and whipping the cat, when she had the misfortune to misdemean herself, was among the little sticks that were somewhere else. I was a very little boy, and do not exactly wish the reader to infer that I had any hand in its absence. However, the fact was discovered before we had finished reciting, and I was sent out to procure another. I took one from a willow tree that was always willing to discount in a case of necessity, and having neatly and carefully cut it to the pith on either side, carried it to my father.

He took the stick, and I took my place, and, in order to have its virtues tested upon me first of all, I soon laughed outright when I should have been silent. I laughed *aloud* because I knew the weight of the stick would be in proportion to the enormity of the offence, and I wished him to make quite a demonstration, as it would be the first, as well as the last, from that deceitful weapon. Down came the stick upon my guilty cranium, and just as I began to feel its force, and just as my father thought his hasty prediction, that I should "laugh the other side of my mouth," was to be fulfilled, lo and behold! the stick was divided in twain, as if by magic, and by far the longest portion thereof fell to the floor. He instantly saw through the trick, and I as quickly saw, by the expression of his large, bright, blue, laughing eyes, that his assumed authority was dethroned, and that he considered the

joke too good to be lost. We could always read the uppermost feelings of his soul through his tell-tale eyes, and when they brightened with an unoffended smile, it was a favorable symptom. On this occasion we all laughed heartily, and I think, for once, it did more good than a whipping. But the stick was usually kept more to be seen than felt, and all the stick-whipping that my father did to his children was neither much injury nor benefit.

I very much doubt whether the nature and disposition of a child were ever improved, or its filial affection and willing obedience increased, by whipping; and the same remark will apply to scolding. I am not surprised by the small amount of veneration possessed by the Rev. John Murray for either his father or his father's religion, when I consider how much, according to his own account, "father whipped John." I confess I have not much faith in the government or practice of those parents or teachers, who adopt as a motto,

> "'T is education forms the common mind,
> And *with a twig we whip it in behind.*"

But to return. My parents were believers in the common theology, and so firmly was it instilled into the minds of their children, that I had not a single doubt of its truthfulness. And, although I was happily unaddicted to some of the evil habits practised by some other boys, and notwithstanding I repeated my prayers every night, and also every morning, unless I forgot to, or was particularly hurried, still I was frequently under dreadful apprehensions *lest God* would not love me, and I *should be burned* forever and ever.

Many a time have I listened to Mr. Jewett, in almost breathless anxiety, and watched his open lips, while from them issued the most dreadful anathemas on the impenitent, and thought, Oh! that *I* were as *certain* of salvation as *he* is! There stands one who is *sure* of being an "angel of God in heaven!" Oh, how much I fear that God will be so intent upon saving *him*, that he will neither stop nor stoop to notice a poor little boy like me! Yes, and then when I stand there trembling before the Judge, almost afraid to look up, and just about to despair, he, *that great minister*, will be a "swift witness against me at the bar of God," for he says he will! Oh, how I do wish he would happen to be somewhere else about that time, and if he cannot tell the Lord I have been a good boy, and help save me, not tell him of every little bad thing I did, and make me be lost forever! Oh, dear me! I would speak to him sometime about it, and tell him not to go, only I'm afraid to, for he is a great man, and God loves him, and he looks awfully!

I remember, once in particular, when such thoughts passed rapidly through my young mind, and there was another boy, about my age, in the same large, square, old-fashioned pew, perfectly heedless of what was being said, and endeavoring to catch the flies that were sporting in the glorious sunshine that came smiling in through the window! I wondered how he could be so careless when his soul was in danger, and the minister himself was going to tell the great God how bad he was. I do not now approve of his carelessness in the house of God, but it was a happy thing for

rather than a bad one, and not to hear the minister tell about any God, rather than about one who would serve poor little children infinitely worse than he served the little flies that he crushed between his fingers, after having cruelly torn their wings and legs off.

Not only by day, but many and many a night, have I been tormented with the dreadful doctrine of fire and brimstone. "I saw in the night visions" of the "joys of heaven and pains of hell." If I had been a good boy throughout the day, learned my lesson well, obeyed my mother faithfully, and been very kind to my little sisters, I usually dreamed of going to heaven — a most beautiful place, hung about with gorgeous drapery, and filled with angels and good folks — where I saw God and the Saviour, who looked smilingly upon me, and let me go upon the right hand.

But if I had disobeyed, or neglected my duty in any essential respect, as soon as my prayer was said, and my eyelids closed in sleep, I began to witness the coming of the day of judgment. A trumpet, "louder than ten thousand thunders," uttered its appalling voice, and I, with the great whole of the human race, was summoned, instantly, before a frowning and offended Deity, to witness a "God in vengeance and a world on fire." Soon the wrathful sentence issued from the burning throne, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" And I was plunged, with very many others, some smaller, even, than myself, into a horrid pit of liquid flames, and, by infernal fiends, scourged and tormented, and whelmed deep beneath the

burning billows of almighty wrath, while the direful Judge was frowning in the distance, exulting in our suffering, mocking at our calamities, and laughing at our fears, as we, poor, helpless creatures, writhing and shrieking in utter agony, sank, tumbled, fell, pursued by howling demons, down, down, down, beneath the wrath and curse of God forever! And all this demon-like contrivance, and these infernal modes of torture — all this magnificent display of the huge artillery of heaven — all this discharge of red-hot thunderbolts of wrath, just to crush the budding hopes, to blast the peace of mind, and punish properly, a poor frail boy, who chanced, perhaps, to disobey his mother, but never injured God in all his life!

But, usually, when I felt the scalding flames curling and creeping around my cringing body, and rushing down my throat at every indrawn breath, the agony was past endurance, and, with a desperate effort to shriek aloud, my eyes would open, and the vision vanish. A cold sweat would stand upon my brow, and an unearthly shuddering seize my frame. I would repeat my prayers, and thank my God I had escaped from hell, then try again to be composed, and sleep.

Again the dreaded vision would reäppear; again an angry God would fling me into the pit; again the liquid flames would curl around me, and again, in agony, would I awake from sleep and try to pray. And many a night have I arisen, frightened, from my bed, hastened to my mother's room, awakened her from sleep, and, tremblingly, implored admission to her bed, where I could feel quite *safe, and rest* secure, beneath maternal care.

Oh gracious God! can it be thy pure, religious truth that thus weaves horrid visions for a tender child, and makes him, though compelled to *call* thee *good*, loathe and dread thy nature and thy deeds? Can it be that thou, who hast revealed thy love as greater than the love a mother bears her child, hast made a place infinitely cruel, beyond all thought, in which to burn thy helpless, hopeless creatures, and crush them down beneath eternal wrath? No, it cannot be! it cannot! It is supremely dreadful to teach young minds the doctrines I was taught. It is the grossest slander that can be uttered against the great Creator. It gives to him a character, which, if ascribed to the imaginary prince of the infernal pit, would make a purple blush come mantling to his cheek.

So much have I been made to suffer from this hateful doctrine, so many doubts and fears have crushed my joys and hopes in days gone by, that I may be excused for uttering words of warmth and earnestness when dwelling on this hateful and unwelcome subject. Would a good parent, if his child ask bread, give him a serpent? Then why, when he desires and needs the sincere milk of God's own word, feed him with the gall and wormwood of endless sorrow — the poisonous doctrine of fire and brimstone? Heaven knows, and so do I, that parents, if well informed, would not impose such falsehoods upon their children's ears.

But our dear parents have been deceived, and have learned to us, as truth, the greatest falsehood that old satan ever made. And my heart is pained within me, even now, to think that there are parents still teaching to their children, with most

devout intention, this doctrine that so dishonors God, depraves the heart, destroys the peace, and, in many a case, darkens the brightest intellect and dethrones the reason.

It grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, for many years. True, from the mere force of habit, it did not always appal my mind, and haunt me in my dreams, as when I first reflected seriously upon its hideous features. Still it was always in my heart, doing its fearful work in secrecy and silence. I wished most ardently it might be false, but yet I had no doubt as to its truth. I thought that God had made it so, and we could do no more than to submit. Thus passed away the morning of my life, for fourteen years and more.

CHAPTER II.

Wealth of one Abraham, and poverty of another — Attends school — Initiated into the arts and sciences of fishing and fowling — Narrow escapes from death — Receives a severe injury — Rum drinking, tobacco eating, smoking and profanity — Anecdotes of the latter — Comments.

THE ancient Abraham, who dwelt upon the plains of Mamre, was the possessor of "very much cattle;" but my father, though he possessed the name, was minus all the cattle; nevertheless, he was the undisputed possessor of very many children. The ancient namesake sometimes seemed almost overburdened with his riches, but I never heard my father complain of any such personal inconvenience, and the probability is, that he had no more wealth than he found a necessary and immediate use for. In fact, this is according to my very definite remembrance; therefore, he could not accomplish many things which he might have done had circumstances been otherwise.

It is no disgrace to be honestly poor, though it is sometimes an inconvenience. My father found it so, for he was unable to educate his children according to his wishes. There were so many of us that it would have required a decent fortune to accomplish it. However, he did the best he could; or at least he thought he did. He sent us to the district school whenever he could do so convenient-

ly; but I believe no one of us ever went to school to learn the alphabet, or the "a, b, abs." We always learned these at home. When or where I learned to read, I have no recollection, not the faintest. I have taxed my mind severely to remember, if possible, when I learned to "read in reading," but in vain. I have been told that I could point out all the letters in the alphabet, when their names were called by another, before I could pronounce the name of any except O.

The first time I remember being in school was at the commencement of a term. A new master was employed, who was a stranger to us all. I sat upon a low front seat, with other boys, all, or nearly so, older and larger than myself. In due time, the master called us up, singly, to test our several abilities, and define our positions. One after another marched out, and as the master pointed, with the blade of his penknife, to the letters of the alphabet, they gave utterance to the sounds of A, ah; B, ah, &c. &c. I was the smallest and bashfulest, and therefore the last of the little urchins to "go out and read."

Instead of holding me off, at arms' length, as he did the other boys, he extended a hand, and, with a smile that gave me confidence, drew me between his knees, patted me gently upon my head, uttered some soothing words, and, placing both arms around me, brought the spelling book in front, before my eyes. He pointed to several letters and pronounced their names for me to repeat. I remained silent until he urged me, and then said, "I don't read *there*." He "turned over a new *leaf*," and pointed to the "a, b, abs;" and, after a

pause, received the same information, "I don't read *there*." He then turned to words of one syllable; then to two, commencing with "ba-ker;" then to three, commencing with "al-a-mode;" and, receiving the same reply, he turned to the fables of the "Old Man and the Rude Boy," the "Country Milk Maid," the "Fox and the Swallow," &c., &c., but still receiving the same reply, "I don't read *there*." I presume he began to think me a greater dunce than my "worthy predecessors."

But, whatever his thoughts were about me, I know what mine were about him, though I was careful not to express them. They were on this wise: you are a pleasant looking man, but a greater dunce than I thought for. I thought schoolmasters knew everything, but you don't know so much as my mother. You don't even know where a little boy like me had ought to read, and she does.

The fact was, I could repeat, by the column, the spelling lessons he pointed out to me, and verbatim almost every story in the book, from the "Old Man," &c., to "Jack and the Bird's Nest." I think we were both, by this time, getting pretty essentially embarrassed, when one of the largest scholars arose and told the teacher that I "spelled in that book, but read in the Testament." "Oh," said he, "well, well, my little fellow, if this is the case, you must not sit with those idle boys any longer, but you must take a higher seat, and read with the Testament class. He then gave me a higher seat, which I occupied during the term.

I am not able to say how old, or rather how young, I was at that time, but one thing is certain,

viz., if I had continued to advance as rapidly since, as I advanced before that early period, I should have known something long ago. I impute my early progress principally to the attention of my parents, especially my mother; but, as their family increased, they were unable so attentively to superintend our juvenile education, and our advantages for schooling were rather limited. After we removed from Gloucester, however, I attended, for several terms, an Academy and High School, in Saco, Maine.

My father was a farmer by education and profession, but a fisherman by practice; and I was, at a very early age, carefully initiated into the arts, and sciences, and mysteries of fishing and fowling.

I remember the first time my father took me out in a fishing schooner. I was probably seven years old. I would relate the (to me) interesting particulars, were it not my design to mention but few incidents in my history that have no direct bearing upon my intellectual, religious, or theological training.

From that time, I went more or less every season, and became so perfectly inured to the "perils of the sea" that I believe I never knew what it was to fear the elements, though exposed upon the ocean in many a dangerous time. I was master of a vessel six or seven years before leaving the sea.

Though naturally of a slender constitution, yet I was early accustomed to breathe the free air of heaven, and to be exposed to heat and cold, storm and shine, at all seasons. My father had a great

passion for fowling and hunting, and I look back now with astonishment upon the fact that he took me with him many a time long before day, in mid-winter, out several miles on the ocean, to certain ledges and islands, where sea-fowl, at that day, were rather abundant. We went in a small row-boat, or wherry, which my father propelled with two oars, looking one way and rowing the other. I was too small to row even with one oar, and he used to wrap me in his overcoat and place me on the stern seat of the wherry, where I sat and watched him as he rowed ahead backwards.

He learned me to shoot before I could poise a fowling-piece independently; and I have known him to sit down and let me rest its muzzle upon his shoulder or his hat, and discharge it at some innocent bird that was too unconscious of danger to escape, until she heard the shot whizzing around her, and then, alas! it was frequently too late.

I have roamed with him many a day when I was too young to carry a musket, on hunting excursions, in the rough, rocky woods of Cape Ann, through the snow, over the hills and plains, and through thick tangled forests, and almost impassable swamps. He would sometimes take his gun upon one arm and me upon the other, and convey us over brooks and other difficult places.

I think he must have been quite fond of my company, notwithstanding he sometimes held the stick while I was repeating the catechism. And I was quite as well pleased to go as he was to have me. Oh! how I loved to sit upon a fallen tree, in some sunny place, and eat our humble fare,

whilst our faithful dog lay patiently at our
waiting his turn.

As I look back now upon such scenes of
childhood, they seem more like a tolerably dist
dream than a sober reality. Yet there is a sa
faction in contemplating, occasionally, the thous
little events that transpired when I was guided
a mother's counsel, and led by a father's ha
And just as I feel now, I should admire to wri
minute history of my early boyhood, and dwel
length upon the dear recollections that cluste
this moment so thickly around my heart. Bu
must not be, as it would be at variance with
present purpose.

In the course of my life, thus far, I have had
all human appearance, four or five narrow esca
from death. I will mention one which I beli
I never mentioned to my parents. When ab
nine years old, I was one day alone on the ro
seashore of Anderson's Cove. I laid aside
clothes, and went into the water to bathe
learn to swim. Being deceived by appearance
stepped off from a rock, and was instantly far
yond my depth. I sank to the bottom, and, in
time, arose gently to the surface. I made an ef
to regain the rock upon which I had stood,
which was about three feet under water, but be
perfectly unable to swim, I soon found myself ag
at the bottom of the sea. By an effort I ag
regained the surface, and succeeded in placing
feet upon the steep edge of the rock; but they s
slipped, and I fell backward, and was again u
the bottom.

After several ineffectual efforts of this kin

found myself nearly exhausted. I gazed earnestly around, but could see no one coming to my assistance, and concluded I was about to sink for the last time. I looked at my clothes, that laid upon a rock some distance from the water, and judged that the flood tide would not remove them for two or three hours, in which time I hoped they might be discovered, and my fate known.

As I again sank slowly, I felt the breath passing from my mouth, as the water tried to rush in, and ascending in bubbles to the surface. My thoughts were occupied by a thousand things, but chiefly in conjecturing what my parents would say, and how they would feel, when they discovered that I was drowned. I was not in the least agitated, disturbed, or frightened, but only wearied by my fruitless efforts. But when I found myself again groping upon the bottom, I almost involuntarily braced my feet, and gave another spring, which forced me again to the surface, and enabled me once more to breathe the free air. Again I placed my feet against the rock that had so many times deceived me, and, by a desperate effort, succeeded in throwing myself upon my face towards the shore, instead of upon my back, towards the ocean. It was probably the surf, or undertow, that prevented my accomplishing this before. In a minute I was upon the dry shore, and having rested and redressed myself, I hastened home. I said nothing of this, and of another somewhat similar escape that occurred about that time, lest I should be blamed for carelessness.

Several times since, I have come near being killed, but I will not stop to give the particulars.

I never had, and have not now, any fears of dying, or being killed, before the proper time for that event arrives.

I will mention an incident that took place when I was a very little boy, and at school. I was out at recess, standing with some other small boys near the schoolhouse. Some large boys who were passing, stopped, and commenced throwing stones, and some of the largest schoolboys went out to meet them, and returned the uncivil compliment. We little boys took no part in the affair; nevertheless, a stone was thrown among us, which struck me upon the nose, cutting through the bridge thereof, exactly between my eyes, and staggering me backward. It was bandaged, and I was taken home, where it was properly dressed by Dr. Manning, of Sandy Bay. The weather was hot, and I was confined to the house many weeks. There was danger of mortification. I was fortunate to escape without the loss of an eye. The bow of my spectacles just covers the scar that remains. I presume the boy who threw the stone had no intention of injuring me; but it is a dangerous recreation for boys to fling stones furiously at each other, as they are always liable to do more injury than they intend. But I will not multiply incidents of this character.

Although the class of people in which I was brought up was, as a general thing, addicted to the evil practices of profanity, rum-drinking, and tobacco-eating and smoking, yet I was providentially kept almost entirely free from them all, from my *youth* up. I always had an inward horror of the *practice* of profane swearing. I never, to my

remembrance, drank a glass of ardent spirits, or wine, in a public place; and I never smoked a pipe of tobacco, nor a cigar, and never, more than once, put a piece of the "vile Indian weed" into my mouth. I think these are useless and offensive habits, and should never be practised by any, especially by *ministers of the gospel.* I have very many reasons for this assertion, but this is not the place to state them. I impute my freedom from these vices to three reasons: 1. My father was a very temperate man, and an enemy to the use of tobacco. 2. The salutary instructions of my mother. 3. My being brought up, when at home, in the midst of a large flock of affectionate, well-behaved sisters.

In the above remarks respecting the people (fishermen) among whom I was brought up, and with whom I associated almost exclusively, until I entered the ministry, I intend no particular disrespect; for all classes of sea-faring men were, at that time, more or less addicted to these evil habits. There were, it is true, honorable individual exceptions then, and I hope there are a great many more now.

Men of kind, benevolent feelings, and warm, sympathizing hearts, will sometimes allow themselves to be profane swearers. They practise it almost inadvertently, and mean as little harm by it as did an Irishman of my acquaintance. He had been an enterprising ship-master, but when I first saw him was an old man, and perfectly blind. After several years' absence, I called on him again. He was "very glad to *see me,*" as he expressed it. He *was sick upon his bed* — his last sickness.

He had been an habitual swearer, and it troubled him upon his death-bed. His mind seemed to be balancing the vices and virtues of his past life. He knew he was drawing near the grave. He doubtless thought that I as well as he was thinking of the awful profanity in which he had indulged. It was uppermost in his mind, and he voluntarily spoke of it, and apologized for it thus: "Mr. Norwood, I 'll tell you what it is; when I swear, I don't mean much harm, and when I pray I don't mean one bit of good!" Alas! thought I, this man is but a representative of many who swear and pray, and mean but little by it either good or bad. If a reasonable man would pause and reflect, it appears to me he would swear no more.

I stood by the bedside of an aged mother, who supposed the hour of her dissolution come. She had for hours been apparently insensible to what passed around her. In a lucid interval she called for her only son; a son whom she had ever fondly cherished, and for whom her prayers to the throne of grace had for many years ascended. Still he was heedless of much of her mild advice and earnest admonition.

He drew near, and placed himself beside her. She made an effort, and in her trembling hand grasped his. She had a last request to make ere she could die in peace. She gathered all her strength that she might yet once more, before her eyes were closed in death forever, gaze upon one so fondly loved, and breathe into his ear and heart the words of warm entreaty to flee from his besetting sins, and walk in paths of vir-

tue. With tearful eyes, and faltering lips, and feeble voice, she said, "My son, my son! I beg of you *to swear no more!*" Overcome with strong emotions, he pressed her cold and withered hand more closely in his own, and instantly replied, with sobbing voice, "Mother, *I promise you I never will!*" God grant that he may keep his word unbroken and unsullied!

What son, possessed of a decent share of filial affection, would not instantly abandon an evil habit that for years had caused grief in a fond mother's heart, and still troubled her upon a dying bed, when that mother urged it as her last request? No one, we may fondly hope, could thus recklessly despise a mother's last request, and trample on her love, nor violate a sacred promise thus freely made on earth and ratified in heaven.

The poet's words and thoughts are good. I like them well, and wish they might be well applied to every swearer's heart.

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise;
You would not swear upon a bed of death,—
Reflect, your Maker now can stop your breath!"

CHAPTER III.

Removes to the East — Births and death — Funeral sermon — Anecdote — Letter to a sister on intemperance and marriage — Extracts from a fisherman's diary, in rhyme — The "Fisherman's Dream," poetical — More poetry.

For several years my father talked of removing "down east," in the hope of providing more easily for the wants of his growing family. In the autumn of 1821, all suitable preparations being made, we embarked, with all our goods and chattels, all our farms and merchandise, all our real estate and personal, on board a small vessel, and sailed from the land of our nativity, to find a new, and we hoped a better, home. The passengers and crew consisted of my parents, their twelve children, one black and white dog, and a spotted cat.

On the next day we entered Saco river, Maine, and landed in Biddeford in "good order and well conditioned," and just in time to escape a heavy storm.

We prospered in our new home for many years as well as we had anticipated. We ploughed both the sea and land, and were successful, for while one yielded abundantly of its fishes, the other supplied us freely of its fruits and flocks. So we "dwelt in the land and were fed." And *this was not* all, for not only did the earth re-

suited to agriculture and horticulture, but the family soil continued adapted to infant culture, and in no great space of time three little humans were, one after another, introduced among us. Thus the goodness of Providence was clearly seen, in not only sending an abundance of food, but also a superabundance of mouths to swallow it, so that even the fragments might be gathered up and nothing lost. One of these little ones, however, before it had been with us many weeks, sickened and died. Rev. Nathaniel Webster, pastor of the parish, (Congregationalist,) attended the burial, and preached a funeral discourse from the inquiry of a prophet and the answer of a Shunamite, viz.: "*Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? and is it well with the child? And she answered and said, It is well.*"

The old gentleman was affected with shaking palsy, so that it was difficult for us, being strangers, to understand him distinctly. However, what we did understand was "well." This circumstance produced a new era in our family, for we all commenced attending meeting forthwith, and became constant hearers of the word. Mr. W. was a sort of Unitarian Orthodox, and was settled for life. I heard him preach his fiftieth anniversary sermon.

I will name an anecdote related of him, which I presume is true. Soon after he was settled here, an aged woman, of no enviable reputation, died, and he performed the funeral services. Among other suitable exercises he read and had sung the "spiritual song" of Dr. Watts, containing the following expressive lines:

"Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

"The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell."

Some of the relatives were rather offended with the good parson for the appropriateness of the services — especially of this hymn. But I think, if he believed it, it was perfectly proper to have it sung on the occasion, and to give a sermon of the same character.

I sincerely wish every clergyman, when he officiates at funerals, was obliged to utter his true sentiments, honestly and plainly; and if he believes the deceased has gone to endure unending tortures, to say so without any hesitation or variation. This would bring certain professed Christians, quicker than any other method, to a realization of their position, and of the worthlessness and entire discomfort of their hideous theology. But their clergy craftily keep "back a part of the price" at the very time when its force would be realized; for they know it is not calculated to "comfort those that mourn."

About this time my eldest sister went to reside in Boston, and corresponding occasionally with her gave me a disposition to use the pen. Until then I had not been accustomed to write composition of any kind, with the exception of a few pieces of rhyming and a brief journal. I am disposed to insert here a portion of one of my

letters to this sister, not merely as a specimen of my early letter-writing, but more especially for its temperance views, as there are those even now unto whom it might be as properly addressed as it was originally.

The copy which I happen to have is without date. I shall omit the first page, and then copy it as it is, with two or three verbal alterations.

"DEARLY BELOVED AND AFFECTIONATE SISTER: —

* * * * * * *

Although you have thought proper to observe a profound secrecy in regard to the succeeding subject, yet I am informed that you have for a considerable length of time been particularly partial to a person of the other sex, whose company you have kept, and whose addresses you have encouraged. But this I by no means disapprove, for when you can better your condition by marriage, I think it commendable so to do. But common report, and I have reason to think it correct, does not stop here, but even goes on to say that you are "engaged" to him; which, to use plain language, signifies that you have pledged your word to ratify your sincere attachment at the hymeneal altar, by having the chains of your affection firmly riveted by a matrimonial blacksmith. But it is not of this that I complain, although it would have become you, previous to such an engagement, to have informed some of your most interested friends, and sought their counsel and advice. But none of these things move me — against them I have no dislike — nor would they,

all combined, extort from my pen a single murmur that might make you grieve.

"But it is this that I disapprove — it is of this that I complain — it is this (what follows) that excites my displeasure, and arouses, with potent energy, the inmost feelings of my troubled soul. I have awful reason to fear that the person with whom you probably intend to connect yourself by the indissoluble ties of wedlock is '*given to strong drink!*'

"I have suspected this for some time, and what information I can obtain respecting his character does but confirm my suspicions. Were you anticipating a union with a man of steady habits, who deserved your love and merited your confidence, I would congratulate you upon your future prospects, and rejoice. But as it is now, or as I fear it is, I must forewarn you to expect not good but evil, and mourn; for indigence, disappointment, trouble and misery, go hand in hand with ardent spirits. My beloved sister, are these things so? Are my suspicions well founded? Pause, I entreat you, and consider; be not rash or hasty in your proceedings.

"Does the person to whom you are attached apply the intoxicating bowl to his lips? Is his voice heard at the tippling shop calling for 'one glass more?' In short, does he love to drink that loathsome stuff — *New England rum?*

"Sister, I fear he does — I think he does; and although he may conceal it from you for the present, the more easily to insinuate himself *into* your esteem, yet it will not be long, though *it may* be too late, ere his deceitfulness will be

detected, and his true character made manifest; for he that sips at twenty is more than likely to drink at thirty, and pour it down at forty, if he does not previously break his neck or die untimely. My sister, if you are dissatisfied with your present situation; if the duties incumbent on you are too laborious for your constitution, return to us — *come home* — and while I have hands to work shall you participate in and share the products of my labor. But I entreat and solemnly conjure you *not to marry with a drunken man* — a brute in human shape. If you do, it will indubitably prove your remediless ruin.

"Think you that you could walk abroad, visit your friends, and enjoy the delights of their society and conversation, in company with a tippling sot, who had been seen reeling to and fro the streets? And could you repose safely, and sleep happily and sweetly upon your pillow, in the embraces of one whose very breath was contagion, and the baneful fumes of the pernicious bowl? What horrible ideas are suddenly suggested to my imagination, when for a moment I reflect upon the miserable condition of a family of helpless children, whose father is a drunkard; and the still more pitiable and deplorable situation of the unfortunate female who is wife to such a brute, and mother to such a family! May infinite mercy preserve you from such a fate!

"My sister, remember that if you marry with a sottish fellow you will bring an irreparable blemish upon our family. Remember the intense obligation under which you are to our parents. From the *earliest dawn of infancy* they have watched

over you with the most tender parental anxiet
and solicitude. Full many a long and wear
night has maternal affection banished repose, an
endeavored to soothe your infant troubles, till th
last dim star had set, and morn, all dazzling, brok
upon the view. Nor is their tender affection
regard for your welfare aught diminished. F
from it; for even now do they watch with th
deepest interest the pending fate of their absen
their first-born, their beloved child. Therefor
as you regard their happiness or your own —
you value their love — as you would avoid fillin
their hearts with grief, and their eyes with tear
— as you shudder at the thought of destroyin
their tranquillity in the decline of life, and causin
their sun to go down in clouds of sorrow, bewa
and avoid a connection with a drunken man!

"My beloved sister! I am sensible that the la
guage of my pen may, at the first perusal, appe
harsh and unbrotherly; but I sincerely assure yo
it is dictated by the purest principles of fratern
love, and a deep regard for your welfare, which
consider as bordering on my own. So great
my feeling for you, that, rather than behold yo
in the situation we have been considering, I wou
cheerfully follow you to, *and repose with you, si
by side*, in the narrow house appointed for all th
living.

"But I hope better things of you. I hope th
if you find he is deceitful, you will not delay
dismiss him from your company, and no long
suffer your heart to twine around and trust hin
as the enwreathing ivy twines about and trus
the sturdy oak.

"I know that it requires no small exertion to impede the progress, or wholly to divert the current, of a long indulged and habituated affection; but it is better that the heart should once be pained than ever ache. Perhaps you will now allege as an apology, that you are '*engaged*,' and, consequently, bound to marry, let the consequences be what they may; but this to me is no satisfactory reason, for I firmly believe that the sooner a bad promise is violated the better. And if you have no stronger claims upon him, nor he upon you, than the words of your lips, you have no insuperable engagements in such a case as I fear this is.

"If you find that his character is bad, and wish to rid yourself of him, but find it difficult so to do, *come* HOME; leave the affair to me, and I will quickly sever his claims upon you. But if you, as is too often the case with females, are resolved to have him at all events, and hazard the consequences, and he proves an intemperate man, the die is cast — your fate is sealed."

* * * * * * *

This communication breaks off abruptly, for I perceive that I have not a transcript of its conclusion, and therefore the reader will please take it as it is, without either beginning or end.

I made other efforts to break off what I was too well assured would be an unhappy match. But my exertions were unavailing, for she was "resolved to have him at all events." She was taken sick, however, a *few months* after her marriage, *of a "quick consumption,"* and died in a short

time. Well, I believe it is better for either man or woman to die than to live with a miserable companion. I certainly think I should prefer it myself, though I cannot speak of either from experience. Ann was a lovely, lively girl, and fair to look upon, but she was called away in the very morning of her existence, and before she had witnessed the sorrow and bitterness of a drunkard's wife.

On a preceding page I mentioned that I kept a journal, and perhaps the reader, especially if he is a fisherman, would like an extract or two from a fisherman's diary. I sometimes kept it for a whole season in rhyme, not pretending to verse or poetry. I will quote the record of a day or two of this sort.

JULY 29, 1829. *Off Long Island, near Mt. Desert, Me., Schooner Van, Salisbury.*

In course of the morning some schooners were spoken,
At anchor, they say, on the ground that is broken;
And fish they call scarce, for the weather is rough,
And herring for bait they cannot get enough.
One schooner we spoke on "Bank Comfort," they call it,
But the line they had out — 't is no comfort to haul it,
As the water is eighty and seven fathoms deep,
And the tide gives their lines a most wonderful sweep;
But the comfort they have is the comfort they wish,
Of now and then hauling a couple cod-fish.
But, taken together, such comfort I see
Will never accord with such fellows as me;
On comforting bank I no longer will stay,
So put up your helm there and keep her away.
At six, afternoon, weather looked not so fine;
In Cranberry Islands we anchored at nine.

JULY 30. *Sunday.*

S[illegible]rainy this morning, but not to prevent
[illegible]ing to meeting, — so some of us went,

In a little canoe, away up in the Pool,
And then to a house that was made for a school,
Where quite a collection of people had come
To hear Elder Norton preach better than some,
And tell us 't is wicked to swear and drink rum.
Jerusalem, he told us, a city of old,
In sin and rebellion at length grew so bold,
That the folks were destroyed — the great and the small,
And the rich and the poor, and their city and all;
And that that was a type of the Freewillers' church,
When they at the present day make a lee lurch.
Afternoon, did he tell us of union and love,
And blessings celestial that come from above;
Of faith, hope on earth, and of bliss in the sky,
And that to all sinners the Saviour is nigh,
And they can receive him if they will but try,
But, if they neglect, must eternally die;
"And you, sinner," he said, "while on earth here you dwell,
May have faith like the devil, and go straight to hell!"
But the sermon was good, if well taken together;
Meeting done, came on board, very foggy the weather.

AUGUST 31. *At sea about twenty leagues from Mt. Desert Rock.*

Wind fresh all last night, and this morning likewise;
Lay to after mackerel till after sunrise;
Wind heavy; our mainsail, it shivered it so,
We furled it, reefed foresail, and then let her go.
Afternoon, moderate, to the northward did run,
But no mackerel found — wind went down with the sun
And delightful and still would the evening be,
Did not our bark toss on a troublesome sea.
The new moon mid twilight — the pale stars on high,
The clouds, too, of azure, that slowly float by,
In eloquent silence impressively tell
To summer a pensive, pathetic farewell.
Soon, soon will my life's transient summer be gone,
The cold, icy winter of death will come on;
Then, then, may my spirit triumphant ascend
Where never gay spring-time and summer will end.

I will finish these quotations by stepping back

in my journal three or four years, and giving a fisherman's account of an April day.

Off Wood Island, April 21, 1826.

"This day we have had an assortment of weather, —
Snow, hail, and April showers, mingled together;
Fair weather and foul, cold weather and hot,
There is scarce any weather that we have had not;
And the wind, I declare, our best compass did bother!
It went round it; and then how we wanted another!
But it is my belief, had we had twenty more,
'T would have served them the same, and left us as before.
First a fresh breeze at north, then east, south and west,
Black clouds and snow squalls, looking serious at best;
Then calms, in succession, were spread o'er the wave,
Whilst our bark on the ocean was riding so brave."

I occasionally had the rashness to perpetrate a sort of poetical scrap, which sometimes found its way into the public prints; and as I design in the course of this work to give a few examples, it may be as well to give one or two here, especially as this chapter is so much devoted to fishing reminiscence. It originally appeared in the "Maine Democrat," over the signature "Cod-hook."

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.

At home, on his pillow, a fisherman lay,
Sleep gently his eyelids had pressed;
His thoughts would fain wander afar, far away
From where he had laid him to rest.

Soon, soon his small bark was upborne by the sea,
And soon he was far from the shore;
His anchor at bottom, his nets were alee,
His hooks were soon baited and o'er.

The wind ceased to blow and the current to run,
The waves and the billows were still;

The last golden ray of the bright setting sun
Had sunk 'neath the far distant hill.

All nature seemed hushed by the stillness of night,
The fisherman weary did grow;
He toiled, but in vain, for the fish did not bite,
But crept in the caverns below.

They felt that a storm and a tempest were nigh,
And timely precaution they took;
They had no *pea-jackets* to keep themselves dry,
So would not be caught by a hook.

Soon o'er the blue heavens the fisherman saw
The blackness of darkness prevail;
And felt the first breath of a cold, chilly flaw,
Which soon was a furious gale.

The sea from its slumber was quickly awake,
The rain down in torrents did pour;
Thought he, "How much comfort the *farmers* can take,
While snoozing away on the shore!"

The billows and surges, as stronger it blew,
Grew angry, and wildly they raved;
His smack was well fitted from "earing to clue,"
And bravely their fury she braved.

He feared not — why should he? — for oft he had seen
The elements fiercely contend;
And often exposed to such dangers had been,
And safely had witnessed their end.

He looked, as a flash the thick darkness dispelled,
And saw to the windward a form,
The white, foamy bosom of ocean upheld,
Approaching, urged on by the storm.

The loud-sounding thunder out-sounded his horn,
The lightning out-lighted his flame;
Vain every *exertion! it seemed* as in scorn
That onward and onward she came.

Yes, onward she rushed, in the power of her might,
A ship in her pride on the sea;
The boldest might well be appalled at the sight, —
The Fisherman! Oh, where was he?

His frail bark was crushed, and was sunk, and was passed,
By a large and a mightier one;
And onward she sped, with the loud howling blast,
Unconscious of what she had done.

His comrades soon went where the bright fishes swim,
Concluding their voyage must be o'er,
And perished despairing; but not so with him;
He thought of his home and the shore.

On the loftiest billow, he lifted his head,
One effort, one struggle, to save —
Awoke him, and *there he was snug in his bed,*
Instead of a watery grave!

I find among my papers a poetical scrap addressed to the sister mentioned in this chapter, on the death of a little brother. It being among my very first efforts at poetizing, and on a subject in which many afflicted hearts can sympathize, I give it just as I find it, thus: —

Our little Edwin is no more!
He was our dearest joy;
But Death stretched forth his hand and tore
Away the lovely boy.

It useless is, but yet we grieve, —
Affection's tears must fall, —
They sometimes can the heart relieve,
But ne'er our friends recall.

Why should our hearts with sorrow swell
For him now free from woe?
We know 't is vain, yet mourn and tell
Of what he did below.

When I came home I used to see
Upon his cheek a smile;
And he would come, and on my knee
Would rest and play a while.

To kiss, his lips so sweet had learned;
Health on his cheek did glow, —
Often I went and oft returned,
And always found him so.

At length I came, and on the shore
Our father met, who said,
"Your little brother is no more!
My son, alas, is dead!"

I felt the force of what he spoke,
My feelings did not sleep, —
I felt that cords of love were broke,
But I disdained to weep.

Tears then would fain have filled my eyes,
Grief made my bosom bleed, —
But grief I suffered not to rise,
And tears I bade recede.

Why, sister, should we mourn, since none
Are free from Death's attack?
Remember this *the Lord has done*,
Nor wish our brother back.

We know "whatever is, is right,"
And all is for the best, —
And though we lost a dear delight,
He's where the weary rest.

Then say not that "Death came and tore
Away the lovely boy," —
But say "An angel came and bore
Him home to realms of joy."

CHAPTER IV.

Settlement of Rev. D. D. Tappan — Excitement — Church, the "devil's cradle," and the minister in the "gall of bitterness" — Protracted meeting — Revival, how made — Pledging — Revivals, how made, and how managed — Mr. Tappan on the "judgment seat" — Author's views of religion — Increased excitement — Is converted, and labors zealously — Dr. Edwards' sermons — Excitement declines — Joins the church.

The Rev. Nathaniel Webster becoming too infirm to attend to the duties of the parish, Rev. D. D. Tappan was called and settled as his colleague. Mr. Tappan was a young man of a very ardent temperament, and a ready, and rather eloquent speaker, fresh from a theological institution. I believe him to be a very good man, and think I shall always like him, though he has slighted me since I became a Universalist. He is brother to Wm. B. Tappan.

This was his first settlement. He was one of the "new school" orthodox — a real, enthusiastic revivalist. When he took the helm we soon felt a new motion to the ship. Everything appertaining to the society and church was pretty much as it had been for years. A cold, careless indifference pervaded the whole concern.

Mr. Tappan soon gave us to understand that he required not to be idle. He first aimed by the energy of his eloquence, argument, doctrine

nunciations, and persuasions, at the church. He exhorted its members to arise and shake themselves from the dust; assuring them that if *they* could not be aroused to newness of life, he had no hope for the world around them, who were stumbling over them, post-haste, into hell.

His efforts were successful. The church was aroused; some to censure, and others to applaud, some to believe, and others disbelieve, his "doctrines of grace." He labored incessantly, both in public and private; and those of the church who, upon examination, found themselves to be *evangelical*, at length seconded his efforts. They soon discovered that the old minister, who had labored for them more than half a century, was still, in common with many of the church, in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity — in an unbelieving, unconverted, unsanctified "state of nature!" The church was found to be merely the devil's cradle, in which they were comfortably rocking themselves to sleep, to be awakened only in hell, by the groans and howlings of the lost!

In fact, matters and things, in general and particular, within its sacred pale, were in such a lamentable condition, that Mr. Tappan stated in public, that he "thanked God on his bended knees that he did not belong to it."

Church meetings were called. Those who were decided to be in a "state of grace" came forward to pray and exhort one another. A "revival of religion" was talked about and preached about, and accounts of "revivals" in other places were given from the pulpit in the most glowing colors. It was the first *time that many* there had ever heard the

expression — "revival of religion" — and they knew not its meaning.

Public meetings began to be multiplied, and evening lectures to be given in various parts of the parish. Not only the church was aroused, but "the world" itself began to open its ears to hear, and its eyes to behold, the great shaking among the dry bones of that particular branch of the church militant. Meanwhile, Mr. Tappan's discourses waxed warmer and warmer, and he dwelt more and more upon the subjects of total depravity, the finally impenitent, the bar of God, the last judgment, an angry judge, a cruel devil, a burning hell, and fire and brimstone, and weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Much of this, especially the style and manner, was new, and not common in that region. It was so long since the inhabitants had been visited of the Lord, that they knew not that such sayings and doings were the harbinger of his appearing. They flocked to the sanctuary, for they had itching ears, and were willing to let them be filled with the new doctrines of the new minister.

A protracted meeting was called, and it was announced that God was about to visit the place. Inquiry meetings were held, and all the "means of grace" usual on such occasions were put in active operation. Ministers from other places came to aid in the work. Ministers and people, men and women, hurried from house to house, by day and night, warning, exhorting, entreating, and praying, with any and all who could be found to listen to them.

I presume that most, if not all of them, were *pledged individually* and solemnly to operate thus.

I thus judge, because I know, from actual experience, that *pledging* is one of the most effectual means of getting up and keeping up a revival of religion. It is effected on this wise: A revival is desired by the minister. By an especial notice he calls the church together, and by both general and individual exhortations and interrogations, made in the most zealous manner, he elevates their feelings to the highest pitch possible under the circumstances, and then says, "All who are desirous of witnessing an outpouring of the spirit of the Lord, and are willing to do something to hasten the good work, will manifest it by raising the hand." As they have all been previously conversed with and questioned individually, but in the presence of each other, until they have so far committed themselves that they cannot consistently avoid it, even if they would, all hands are raised.

Again they are exhorted, and then inquired of, "*How much* are you willing to do to promote the work of the Lord? Are you willing to *pray* for his kingdom to come? All who will pledge themselves to *pray* daily (sometimes the number of prayers to be offered per day is mentioned) for a "revival of religion," will make it manifest." Again all hands are raised. If the minister thinks he can get more from them at this time, he proceeds to do so; but if not, he dismisses them with a solemn admonition to be faithful.

At the next meeting he inquires who has performed his promise, and who has violated his pledge. After making them renew their old pledge, he proceeds to ask, "Are you not willing to do more for *God this week* than you did last? Prayer,

though powerful, cannot effect all things. Faith without works is dead. Are you all willing to do something for the salvation of the sinners around you? *How much* are you willing to do? Are you willing to converse with them on the subject of religion? Now is the time to see who is on the Lord's side, and who is against him. Now is the time for judgment to begin at the house of God. Now is the time to discover whose feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel; and who are willing to spend, and be spent, in the cause of Christ. There is to be a great searching of hearts in our midst, and happy is he who is found in the path of duty. All who will promise to converse (and, if the meeting is sufficiently excited, it will do to add, *and pray*) seriously with three impenitent sinners daily for one week upon the subject of their soul's salvation, will arise and make it manifest." The church arise and stand upon their feet. The minister proceeds: "You have now solemnly pledged yourselves, before God, angels, and men. The all-searching eye of the Omniscient Jehovah is upon you, and will be upon you individually as you go forth, to witness whether you perform your vows, or whether Satan hath filled your heart to lie unto the Holy Ghost. Yes, and when we again assemble, it will be inquired, who has been faithful and who false to the talent intrusted to his care?"

Now let the reader think of one hundred church-members, thus pledged, going forth into all parts of a parish to accomplish a work, which, were they not thus obligated, nearly all would neglect.

But however crossing may be the duty, when the moment of trial comes they dare not shrink

from its performance, lest the anathemas of God, and the minister, should rest upon them.

Now think of a careless sinner, who believes in the common theology, and follow him as he goes forth on the morning succeeding the church meeting. His business calls him to various parts of the town. Almost the first man he meets takes him by the hand, and, with a serious face, tells him he has something of the most vital importance to communicate. That he has too long neglected the duty of warning him to flee from the wrath to come — that he feels a deep interest in the welfare of *all* sinners, but a peculiar interest in the salvation of *his* soul — that he has passed a sleepless night in praying and wrestling with God — that he feels the Lord is about to pour out his spirit and revive his work, and give the impenitent one more opportunity to get religion, and make their peace with him before it is everlastingly too late. After an earnest, and perhaps tearful, exhortation to close in with the overtures of mercy, they go, each in his own way.

The sinner reflects for a few moments upon the oddness of the adventure, but soon the worldly cares of the morning have driven it from his mind, when, lo and behold! he meets another loving member of the church, who, all at once, feels the deepest interest in the welfare of his immortal soul! In fact, he feels and talks pretty much as the other did, and both together succeed in making a faint impression on his mind. Well, in the course of the day, perhaps a whole half dozen, who have never before shown any particular anxiety for his spiritual *good, express the most* earnest solicitude for his

soul's salvation, and have all been praying for its speedy accomplishment.

He goes home reflecting upon the subject, and sits down to his supper with a rather sober countenance; and while he is thinking whether to mention the circumstance to his impenitent wife, she interrupts his train of reflection with, "Oh, husband! whom do you think has been here to-day?" "Well, I don't know; the *minister*, perhaps." "No, not he; but the deacon's wife came here in the morning, in great haste; and she had hardly gone, before in came Mrs. Church; and just before you arrived, two or three others went out. And what is very strange, they have all just begun to feel a great interest in our spiritual concerns, and expect there will soon be a revival here,—and they exhorted me to get religion while it is an accepted time."

"Well," replied the husband, "that is singular, very; I can hardly account for it, that all these people should be moved upon at the same time and in the same way. I have been all over the parish to-day, and *getting religion* is pretty much all the talk; for more than six have made a business of talking to me about it. They say the spirit is moving upon them, and I begin to think it may be so."

In the course of the evening, the village schoolmaster, who that day commenced praying in his school, made a friendly call, and after a half hour's serious conversation, requested the privilege of praying with them, which being granted, he performed his duty and departed. The next day a *similar* course is pursued towards them, though by *other individuals*.

Thus day after day the same "means of grace" are employed towards them, until they become either subjects of, or opposers to, the revival which soon gathers about their neighborhood. This picture is not overwrought, and I believe its justness cannot be disputed on any point. I have been in revivals enough to know how they are made, and how they are managed.

Look at this case in another light. *One hundred* church-members, under the solemnity of a pledge, scatter themselves throughout the parish, and converse seriously with *three hundred* careless sinners per day, week after week, upon the concerns of their souls, and the danger of eternal damnation. Then consider that this is but one of the means put into operation at once to produce an excitement about religion, and we may cease to wonder at the success with which the priesthood have managed these matters.

Let it be remembered that I am not now speaking directly either for or against revivals of religion, as they are called, but only describing some of the means by which they are or have been produced among the Orthodox Congregationalists. I have no doubt that useful hints might be gathered from some of their examples in this matter, which, if properly carried out, would tend to the advancement of liberal Christianity.

Perhaps I may as well here as elsewhere mention one of the means by which revivals are "carried on," after they are put in operation. An "inquiry meeting" of the "anxious" was held one evening at a a private house, in a large room, Mr. Tappan *presiding*. But few lights were allowed,

and no singing, as Mr. T. afterwards told me they had a tendency to destroy the solemnity. The room was filled with females, with the exception of Mr. Tappan, two other gentlemen, and myself.

They were principally convicts and converts,—though a few were church-members. The most solemn and exciting prayers and exhortations were offered and given. As far as practicable, they were conversed with and inquired of individually. Then came the *pledging* operation, and Mr. Tappan said, "All who will solemnly promise to give their hearts to Christ, and get religion before the rising of another sun, will please to rise." Some arose, but not enough to satisfy Mr. T.; and so another manœuvre must be tried. After a frightful exhortation, he proceeded to say, "All you who promise before God, angels, and men, to give your hearts to Christ before to-morrow morning, will arise,—and those who are resolved not to get religion, and are ready to say to Christ, Depart from us, for we desire not a knowledge of thy ways, will remain seated!" Great agitation was manifested, and while some arose, as before, others remained on their seats; and others again, who did not wish to commit themselves by a hasty promise, simply arose from their seats, and bending forward, remained in that non-committal condition.

But the minister was not to be baffled by this contrivance. They were all again seated, and seriously talked to, and then the *congregation was divided*, so that there should be no dodging the question. All the professors, and converts, and pledged ones, were required to go upon the right hand, and all *the remainder* upon the left. In this case, no neu-

tral ground could be taken. They were then addressed by Mr. Tappan, in the most awful manner, and in the most sepulchral voice that he could command. He addressed each class separately, and wove the web of his revival net around them with the most consummate ingenuity.

I will simply give an idea of his speech, towards the close of which, he assumed the attitude of God in the character of Judge, with the saints and sinners on his right hand and on his left.

"Thus shall it be in the great day of judgment. The nations shall be gathered together and divided, the saints upon the right hand, and sinners upon the left. You upon the right hand *now*, who have solemnly promised, before God, angels, and men, to give your hearts to Christ, will be upon the right hand *then*, if you perform your vow, and remain faithful to the end. If not, you will be found lying against the Holy Ghost, — doing despite unto the spirit of grace, and be driven in that great day upon the left hand of an offended God.

"You upon the left have virtually said, in the very face of Jesus Christ, that you will not have him to reign over you. That you will not give him your hearts, and that you desire not his religion. You have crucified the Lord afresh, turned your backs upon the Redeemer of the world, and trampled upon the offers of salvation and the means of grace. Yes, and the recording angel has this night borne away an account of your wilful resolution, and it is already recorded in the great book out of which you must be judged! And it may be that the mandate of the great Jehovah has already gone *forth concerning* you, 'They are joined to

their idols, let them alone! My spirit shall not always strive with man!' In that great and terrible day of the Lord, when you all are summoned before the bar of God, your naked hearts will be open to the scrutiny of the omniscient eye and the assembled saints, and no excuses will avail you then. Christ will no longer appear in the character of an inviting and forgiving Saviour, but as an insulted, offended, inexorable, and righteous judge. And he will say to you upon the right hand, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!' And to *you* upon the left hand, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!'"

The fears and feelings of the audience were by this time wrought up to an intensity of anguish—especially that portion of it upon the left hand—and it found vent in sighs, and tears, and sobs, and groans, and cries for mercy. Those who had "entertained a hope" sympathized so deeply with the unconverted, that the whole company seemed to possess one great heart, that was about to burst with the awfulness of its agony. In this condition they were "commended to God" and sent away.

In all this, though I may doubt the prudence, yet I do not question the sincerity and devout intentions, of Mr. Tappan. He conducted as though he sincerely believed his own doctrine of eternal wrath, and was thrillingly anxious to save sinners from its terrible endurance.

Let us now return to the main subject. With such a man, and such measures, it is not strange *that in due* process of time the whole parish was in

a state of great excitement, some aiding, and others opposing, the new men, new doctrines, and new measures.

I was at first among those opposed to the work. I was not opposed to what I considered religion, but to employing such extravagant means to obtain it. I held to being religious in a quiet way. I had always enjoyed the duty and privilege of secret prayer, but I took more pains to conceal the fact than to have it known. I innocently supposed that prayers offered in private and told of in public lost the charm of their secrecy. Besides, I did not wish to be thought religious, because, being of a hasty disposition, I sometimes did and said things that were better undone and unsaid. And besides again, a few rays from the sun of Universalism had fallen upon my mind, and given me a more enlarged view of God and man and divine things; and I could not at first see why the Deity could not make the minister's prayer as effectual when he prayed for the whole congregation, as when a few were brought forward to the "anxious seats" as special subjects of prayer. I thought the divine mind could as well comprehend and supply the individual wants of a congregation upon one seat as upon another. Still I believed that conversion was necessary to our salvation here and happiness hereafter, and hoped that God would bring about the needful change for the whole race, either at death or before; but that the sooner we experienced religion, the sooner we should be prepared to live and to die.

I attended the meetings, as did also my parents, brothers and sisters. As the excitement increased,

numbers were hopefully converted, both of the church and the world. The converts, whenever it was practicable, were brought forward to tell their experience, and exhort others. Some, who were much worse than others were converted, and professed a determination to walk uprightly.

Gradually my opposition ceased, for, thought I, God's ways are not as our ways, and who knows but this may be his way to show his saving power on souls who could not be moved by gentle means. My parents and several sisters became converted, and our family seemed to be a special object of attention to the pious ones around us.

Naturally of an ardent, sympathizing, devotional disposition, and educated in the so called "doctrines of grace," it is not marvellous that my feelings were strongly wrought upon, and that I was finally "brought out," in the midst of the revival, and "witnessed a good profession before many witnesses."

I was not of a temperament to remain inactive in whatever cause I enlisted, and was, therefore, soon zealously engaged in doing what I then sincerely thought to be the work of the Lord.

I was received among the pious with many demonstrations of joy and gladness. I labored constantly, both in public and private, in conference, church, inquiry and prayer meetings; also in Sabbath schools, and from house to house, to aid in carrying on the work of grace. By the request and advice of the minister, I appointed meetings in various parts of the parish, in school and private houses, conducting them myself, but being assisted by others.

These meetings were always well attended. Sometimes I gave an exhortation, sometimes read a chapter and offered comments, and at others read printed sermons. Mr. Tappan furnished me with a book of sermons, by Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, the character of which I need not describe to any who are at all acquainted with the theological reputation of the doctor. For the information of others I will simply state, that some of them were the most fiery, uncharitable, devilistical, hellological, that could well be imagined and written by a powerful mind, fully imbued with the spirit of the horrible doctrine of endless torment.

I have wondered a hundred times since, that the people sat so patiently and attentively to hear me read such abominable discourses, condemning them to the flames of hell in almost every sentence. But I do not wonder that they sometimes urged me to talk myself, and not read, for in my own conversation, though zealous, I pursued a milder course.

At length I became disgusted with the sermons myself, — at least some parts of them. Not that I thought them untrue, but I disliked the language used, and the secret pleasure he seemed to take in crushing sinners beneath his theological feet, and trampling them down to hell.

I was then supplied with a volume of "Cooper's Sermons," which I found to be of a very different character, both in language and spirit. True, they doomed sinners to the same hell, and kept them there as long; but then they did it in a more smooth, easy, courteous sort of way, and seemed

really to feel a decent share of regret at the catastrophe of the finally impenitent.

I should think such sermons as Dr. Edwa preached to an impenitent audience of believer endless misery, allowing them to be half as ba the sermons represent them, would make t hate God with a perfect hatred, and feel like snatching firebrands from the burning pi fling in indignation at the individual who, such cool impudence, should strive to torn them before their time. But not so; for they lis and then deliberately pay the preacher!

Mr. Tappan frequently told me that I wa great help to him; that he could realize I m his labors lighter by my efforts. Well, poor m his labors were hard enough, after all, for sev times during the excitement he became enti exhausted, and was obliged to lie still and rec However, the excitement continued, and meeti meetings, were the order of the day and of night, until nearly an hundred souls were sai be "hopefully converted to God;" and, no do with some of us, it was a beneficial change.

When the revival began to decline—for s excitement cannot last forever—Mr. Tap after much deliberation and consultation v other ministers, concluded it was best for the verts to connect themselves with the church which Mr. Webster was pastor, and of which had spoken so contemptuously. But he said could not then form a new church, and if we not join somewhere, we should get scattered, some of us would lose our religion, &c., &c.

For my own part, I felt but little dispositio

join any church, especially one of which he had spoken in such a manner, and I believe that many others had similar feelings. Mr. Tappan and members of the church urged the subject upon our consideration earnestly and frequently. He finally told me that many were keeping back, influenced by my example, and would not come forward unless I did.

I was also labored with considerably on the subject of baptism, as I expressed some doubts on that point. Bro. Tappan prepared a sermon on the subject, came to my father's and read it to me, and left it for me to examine. He said he had thought to preach it, but if he could satisfy *me* without, he did not care to agitate the subject in public, as the converts would fall in without difficulty.

After much persuasion, I consented to join the church, saying, "Suffer it to be so now." All others who were expected came forward, and a large company of us were received into the First Congregationalist Church, in Biddeford. While I remained there we enjoyed many seasons of spiritual fellowship and gladness. True, we had our occasional trials, our hours of darkness, our seasons of doubt and uncertainty, our grief for the backsliding of a cherished brother or sister; we had the trials unto which all churches of that kind are ever subject; but still I look back with a thrill of gratitude and delight upon the many precious seasons that we enjoyed together, in social meetings, in praise and prayer, in holy converse with each other, and fellowship with God.

Mr. Tappan was engaged with us for one year;

and when that term was expired, we were unable, notwithstanding the revival, to raise money to keep him longer; so he departed, to the joy of some and the sorrow of others, for he had ardent friends and zealous foes. We soon obtained the services of another young man, Jonathan Ward. He was a mild, amiable man, and devoted Christian; but he soon sickened, and died very suddenly.

We then engaged Rev. Christopher Marsh, a middle-aged man, with a family, to preach for us one half of the time for five years; but he left before the term was expired, because the people did not pay him his salary. I do not think he was treated handsomely. I never thought him very amiable. Though somewhat talented, he was too stern, severe, self-willed, uncourteous and inhospitable, to suit my taste. He was afterwards agent for Sabbath schools in Massachusetts, and is since preaching. During his administration, when we had no preaching on the Sabbath, some of the church, and all others who pleased, met either in the meeting-house, a school-house, or a private house. These meetings were conducted by the brethren, and sometimes I read a sermon. Several Sabbath schools were in operation in different parts of the parish, and in them also I took a lively interest.

CHAPTER V.

Labors from house to house — Lives and learns — Conversation with a widow — God's goodness — Opposition in meeting — School-master's speech — Prayer of Jesus — Subject of prayer examined — Preaching and praying — Visits Poland and Minot — Meets with opposers — Tells stories to avoid argument — Doubts the doctrine he professes — Trinity — Justice of God — Unpardonable sin — Convict's despair wrong.

In endeavoring to instruct others, it would be singular if I failed to learn something myself, as my motto was, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

I usually improved what privileges I possessed for obtaining instruction, but they were neither great nor numerous. I had but little time to read, and but few useful books within my reach. But fortunately there are other means than books for obtaining a knowledge of theology. Among them are public worship, conversation, observation and reflection.

When I was first converted, made satisfied that my sins were forgiven, that I had obtained an inheritance with the saints in light, an interest in redeeming grace, my soul was exceedingly joyful, and I truly thought that I had only to make known my experience, and views, and feelings, to others, and they would at once see as I saw, feel as I felt, *rejoice as I rejoiced, and* be saved as I was saved.

It seemed impossible that the world could continue to reject so divine a Saviour, and neglect to adore such a merciful and gracious God.

With these feelings, I hastened from house to house, and talked and prayed in many families. But, ah me! how sadly was I doomed to disappointment! Though all, or nearly so, listened to me with attention, yet but few of the unregenerate could be persuaded to sympathize deeply with my religious views and feelings, though they professed faith in the same theological creed. And after years of experience, the same fact, the same state of things, was still before me; some believed the things spoken, and some believed not.

I called one day to visit a lady, a friend and neighbor, who had just lost her husband. He had been a profane man, and a very great sufferer. She mourned his departure, and observed that although she had long expected his death, the event came sudden after all. She was deeply afflicted, and I wished to say something to console her. But with my belief, what could I say? That her husband was better off my creed would not in reality allow me to hope. However, I observed, "Well, poor man! he has got through with all his troubles in this world."

She noticed the word "*this*," and it touched her to the heart. She fixed her tearful eyes steadfastly upon my countenance, as though she would penetrate my inmost thoughts, and in an unwavering voice said, "Mr. Norwood, I believe God is a *good* being!" Her words struck me with a peculiar force. The manner in which they were uttered — the particular emphasis upon the adjec-

tive "*good*" — compelled me instantly to view the fact stated — a fact which I had always acknowledged — in a new light. I felt instantly as though I had not realized that truth sufficiently to make me view it in its unavoidable bearings upon the present and future destiny of the human race. While indulging the thoughts so suddenly suggested, I gave a sort of mechanical reply, "So do I."

The lady continued, "My husband has been an invalid, and a very great sufferer, for many years. Weeks and months he has lain in misery upon his bed. I have watched by him day and night, week after week, attending to his wants and endeavoring to soothe his anguish, till, sick and careworn, and my own strength exhausted, I have myself been prostrated upon my bed, and the kind neighbors have ministered to us both. When my strength has partially returned, I have hastened to his bedside, and again cheerfully and gladly performed the same course of duties.

"Time and again have I been exhausted, and time and again has a kind Providence enabled me to revive, and to put forth every effort to support my children, and to soothe the sufferings of my husband. Thus have I labored, till at last I can do no more, for he is taken from me. The little goodness that *I* possess, the spark of love that dwells in my heart, has made me cheerfully do all this.

"And can you believe that the God that we call *good*, whose whole nature is *love*, will take the poor creature from my kind care, and, after he has suffered so much, burn him forever in fire and brimstone? *I do not* believe it. I once did, but I

think differently and better now. I truly believe that God is a *good* being, and that all evil will be overcome of good. Would *you* yourself make him suffer more than he has suffered here? Would *you* burn your friend and neighbor, and my husband, to all eternity?"

"O certainly not," said I, "but we must remember that God is *just* as well as merciful, and that his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts."

"Very true," continued she, "but do you mean to imply that his ways are *worse* than ours, and that we are better than God?"

"No, by no means; for God is infinite in goodness, and his ways are as much better than ours as the heavens are higher than the earth."

"Well, if his character and ways are so much better than ours, I have nothing to fear in regard to my husband; for neither you nor I would make him wretched, and I am certain that God will not."

"Ah, but we must not forget that we are accountable creatures, and that there are certain conditions to be complied with in this world, if we would be happy in another."

"If God is as good as you admit him to be," rejoined the lady, "and as I believe he is, he would not have intrusted to us the keeping or procuring of our eternal salvation, unless he knew it would be as safe and certain as in his own hands. And while I believe God is a *good* being, I must believe also that he will take care of all his creatures."

I will not write more of this conversation, but

s myself perfectly surprised by meeting so
, so reasonable, and so determined an oppo-
from that source. I did not expect it, and
had I found words and argument, I could
r have had the heart to argue to that afflicted
r that her departed husband would be made
ıed forever by a being whom I freely ac-
edged was infinitely better than ourselves.
ırted, filled with new, strange, elevated and
ed thoughts as to what would be the theo-
l results of carrying out this great view of
goodness, thus suddenly brought to mind.
o not intend to say that the argument of
goodness, in opposition to my then theologi-
ɜws, had never before been advanced to my
or insisted on by an opponent, for it had
nore than once. But I never before was led
w it in so strong a light. I could always find
idea, or argument, or *words* at least, to
ce, that satisfied myself, if they did not
ɜ and convince an opponent. But in this
found myself more willing to remain silent,
nge the subject, or arise and depart, than to
ɔt defending a position that all the better
ɣs of my heart seemed to condemn.
ɔugh I still continued to labor in the cause of
urch, yet some of the ideas received at this
iew never departed from me. They led me
ısider the love *we* felt, and the interest *we*
d in the salvation of sinners, and to repeat
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ill relate another circumstance that had a
ıcy to lead *me to* a knowledge of the truth.

A professed Universalist attended our meeting. He was a young man employed as school-teacher. He was always ready and willing to converse about religion, and was regarded by some of the pious as the evil one in human form. In several cases I had occasion to converse with him, but usually got off pretty well to my own satisfaction on most points. Probably, as in most disputes about theology, we were both victors — for we were both pretty fast talkers.

I sometimes held meetings in his school-house. On one occasion, in an evening meeting, I read a tract, entitled "A Strange Thing" — a direct attack on Universalism. I noticed that my friend, the school-master, sat all the while very quietly taking notes. When I had concluded, he advanced towards the desk, and observed that many things had been said against the Universalean belief, and courteously asked if he should have liberty to say a few words in reply.

I never was so bigoted, and God forbid that I ever should be, as to refuse a man liberty of speech in meeting, just because his views were not mine; especially if he condescended to ask for it. I instantly replied, "Yes, sir, as many as you please."

He then commenced speaking. The house was full, and he was listened to with attention. He spoke in a gentlemanly, Christian, and deliberate, but earnest manner, for nearly half an hour.

He presented a brief review of the tract, which, however, I shall not give here. One portion of his address I think will never be forgotten. In speaking of the Saviour he said (in effect) "My *friends*, will you listen to the prayer of Jesus?

When extended upon the cross by the hands of his opposers, he poured out his whole soul in fervent prayer to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God! And for whom and for what did the Redeemer pray? For curses upon his foes, and blessings upon his friends? No, not thus prayed he whose lips spake as never man spake. He blessed, and cursed not. He prayed for those who were about to dye their hands in the purple blood that came gushing from his wounded side, and from the tender hands and feet that the cruel nails had torn!

"And the holy words that found utterance from his dying lips invoked blessings upon their guilty heads. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' And think you that the dear Redeemer did not pray in faith? Think you that God would refuse to hear and answer a dying prayer, the last request of his only begotten and dearly beloved Son?

"No Christian will presume to say, that Jesus Christ was destitute of faith necessary to commend his prayer to God, or that God would refuse to answer the petition of his son. And did not God forgive the enemies for whom he prayed? It must be that he did. It is a fact no Christian has a right to doubt. And did God forgive and save the *vilest* of the race — the murderers of his Son — in answer to the prayer of Jesus; and will he fail to answer prayers from the same heart and lips for the salvation of a sinful world? That world for whom he often prayed, and for whom at last he shed his precious blood? It cannot be. The world is *safe, for it has Jesus' prayers*! And he

is an example unto us, not only that we should walk in his footsteps, going about doing good, but that we should pray for all, and pray in faith for their forgiveness."

This portion of his address made a deep impression upon my mind, and I think others were likewise affected. It was the means of advancing me one step towards a knowledge of more truth.

When he had concluded, he quietly resumed his seat, and I was about to name a hymn to be sung, just as if nothing especial had happened, as I thought this a better way than to attempt disputing what had been advanced. But just at this moment an aged deacon, who sat beside me in the desk, arose, and in an excited manner commenced by saying, "Solomon said there is no new thing under the sun. But this is a new thing, which Solomon knew nothing about, and it is not true. But some men have got to be a great deal wiser than Solomon, in all his wisdom. But if everybody is to be saved, there is no use in preaching, there is no use in praying. It is all no use at all, if people will be saved just as well without it," &c., &c.

Thus he went on, presenting more words and assertions than argument and persuasion, until the people became uneasy. The school-master, a little excited, responded in a hasty manner to something the deacon uttered, and the deacon responded back again, until the order of the meeting was broken up, and I dismissed it without much ceremony.

As the school-master walked towards the door, *he* paused, and politely requested the loan of the *pamphlet* for a few days. I instantly passed it to

him, though I certainly thought he would burn it when he got home. He afterwards reviewed it publicly in the school-house, and then returned it safely, and I have it now.

I remember distinctly that while he was giving his address, my mind grasped the most weighty facts and arguments he advanced, and outran the speaker, and seized hold of other arguments and scripture passages, that he might have employed to fortify still stronger the position he was defending. It was this fact that made me observe to a friend who afterwards spoke to me about the meeting, that I could myself preach better Universalism than he did.

It was the above incident that led me more and more to examine the subject of prayer, until I discovered that the whole church was praying for the salvation of the whole world, while believing God had determined its salvation should never be accomplished, and disbelieving that even the Saviour's prayers would be heard and answered.

Some time after this, Mr. Marsh preached on the subject of prayer, and stated that it was the duty for all to pray, and to pray for all men, which was good and acceptable in the sight of God.

In another division of his sermon, he assured us that duty required us to pray *in faith*, believing that what we asked for should be given us, and also that whatsoever was not of faith was sin.

My mind instantly placed the several propositions together, and though the minister did not intend it, yet I saw that he had in reality told us to pray for the salvation of the world, believing it would be *accomplished*.

On the next Sabbath I held a meeting at a private house. A good number of the church, and some of the world, were present. I read the 2 chap. 1 Timothy, which treats of the subject of praying for all men, and commented on it very freely. I spoke of the way in which my mind had been led — referred to the sermon on the previous Sabbath, and came to the conclusion that the Bible, as well as the minister, taught, 1st, That we should pray for all; and 2d, That we should pray in faith, nothing doubting.

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Again; we were told that Christ was the "true God and eternal life"—that the Father and Son were one and the same being, and that undoubting

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Yes; let those, whether saints or sinners, upon whose minds the above ideas of the trinity have been impressed, firmly believe that God will always be as innocent, and holy, and merciful, and kind, as the beloved Saviour, and I think it would be impossible to make them believe he would ever injure, or burn eternally, one of the human family. They would instantly inquire "Whom did Christ injure? Whom did Christ burn?"

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Then there was the "unpardonable sin," as it was called. This was talked of freely in some of our church and convert meetings. Our minister had frequently warned us against its commission, but owned himself unable to tell in what it consisted. He told us, however, that there must be "light in the head and malice in the heart," before it could be committed; and that it could not be committed except in a time of revival.

I marvelled at this, for several reasons. 1st. Because the minister could not tell what constituted the sin — the only sin — which *made certain*, which *sealed*, the eternal destiny of the soul. 2. Because, knowing this sin to exist, he still prayed for all, and preached without making any particular exception, and quoted passages of scripture like these: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." 3. Because good, pious ministers exerted themselves to produce the only state of things (a revival) in which it was possible for men to render their condition utterly hopeless.

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CHAPTER VI.

Fears he shall be a Universalist — Strives against it — Interesting meeting — Bible points down, and minister up — Receives more light, and becomes more alarmed — Asks advice of a female saint — Conversation — Made willing to investigate — Becomes a Universalist — Rejoices in the truth — Punishment in futurity — Visits Gloucester — Hears Universalism — Church becomes alarmed — Is tried for heresy, and suspended — Writes a book — His father's suspension — A curious letter.

In the last chapter were enumerated some of the facts and circumstances that led me to doubt the correctness of the faith I professed. Meanwhile, other facts, circumstances, and scripture passages, forced themselves upon my attention in such a manner as to make me fear I should be left to believe a lie that I might be damned — in short, I was *afraid I should be a Universalist.*

This thought troubled me exceedingly, and I endeavored to suppress every reflection having such a tendency. I strove to overturn every argument that presented itself in favor of, and to raise every possible objection to, that, as I then thought, delusive theory. I strove hard to reconcile certain scripture passages, that seemed to be in favor of that system, with certain parts of my own creed. I sought constantly for strength and assistance from God, to enable me to resist the tempter that would *allure me from* the path of truth and duty.

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I listened to the word preached more attentively, and read more carefully, than before, to strengthen me against the thoughts that would intrude themselves into my mind. But I strove, and sought, and prayed, and listened, in vain, so far as the object had in view was concerned.

I still found myself whirling slowly around in a vortex that I feared would one day whelm me beneath the fatal waters of a false theology. Sometimes, a single objection would last me several weeks. I remember, as though it were yesterday, when the objection came forcibly to my mind, If Christ and his apostles preached Universalism, why did they meet with opposition and persecution? Surely, said I, they would not have been thus treated for preaching the salvation of all men — that pleasing doctrine.

I thought this quite unanswerable, and embraced it as a safeguard against a fatal error. At length the question arose, Why do I raise this objection? Answer: To oppose a certain doctrine. What doctrine? Universalism. Well, if I oppose it now, why might it not have met with opposition in the Saviour's day? This train of thought led to an investigation and understanding of the whole matter. I soon found, that although men might be willing to be told that they themselves would be saved, they might object to hearing the same fact in regard to their neighbors who were not of their religion. In short, I found myself opposing the very doctrine that I thought would please everybody, and my favorite objection became at once forceless. Since then, I have seen abundant demonstration of the correctness of my conclusion;

for it is true that Universalism is most bitterly and perseveringly opposed by the professedly pious of all denominations, and by very many of the most outrageous sinners.

This objection being removed, I sought to find another. I attended meeting one evening, in the fond hope that my mind would be strengthened. It was appointed for a social conference meeting. Mr. Marsh officiated. He read the second chapter of Acts. I felt rejoiced when he commenced reading it, for I knew it spoke of wonders and signs in heaven and earth, blood and fire, and vapor and smoke; of the sun and moon being turned to darkness and blood, and of the "great and notable day of the Lord;" and I ardently hoped and expected that an exhibition of these truths would lay the spectre of falsehood, so that it would haunt me no more forever.

He read of the assembling together of many people on the day of Pentecost, and of wonderful things that took place. The people were all astonished, and Peter stood up to explain. After proving that they were not drunken, he says: "But *this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel.*" These remarkable words struck me with peculiar force. Though I had read them many times before, they had never fastened themselves so strongly upon my mind.

Mr. Marsh read the remainder of the chapter, and then proceeded to speak of its contents; and so earnest did he become, such a freedom of speech did he enjoy, that he consumed the whole evening, and no liberty was given either to speak or ask a *question.* I regretted this, as I had much

On the next Sabbath I held a meeting at a private house. A good number of the church, and some of the world, were present. I read the 2 chap. 1 Timothy, which treats of the subject of praying for all men, and commented on it very freely. I spoke of the way in which my mind had been led — referred to the sermon on the previous Sabbath, and came to the conclusion that the Bible, as well as the minister, taught, 1st, That we should pray for all; and 2d, That we should pray in faith, nothing doubting.

I then raised the inquiry: Is it our duty to *let the world know* that we believe our prayers for its salvation will be effectual, or shall we continue to pray, and let the world think that our prayers are faithless? If the former, the world will call us Universalists; if the latter, shall we not be hypocrites? I urged the brethren to speak freely on this subject, but for some cause they said not a word; probably they were taken unawares, and had not concluded what to say.

As Mr. Marsh did not in his sermon give us any information on the latter inquiries, it was concluded for me to write to him for information, and his answer was to be read at the next meeting after its reception. I commenced a letter, but being called from home just then for several weeks, it was not finished and sent.

From my observations on the subject of prayer, I would not have the reader infer that I was then a Universalist in all respects, but I evidently saw the doctrine from that point of view, while from *other points* it appeared dark and obscure.

About a year after I joined the church, I was ar-

For myself, I think I received much scriptural light. The more the minister talked, the more I understood and believed Peter. The doctrine of the "day of judgment," as I had been taught it, passed in review before me, and I could not but see that the clergy had kept the subject wrong side up with care. They were constantly *pointing upward*, and asserting that we should go in that direction to appear before the judgment seat of Christ; and the Bible was as constantly *pointing downward*, and saying, in the language of Christ, "For judgment I am come into this world." "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

When I got home, I turned to the prophecy of Joel, and found that Peter made an almost literal quotation from him, and applied it to events that transpired on the day of Pentecost. And on that day there certainly were "signs and wonders" enough in heaven and earth, insomuch that "the people were all amazed, and wondered." I did not become certain that the *whole* of the prophecy quoted by Peter was fulfilled on that day, but enough of it was in process of accomplishment to justify him in making the application.

As to the sun being turned to darkness and the moon to blood, I found, by comparing scripture with scripture, that they were only figurative expressions, used by the prophets to represent a time of either mental, spiritual, or political darkness, trouble, cruelty, or blood; and that we are not to look for a literal fulfilment of such prophetic figures.

About this time, I was one day returning from a Sabbath school in a remote part of the town, in company with a most devoted, zealous and intelligent sister in the church. The school was organized through her instrumentality, and she and I were the teachers. On the way, I observed to her, "Sister, *I am afraid I shall be a Universalist!*" "Oh, Brother Norwood," she replied, "*you* cannot be a Universalist." "I am afraid I shall," said I; "for thoughts, ideas, arguments, and even passages of scripture, are constantly crowding themselves upon my mind: by day or night, at home or abroad, in the sanctuary or the world, it is ever the same. I cannot avoid reading it, whether I look into the volume of nature, or the volume of grace. *What shall I do?*" She was filled with astonishment, and finally advised me to "*read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew a great deal.*"

I followed her advice; not only so, but I read the twenty-*fourth* also; and I read them both "a great deal." But the more I read them, the more they refused to let me understand them as I used to. I wondered that I had not long before seen that both chapters were an unbroken discourse of the Saviour, and that the prophecies therein given were to be fulfilled before that generation passed away. In this opinion I was fully confirmed by consulting the parallel passages, in the other Evangelists, which speak of the coming of Christ. Some time after, the good sister called on me, and was very much concerned when she learned the "*state of* my mind." She described a distance *of four or* five miles, and said she would gladly

faith in this, was to use Mr. Tappan's words, "an indispensable pre-requisite to our eternal salvation." With this for a creed, we were frequently exhorted to flee to Christ to escape the wrath of God, as though, when both were one, one was more merciful than the other. An attempt to reconcile this used to be made, by saying we must flee to Christ *in his character of Mediator.* But I could not see why God the Father should not be as merciful as God the Son; or why the same person, in his relation of Father, should not be as merciful as in his relation of Mediator. I am not yet able to solve this mystery. Nevertheless, if God is better and more merciful when he assumes to himself the character and relation of Son, it would be an improvement, and probably beneficial, for him always to retain that character and relationship. I have no doubt people generally would love and honor him a great deal more, and live more peaceably and confidingly under his government.

Yes; let those, whether saints or sinners, upon whose minds the above ideas of the trinity have been impressed, firmly believe that God will always be as innocent, and holy, and merciful, and kind, as the beloved Saviour, and I think it would be impossible to make them believe he would ever injure, or burn eternally, one of the human family. They would instantly inquire "Whom did Christ injure? Whom did Christ burn?"

In order to make people believe that God will ever treat them with infinite cruelty, theologians have found it necessary to turn their thoughts from him as the *benevolent* Saviour, and make them

contemplate him in an entirely different ch
ter, as a most terrific being, an inexorable j
"a God in vengeance drest." I thought
upon this subject, and could not avoid the cc
sion, that if God the Father was as much int
ed in our welfare as God the Son, the work
safe; for God would reconcile it to himself.
that God the Father *was* as much inte
seemed evident from the fact that he moved
two thirds of himself at least; i. e., God the
and God the Holy Ghost — two persons of th
une one — to come forth on the great missi
mercy from heaven to man. And, moreove
first person in the Godhead not only encour
at the outset, the undertaking, but also a
panied the second and third in the expeditic
his blessing, his assistance, and even by his
presence; for, having sent the others, he act
according to common divinity, came himself
them.

"The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode —
Men, the dear objects of his love,
And he the smiling God.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, *the mighty Maker, died*
For man the creature's sin."

Another thing that appeared to me contradi
was the fact that ministers and church-me
insisted strongly, in their sermons and exhorta
upon the fact that God was a *just* being, h
their prayers accused him of the most gross
tice. Many a prayer have I heard commenc

this wise: "Oh Lord, we are ill-deserving, hell-deserving creatures, and *hadst thou been just* with us, we should even now be in the grave with the dead, and in hell with the damned, lifting up our eyes where hope and mercy can never come!"

I could not but discover this inconsistency, and it led me to see that there was something wrong in our theology, and to make the inquiry, If God can save one sinner in violation of his justice, why not another? and if another, why not all?

Then there was the "unpardonable sin," as it was called. This was talked of freely in some of our church and convert meetings. Our minister had frequently warned us against its commission, but owned himself unable to tell in what it consisted. He told us, however, that there must be "light in the head and malice in the heart," before it could be committed; and that it could not be committed except in a time of revival.

I marvelled at this, for several reasons. 1st. Because the minister could not tell what constituted the sin — the only sin — which *made certain*, which *sealed*, the eternal destiny of the soul. 2. Because, knowing this sin to exist, he still prayed for all, and preached without making any particular exception, and quoted passages of scripture like these: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." 3. Because good, pious ministers exerted themselves to produce the only state of things (a revival) in which it was possible for men to render their condition utterly hopeless.

Again; *another* contradictory mistake I discov-

ened in the process of a sinner's conversion. One of the most favorable symptoms in the case of a convicted sinner is to have his conviction deepen into despair of salvation — to believe that God has no mercy for him. By some this is regarded as indispensable to regeneration. If they can only wrest every particle of hope from the bosom of the sinner, and plunge him into utter despair, they think there is but one step between him and the kingdom, and that God is about to manifest himself to him through the new birth. I marvel that every convict who passes through this experience and becomes a convert, does not instantly look back to the time when he believed there was no mercy for him in heaven, and discover that he believed an entire falsehood; for if there had been no mercy for him, God would have left him in that forlorn condition. No sinner has any right to believe that there is no mercy for him; and he who is required to pass through this "slough of despond," in order to climb the hill of hope, is required to perform a task as wicked and inconsistent, if not as difficult, as that of being perfectly *willing* to be lost *for the sake* of being saved.

But I will not now enumerate more of the contradictions that had a tendency to unhinge my faith in the creed unto which I had given my assent. Suffice it to say, that I not only noticed such inconsistencies as I have named, but some parts of the preaching really seemed to come in direct contact with some positive declarations of God's word.

CHAPTER VI.

Fears he shall be a Universalist — Strives against it — Interesting meeting — Bible points down, and minister up — Receives more light, and becomes more alarmed — Asks advice of a female saint — Conversation — Made willing to investigate — Becomes a Universalist — Rejoices in the truth — Punishment in futurity — Visits Gloucester — Hears Universalism — Church becomes alarmed — Is tried for heresy, and suspended — Writes a book — His father's suspension — A curious letter.

In the last chapter were enumerated some of the facts and circumstances that led me to doubt the correctness of the faith I professed. Meanwhile, other facts, circumstances, and scripture passages, forced themselves upon my attention in such a manner as to make me fear I should be left to believe a lie that I might be damned — in short, I was *afraid I should be a Universalist.*

This thought troubled me exceedingly, and I endeavored to suppress every reflection having such a tendency. I strove to overturn every argument that presented itself in favor of, and to raise every possible objection to, that, as I then thought, delusive theory. I strove hard to reconcile certain scripture passages, that seemed to be in favor of that system, with certain parts of my own creed. I sought constantly for strength and assistance from God, to enable me to resist the tempter that would *allure me from* the path of truth and duty.

Rev. Ezra Leonard, pastor of Annisquam parish, who had renounced partialism, and embraced the great Gospel. I listened with the utmost interest, and devoured with the greatest avidity every sentiment he uttered, it being the first time that I ever heard a sermon, or prayer, from a Universalist preacher. It was a refreshing season to my soul. The doctrine accorded with my reason and experience, and confirmed me in the faith I already possessed. It was singular that I should return to my native parish to hear the first proclamation of unadulterated truth; and from the lips, too, of one who, like myself, had been converted from partialism.

Not long after my return home, a meeting of the church took place. Among other items of business, it was stated by the minister, that bad reports were in circulation about certain members of the church, and proposed that a committee be appointed to investigate the matter. I arose, gave my approbation to the proposition, and stated that if such reports were in circulation, it was proper they should be examined; and, if true, proved; and if untrue, disproved.

The committee was appointed. I was visited, and summoned before the church, to answer to the charge of heresy. I was allowed a pretty fair trial, which resulted in my suspension. The world's people around us felt some interest in the matter, and were anxious to know the particulars of the trial; but they were not allowed to be present, to see and hear for themselves. I took notes of the proceedings, and had the means of gratifying their reasonable curiosity, and concluded to do so.

Accordingly, I published a pamphlet, the contents of which will be transferred to these pages. It was circulated extensively, and I believe it has been blest to the enlightenment of many minds. I have heard numerous anecdotes of its "going about doing good." A clergyman told me, last fall, that it was the principal means of converting him to a knowledge of the truth. He promised a friend to read a Universalist book, and this pamphlet was given him. He read it carefully, and received the truth. I am seldom from home now without receiving inquiries for it, though it has been "out of print" many years. It reveals my first thoughts on Universalism in all their simplicity, and the first arguments that suggested themselves to my mind by which it could be established and defended, and therefore is precisely adapted to the wants of many inquiring and doubting minds, both in the church and in the world. And one principal object of publishing this "Pilgrimage," is to get this pamphlet again on its mission, and to answer inquiries that have been made for it. Without this reason, this history of myself would probably never have been published.

I wrote it amid much opposition. Even my good mother believed it wicked for me to write it, and made an effort to have the manuscript purloined from my desk, that it might be burned. She resolved never to read it, even if it should be printed. But, alas for resolutions of a mother like mine, made against her first-born son! They are like "pie-crust — made to be broken." She read *the trial as soon* as it came out, and carried

it to the minister's wife, and *she* read it. My dear mother became converted to its truths; and if the minister's wife had done the same thing, it would have been an excellent plan, for she soon after became a religious maniac, and wandered about the streets praying and exhorting; and her poor husband, Rev. Mr. Merrill, had to remain at home and perform the domestic duties. Universalism would have saved her, if it had been properly applied in season. But they were opposers to the doctrine, and blindly rejected the most happifying truth ever presented to man. Well, some people will have their own way, even if they die the sooner; and I almost think some bigots would prefer to die by Orthodoxy, (so called,) rather than live by Universalism; just as some others would prefer being kept sick by *popular* medicine, rather than be cured by so unpopular a remedy as *cold water*, or *lobelia inflata*. My parents both became Universalists. My father received a dismissal from the church without a request, and my mother, who made a formal request for one, was refused. The church seemed determined to act in opposition, at any rate; but my mother found it answered just as well for her to disfellowship the church as for the church to disfellowship her, and so she did it.

My father was suspended without ceremony; no committee was appointed to labor with him, nor was he summoned before the church. Rev. Mr. Merrill called to see him once in regard to the subject, and very solemnly informed him that he understood he disbelieved in the existence of any *devil*. "You have been misinformed," said my

father. The countenance of the minister glowed, for a moment, with a smile of happy disappointment, as he exclaimed, "I am rejoiced to hear it; for I feared it was much worse. Then you *do* believe in a devil?" "Oh, yes," replied my father; "certainly; I believe in more than one — I believe in *many* — in *legions* of them." The countenance of Mr. Merrill instantly fell. My father believed in *too many* devils, which, in his opinion, was quite as bad as not believing in any; so he departed with a sad heart, his worst fears being realized.

Not long after this, my father received the following singular document: —

"*Biddeford, April* 4, 1824.

"MR. ABRAHAM NORWOOD: Sir, — This church, in consideration of your embracing and maintaining the heresy of Universalism, — i. e., the denial of future endless punishment, and the denial of such a being as Satan, or the devil, — have voted that you be deprived of the privilege of communing with them at the Lord's table.

"STEPHEN MERRILL,
"*Pastor of the* 1*st Church of Biddeford.*

"And now, dear sir, that you may be brought to see your sin, and renounce all your errors, and obtain the pardoning mercy of God by a true and living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, is the sincere prayer of your friend,

"STEPHEN MERRILL."

From this it is seen that my father was not *excluded from the* communion-table for denying

the existence of a God — a Saviour — natural, revealed, or experimental religion; the authenticity of the scriptures; the resurrection of the dead; or the necessity of a holy life. No, nothing of this kind was alleged against him; but he was charged simply with "the denial of future endless punishment, and the denial of such a *being* as Satan, or the devil;" i. e., a *personal* devil. This is the true and only reason why he was cast out. What, then, was necessary to have reinstated him in the church? Simply a profession of faith in those things which he denied. How surprising it is, then, to hear "his friend, Stephen Merrill," utter his "sincere prayer" that he might possess "*faith in the Lord Jesus Christ!*" a faith he never denied.

That his was not a "true and living faith" remains to be proved. If the belief that all men will possess "eternal *life*" is not a "*living* faith," it cannot be made so by believing in "eternal *death*." To have been consistent, "his friend" should have prayed that he might "obtain the pardoning mercy of God by a true and living faith in future endless punishment," and in "such a being as Satan, or the devil." However, his preaching and praying in this case is similar to the usual preaching and praying of Mr. Merrill and his whole sect; for it is their common practice to preach "damnation" and pray for "salvation;" to preach a belief in "endless punishment" and the "devil," and pray for faith "in the Lord Jesus Christ."

But I am forgetting the pamphlet. I shall omit *the preface*, with the exception of the following

extract: "I do not pretend that every question and answer employed on the occasion may be found in the following account; and if, for this reason, any one should think proper to say that I have published the part that favors my own side, I will just remind him that he is at liberty to publish the part that favors his side. But my readers may be assured that I endeavored to keep a candid, fair, impartial record of all the proceedings, and as it was noted down immediately after each meeting, I know it is not essentially incorrect. It has been my utmost care to adhere strictly to the truth, and I am not sensible of omitting any of the weightier matters of Orthodoxy.

"I do not pretend that I can prove every particular of every statement by the mouth of two or three witnesses, for I know not as any other record was kept so definitely as mine; and besides, I know by observation, that there are some who have a *wonderful faculty of forgetting what they do not wish to remember.*"

I shall present the body of the work as it is, with a few trifling verbal corrections, presuming the reader will prefer to see it in its original simplicity, just as it came from the hand of the fisherman.

RELIGIOUS PROSCRIPTION

FOR

OPINION'S SAKE;

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEALINGS OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN BIDDEFORD WITH THE AUTHOR;

AND ALSO

REMARKS UPON SOME OF THE PROMINENT FEATURES OF ORTHODOXY.

BY A. NORWOOD, JR., MARINER.

"Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?"—GAL. iv. 16.

SACO, (Me.)
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY WILLIAM J. CONDON.
1832.

RECORD OF CHURCH MEETINGS.

At a meeting of the members of the First Church in Biddeford, September 9, 1831, proceeded to business, and among other things appointed a standing committee, consisting of Brethren Ralph T. Jordan, Nathaniel Emery, and William Hill, to inquire into any reports that may be in circulation about any church member or members, and to visit the parties concerned.

Rev. C. Marsh, the moderator and scribe, stated *hat it is* reported from one end of the town to

the other, that one of the church raked hay on the Sabbath, and that another is a Universalist.

Voted, That this meeting be adjourned to the last Tuesday in the present month, and that it then be holden at the meeting-house.

Sept. 24th, 1831. Two of the committee, Capt. William Hill and Mr. Nathaniel Emery, called on me, and after some talk on the passing events of the day, the conversation took a religious turn, in which they took occasion to say some hard things against the belief of the salvation of all mankind; and mentioned that there had been a society recently formed of persons who had renounced Universalism, and called the "Massachusetts Restorationist Society," who believed that all mankind would finally be restored to the happy state in which they lived previous to the temptation of Adam and Eve by the devil; and that the devil also would be restored to his former situation in heaven. This they condemned as erroneous, unscriptural and absurd; for, said they, if the devil should be restored to his former standing, we should be liable to fall again by his delusions, and Christ would again have to appear in the world as the Saviour of lost men. Among other arguments to prove the falsity of Universalism, it was stated that the Saviour said, "He that entereth not by the door into the fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" and from this they inferred that all men could not be saved, for if they were, there would be none to climb up some other way.

I now had good reason for concluding that I *was the person alluded* to by Mr. Marsh, at the

church meeting, as a Universalist; but as nothing was said directly to me on the subject, I held my peace, and let them say what seemed good in thei sight.

However, I was wholly unable to discover that they who climbed up some other way did not finally get into the fold, for I believe the Scrip tures nowhere assert that they did not. By those who were striving to climb up some other way, I understand the Jews, who were striving to enter into the gospel covenant by the works of the law. and were going about to establish their own righteousness, not having submitted themselves to the righteousness of God; and they were account- ed thieves and robbers, inasmuch as they were striving to save and justify themselves by their own deeds, and rob Christ of the glory of being the Saviour of the world. They were unwilling to own that they all, like lost sheep, had gone astray, and that on him was laid the iniquity of them all, but were trusting that they were righteous in and of themselves. This, we are in- formed, was building with hay, wood and stubble; which being consumed with unquenchable fire, they would suffer loss, but they themselves be saved, yet so as by fire. See 1 Cor. iii. 15, and also Rom. xi. 26, where it is said, "And so all Israel shall be saved." Now, if any of the Isra- elites are eternally lost by striving to climb up some other way, the last quoted Scripture must be false! It must be admitted that the Saviour allud ed to the Jews as thieves and robbers, and if *they could be* brought in with the fulness of the Gen *tiles, why* may not those who are now thieves and

robbers, be brought in, in due time, with the fulness of them who are not? I cannot see, therefore, as the fact that the Saviour used such language is any proof that all will not be saved.

After about an hour spent in conversation, which was principally between themselves, though indirectly aimed at me, we went out, and after they had secretly consulted together, Mr. Emery called me aside privily, and told me that the object of their visit was to ascertain if a report in circulation about me was true, viz.: that I was a Universalist. I told him I was unable to answer his question before I knew what *he* meant by a Universalist; when he stated that a Universalist was one who believed that all would be saved *just as well*, let them do what they would, whether penitent or impenitent, believing or unbelieving, and even if they lived and died in their sins. I replied, "If that is what you understand by Universalism, I do not believe it, nor do I call myself a Universalist. Others may say and call me what they please; it does not alter my faith, nor do I care about the name; and I conclude that what you wish to know is, what I *believe*, rather than by what *name* I am called." They both (for Capt. Hill had now joined us) informed me that that was their desire. I then told them nearly as follows: "I believe there is one God, and one mediator between him and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time; that God is not willing that any should perish, but will have all men to be saved, not in their sins, but from them; that if any are finally lost, it will be against his will and

the prayer of the Saviour, who prayed, and taught us to pray, 'Thy will be done.'"

They stated that they did hope it was not so bad as they had heard, but now their worst fears were realized; and expressed their sorrow that I had embraced so dangerous an error. They endeavored to assure me that I did not believe the scriptures, but openly advocated an unscriptural doctrine.

After other conversation, which I have not time to record, and after we had concluded I should have an opportunity, at the adjourned meeting, to express my views to the brethren, they departed, but not, however, until I had thanked them for their friendly visit, and requested them to call again, which invitation they affectionately returned.

SECOND MEETING.

September 27th. Met agreeably to adjournment, and proceeded to business. Rev. C. Marsh, moderator.

The committee that was appointed to visit a Universalist reported that they had been to see me, and that I believed all mankind would eventually be saved; but as I was present, they informed me that I had permission to speak for myself.

I replied that I was glad of the privilege; but before I proceeded to answer in my defence, I thought proper that something should be said touching the things whereof I was accused.

It was soon made manifest by the brethren that *I was accused* of being a Universalist, and that

my belief was different from what it was when I united with the church.

I answered, "If you mean by a *Universalist* one who believes men will be saved in sin, impenitence and unbelief, I am not one; but if you mean one who believes in Christ as the Saviour of the world, I am a Universalist. As to the difference in my belief, it amounts to this: I then believed in Christ as the Saviour of a *part* of mankind, I now believe he is the Saviour of the *whole*."

I shall now give an account of the examination as it occurred, in questions and answers, the letter *U.* to signify Universalist, *Mod.* Moderator, and *C.* Church.

Mod. Do you believe that all mankind will finally be saved?

U. I believe that God will have all men to be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth.

Mod. But do you believe that all men *will* be saved?

U. I believe that God is not willing that any should perish.

Mod. I wish for a decisive answer to the question.

U. I have answered in scripture language, that I might remember to record it; and if that does not give satisfaction, I cannot help it. However, as you wish for other words, I will say, that if any are finally lost, it will be against the will of God.

Mod. You do not answer my question fairly—I wish to know if you believe that the spirits of all men will be saved in another world?

U. I believe that the spirits of the just will be

made perfect — that the dust will return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.

Mod. *No* is a very easy word to say; will you answer to the question I proposed, *Yes* or *No?*

U. I do believe it, for the Saviour prayed, and taught us to pray, "Thy will be done;" and who will dare to say he did not pray in faith? We are also taught to pray for our enemies, and the salvation of all our fellow-creatures; and to pray in *faith*, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting.

After being answered a few more questions, he said that my case was full as bad as he had anticipated — that he was satisfied, &c. I asked him two or three questions, when I came to one that he, from some reason or other, did not answer, but said, "I did not come here to be catechised. I have no more questions to ask, nor do I wish to answer any. If any of the brethren have, there is now an opportunity."

U. You say that I am wrong, that I have embraced an error, am in the dark, and have not a right understanding; and when I ask you to enlighten and inform me, you *refuse to speak!* What sort of a spirit does that manifest? But *I* have some other questions to ask, and if *you* will not, whoso can, let him answer. Is salvation of God, or of man? and is man saved by his own exertion, or the grace of God?

No answer.

Brethren, I am ready to answer any questions that may be asked; but I have asked one, and nobody answers. If I am wrong, I wish to be convinced and corrected.

C. Man is saved by the grace of God.

U. Can we be saved in any other way?

C. No.

U. Why, then, are not all saved?

C. Because we will not.

U. I read that God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear —— Interrupted by the Moderator, to know if I intended to bring an accusation against God! with other remarks, which changed the subject of discourse.

U. (*To the church.*) Do you believe that Christ is the Saviour of the world?

C. What a question to ask the church!

U. If it is a simple question, it can be more easily answered.

C. Of course we do.

U. Do you believe that he will answer the purpose for which he came?

C. Yes.

U. Did he come to seek and save them that are lost?

C. He did.

U. Will he save them?

C. If they repent and believe. But do you believe that all who die impenitent will be saved?

U. I believe that we cannot be saved while we continue impenitent and unbelieving.

C. Suppose a man should die in a fit of intoxication, where would he be punished?

U. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment.

C. You have said that you believe we shall be

punished for our sins; do you think there will be any punishment in another world?

U. I do not.

Here the Moderator exclaimed "It is enough!" as if he had said, "We have heard the blasphemy; what need we any further witness?" He then said something about the "eternal death of the soul."

U. In what part of the Scripture do you read of the "eternal death of the soul?"

Mod. It is not expressed in so many words, but I read of the "second death," "eternal punishment," and similar expressions, which signify the same thing.

Some conversation was now had about the "day of judgment."

U. (*To the Mod.*) Do you think the judgments of the Lord will all come in *one day?*

Mod. It is an irreverent question! We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

U. I believe it; and with me it is a very small thing to be judged by you or by man's judgment, but he that judgeth me is the Lord, and we do now all stand before him.

Mod. I wonder that, believing as you do, you should continue in the church so long, and not ask your dismission.

U. Perhaps you think so because you have wrong ideas of Universalists, and imagine that they have no regard for the worship of God, the duties of religion, or social meetings for prayer. I know there are some who speak evil of things they understand not. And many are diligently *taught to* regard the very *name* of Universalism

with hatred and disgust, as though it were blended with everything vicious and destructive to the peace of man. Those who never dared to hear it are taught to regard them who preach it with as much aversion as the Hessians, who fought under the English in time of war, regarded the Americans, who, they were made to believe, were savages and cannibals, merely for the purpose of making them fight more furiously.

Some inquiries were now made by and to the church, respecting the subject of preaching and praying, when the Moderator observed that he had one more question to ask me.

Mod. If all are to be saved, what is the use of preaching or praying at all?

U. The ministers tell us ——

Mod. What have you to do with the ministers? You don't believe them.

U. If you will not let me speak, how am I to answer you? The ministers say, and the Bible informs us ——

Mod. Why don't you use "scripture language?" I thought you chose to.

U. You asked me a question, and if you will keep still, I will answer it. The ministers and Bible inform us, and I believe it, that the only encouragement we have to pray, or ask our Heavenly Father for anything, is the fact that he has promised to do such things for us, but waits to be inquired of by the house of Israel. (Several questions were now asked by the church, which I refused to answer, and proceeded.) And, moreover, the fact that God has commanded all men, everywhere, *to pray*, is sufficient to prompt the

Christian to a performance of the duty. And I will ask in return, What is the use of your praying for the salvation of all, if there is no promise in the word of God that all shall obtain salvation, but if, on the contrary, it is asserted that but few will be saved? And what is the use of your preaching, if such a part of the human family are elected to be saved, and the rest reprobated to be damned, from the foundation of the world? And in such a case, what is the use to tell us all that we can be saved? for I have heard a minister* from that pulpit tell us that we could all come and be saved in an hour if we chose, but the reason why we came not was, we had no disposition to, and *would* not come; and, after preaching a long sermon upon the same subject, he concluded without telling us how to get the disposition.

The Moderator then asked some questions about "Sodom and Gomorrah," the "sheep and the goats," the "last verse of the 25th chapter of Matthew," and concluded by saying, that I had hold of the groundwork and foundation of Universalism, and was an openly professed and avowed Universalist.

U. If you call what I believe Universalism, you will find more than one Universalist in the church.

C. We should be very sorry to find it so.

U. Then you may depend upon being sorry.

C. We are sure there is one.

U. And I am sure there is another.

Mod. The sooner we know it the better, if it is so. I cannot tell how successful you have been

* Mr. Marsh himself.

in preaching, for you have not only believed yourself, but have been holding meetings for a year and a half, in the lower part of the town, and teaching the heretical doctrine of Universalism.

U. It is true I have never denied telling any one my religious sentiments, and I shall continue to do so, for what the Lord sayeth that will I speak: but that the doctrine of Universalism is *heresy*, remains to be proved.

Mod. It is no use to talk with you any longer, for the scripture saith, "God shall send them strong delusions, that they might believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but obey unrighteousness," and if the angels should descend from heaven and preach any other doctrine, it would be of no use, so long as you are resolved to believe as you do.

Questions upon different parts and subjects of the scriptures were now being asked on all sides, and even the deacon was saying something about "the rich man and Lazarus."

And now, candid reader, (if I ever have one,) I will ask you a question: If it takes a *minister* half a day, and sometimes a whole one, after a week's study, to *attempt* the explanation of *one* passage of scripture, and, after all, leave his hearers as much in the dark as ever, how could I be expected to explain a *dozen*, in *five minutes*, to the entire satisfaction of those who were ready to judge of a matter before they heard it? At such an undesirable crisis, will you not think I was exceedingly fortunate, when I inform you that one of the most aged of the Brethren,* who had been

*R. T. Jordan, Esq.

a silent, but not inattentive, observer, arose and addressed us in something like the following reasonable language?

Brethren:—We all have a right to enjoy our own opinion and belief of the scriptures, but we have no right, by forcible means, to control the belief of others. We may believe for ourselves, but we cannot believe for them. It remains to be decided between them and their God. And if Brother Norwood is determined to believe as he does, we may talk to him a week or a fortnight, it will do no good—it will be of no avail—we cannot alter him, nor will he be moved. Therefore, my counsel is, that we spend no more time at present conversing with him, but proceed to other business. This counsel was unanimously approved and practised.

Voted, That this meeting be adjourned to Friday next, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

THIRD MEETING.

September 30th, 1831.—Some of the brethren met according to adjournment, proceeded to business, and restored two persons to the church who were under censure, one of them for being the mother of an illegitimate child. I being from home, was unable to attend, and it was concluded to have more of the brethren together, before anything was done about me. Adjourned to Oct. 8th, 3 o'clock, P. M.

FOURTH MEETING.

October 8th.—I being absent, my case was deferred, and the meeting adjourned to Oct. 17th.

FIFTH MEETING.

October 17*th*, 1831. — Met according to adjournment. Proceeded to business; made some arrangements with regard to the installation of the Rev. Stephen Merrill, and reconsidered the case of one of the brethren who was given to strong drink.

The Moderator then observed, that "one object of the meeting is the further consideration of the case of Brother Abraham Norwood, Jr." All was silent for some time, when, as no one appeared to have anything to say, the Moderator commenced by saying to me, "You are an openly avowed advocate of Universalism, for you acknowledged, at the previous meeting, that if believing as you do is being a Universalist, you are one. Your sentiments, therefore, are entirely opposed to the church, and are heretical and unscriptural, for you believe in the final salvation of all mankind, and deny the existence of a future judgment."

U. My sentiments are not changed since the former meeting; but I did not *then*, nor do I *now*, deny the existence of a future judgment.

Mod. I concluded you did, because it is the great object of Universalists to do away the idea of, and prove that there will be no, future punishment.

U. I never read or heard of such a Universalist, but perhaps you have read much more of their writings, and are well calculated to judge of their belief; but, for my part, I have read but little of their works, and do not pretend to say what they do, or what they do *not*, believe. But this I say,

—I know (and I am willing that anybody shou know) what I believe myself; for I can truly sa I learned it not of men, nor did I receive it men, but by the word of God. I believe in futu judgment or punishment, because the Bible reve it; and I believe it as I understand it; and I u derstand that whatever punishment comes af the present moment is *future*.

Mod. Ah! you understand it as you believe

U. What advantage can it be to me, or wh object can I have in view, that I should attempt misunderstand the scriptures, to pervert the rig way of the Lord, to believe a lie that I might damned, or wrest the scriptures to my own c struction? Do you suppose that the eternal welfa of *my* soul is not of as much importance to as *yours* is to *you?* or as the welfare of the so of *others* is to *them?* If I am wrong, I wish to convinced and corrected, for I desire to know t truth, let it be what it may.

Mod. Then I advise you to read the Bible ca fully, and pray as David did: "Lord, search and try me, and know if there be any evil way me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

U. Well, suppose I do pray for *myself*,—it also my duty to pray for the salvation of *all m* and this is one among many other things that l me to a belief of the truth. I found the Bi taught me to pray for all, and to pray in faith; a the Saviour teaches us to pray for our enemi for them that despitefully use us and persecute and also, that the will of God may be done, wh is, that all men may come unto a knowledge the truth, and be saved. Thus he prayed, a

taught us to pray likewise; and do you think he did not pray in faith? Or do you believe that he was the "true God and eternal life," and yet did not *know* whether all mankind would be saved or not? Now, I find that if I pray as he did, (i. e., for all, and in faith,) and say nothing about it to others, all is still, peace and quietness reign, and there is no harm done; but as soon as it is *made known* that I pray believing, the cry of *heresy* is raised, and I am pointed at with the finger of *religious* scorn, as a *heretic* and *unbeliever*, although I never knowingly denied the Lord that bought me. Yet I confess, that after the manner that *you call* heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things written in the law and the prophets. And now, sir, I would ask, what use it is for you to pray for the salvation of all, and then tell us you do not believe all will be saved? that there is no promise in the word of God that such an event shall take place? but, on the contrary, that it plainly asserts and declares that all shall *not* be saved, but a great portion of the human family will be eternally miserable?

I advise you, sir, to leave off praying for a thing that you *know* never will come to pass, for it is only "adding sin to sin" and "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath," for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

Rev. Stephen Merrill. I perceive that you labor under a great mistake in the outset; for if all are to be saved, what is the use of praying at all?

U. It is enough for us to know that God has commanded all men, everywhere, to pray, to incite us to the *duty, without* stopping to say to the great

Jehovah, "What doest thou?" or, "Why hast thou made me thus?" For though he has said that all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest, he has also said that he waits to be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.

Rev. Mr. Merrill. But how can you believe that all will be saved, when it is said that some shall go away into *everlasting* punishment, where the worm dieth not and the fire is *never* quenched?

U. I do not understand *that* to mean *endless* punishment, for I read that "the fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, and it shall *never* go out;" and the Lord said he would kindle a fire in the gates of Jerusalem, and it should not go out. Now we know the altar spoken of, and Jerusalem and its gates, were all destroyed, and the fire, to all human appearance, went out.

Rev. Mr. Merrill. But you cannot say the fire of Sodom and Gomorrah went out, for they are spoken of in the New Testament as suffering the vengeance of *eternal* fire.

U. We know that God is eternal, and it is said in the New Testament that he is a consuming fire; consequently he is an *eternal* fire, and his word is called a refiner's fire; so I conclude they are set forth as suffering the vengeance of God, or the punishment due to their sins. But we know that the cities were destroyed, and that the natural fire which destroyed them went out from them; although such fire, as one of the elements, may be considered *eternal.*

Mod. If you will just take the pains to look at the word in the original that is rendered *everlasting* and *eternal*, you will find that they both mean

one thing, which proves beyond a doubt, that the punishment of the wicked will continue as long as the happiness of the righteous. And the whole Bible, from one end to the other, on almost every page, represents two classes of men, the righteous and the wicked, and I do not see how you can read it and be a Universalist.

U. I know it makes a distinction between the good and the bad, between them that serve God and them that serve him not — and it amounts to this: that "every one shall be rewarded according to his works." But I do not understand that this reward extends into eternity, or that we shall be rewarded in another world for what we do in this; but I believe in the day we eat thereof we shall surely die; or, in other words, in the state where we commit sin, we shall receive due punishment.

Mod. We have no reason to think but that it extends through *eternity*, as well as time.

U. That is more than I dare to say; but this I will say, there are those who speak evil of things they understand not.

Rev. S. Merrill. The Holy Ghost tells us that if we die in our sins, where Christ is gone we cannot go.

U. The Holy Ghost tells us that we are dead indeed *already* in trespasses and sins.

Rev. S. Merrill. The Bible informs us that when the last trump shall sound, the dead shall be raised, the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire — that we shall all go to meet the Lord in the air, stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and receive according to the things done *in the body*. Do you believe it?

U. I do not read of it in the Bible, and you would oblige me by naming the place where it may be found.

Rev. S. Merrill. Then I conclude you have read the Bible but very little, if you never read that such things shall take place.

U. I have read that at the last trump the dead shall be raised; that we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and that we shall go to meet the Lord in the air and be ever with him, and, also, that we shall be raised incorruptible, immortal. But I have not read that we shall, *at that time*, be raised in two classes, one in sin and the other in holiness, or that we shall be judged and rewarded *in the air* according to the deeds done in the body.

Mod. You might as well say that the Lord Jesus did not mean anything when he said "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," and "Depart, ye cursed, into *everlasting* fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

U. I have made no such assertion. But I read that "verily he is a God that judgeth *in the earth*," and that "the righteous shall be recompensed *in the earth*, (not in the air,) much more the wicked and the sinner." And do you, sir, believe there is literal, natural *fire* and *brimstone* in the eternal world?

Mod. I do not—but I suppose it is used to represent a punishment equal to being tormented in its flames. What do you think, Brother Merrill?

Rev. S. Merrill. I am not prepared to say that

it is not literally so in the eternal world, for I am sure that the Bible so represents it.

Something was then said by the moderator about the rich man and Lazarus, of whom we read in the New Testament, and on being asked, he gave it as his opinion that their case is a representation of the state of things in the eternal world.

To this I observed, that although the rich man is represented as being in hell, and tormented in a flame, yet he calls Abraham his father, and Abraham does not rebuke or disown him; but, on the contrary, owns the relationship, and calls him "son." And it appears, according to the representation, that there are some in heaven that would pass into hell, but cannot, on account of a "great gulf," which infinite wisdom was under the necessity of fixing in order to prevent them from getting there.

Mod. It does not mean that there were any in heaven that had a desire to go to hell, for such a thing is not possible. But it means, if it were possible for such a desire to exist in heaven, it would be impossible to carry it into effect.

U. I think it would be idle for the Saviour or any one else to suppose an impossibility in a case of so much importance, and to say "they that *would* pass cannot," when it was known to be utterly impossible for a *desire* of passing to exist. I do not believe that the Saviour intended any such representation.

Mod. How, then, do you understand it?

U. I understand it to be a parable and representation of the then existing state of the Jews and Gentiles *in* the present world.

Mod. Ah! that 's the way I thought you understood it.

U. Well, then you thought rightly.

C. I asked you a question at the other meeting, which you did not answer. I will now ask it again, and I wish for an answer. Do you believe that any who die without exercising repentance and faith can be saved?

U. I also will ask you one question, and answer thou me.

C. I wish you to answer me first.

Mod. He has asked you a question, and it is right that you should answer it before asking another.

U. The Saviour has given an example for asking a question before answering one, and I improve the privilege he has given me by asking if you believe that children, who die before they arrive to years of understanding, to know good from evil, or are capable of exercising repentance and faith, can be saved?

C. They are in the hands of a gracious and merciful God, who will do justice, and I am willing to leave them there, and let him do with them as seemeth him good.

U. Be that your answer — sinners who have lived longer than children, are also "in the hands of a gracious and merciful God, who will do justice, and I am willing to leave them there, and let him do with them as seemeth him good."

C. You have not given me a fair answer to my question.

U. Then you have not given me a fair answer *to mine.*

C. I ask you if you believe that any who live a life of sin, and die impenitent, can be saved?

U. I cannot say as any do die in that situation.

Mod. It is useless to waste any more time in this way. I cannot stay five minutes longer, on account of an engagement; and he has said enough, for he does not believe that there is any punishment in the other world, where the spirits of men are.

And now, Mr. Norwood, I, as moderator of this meeting, notify you that you may expect to be suspended by the church, if you continue to believe and teach such erroneous opinions.

It was then voted that my case be deferred, and that the meeting be adjourned to immediately after the next preparatory lecture.

SIXTH MEETING.

November 10th. Met according to adjournment. Rev. Stephen Merrill, moderator. Reconsidered and adjourned the case of Wm. Joy, who, not being present, sent a report by one of the brethren, that he was sorry for his misconduct, and willing to join a temperance society.

I was then addressed by the moderator as follows. Brother Norwood — do you still continue to believe that there is no future punishment to the wicked?

U. I do not still *continue* to believe, for I never believed or asserted any such thing.

Mod. But you asserted, at a previous meeting, that you did not believe in any punishment after this *life.*

U. The sentiments that I then expressed I have since (as I had often before) attentively considered, and they are so far from being changed or shaken, that I am more fully confirmed that they are right and scriptural. As to future punishment, I believe that whatever comes after this present time is future.

Mod. I am very sorry to hear it. I was in hopes you had seen the error of your way, and repented; for I *know* that what you believe is an *error* and a *lie*, and a soul-destroying delusion, as well as I know that I am here alive. And it is utterly destructive to vital piety, morality, religious principles, and the interests of the cause of Christ. And did you ever know a single instance of a person's being made better by embracing such principles?

U. My acquaintance with Universalists is very limited. I do not know of any one who does not conduct as well as many who profess a different belief.

Mod. You have not answered my question. I ask if you can produce a single instance in which Universalism has produced reformation?

U. Those with whom I am acquainted are, and have been, what are called "moral men." But most of the openly vicious and profane with whom I have conversed are believers in your doctrine of "endless misery."

Mod. The simple fact that Christ died for lost sinners is positive proof to me that all will not be saved.

U. The simple fact that Christ died for lost sinners is positive proof to me that all lost sinners *will* be saved.

Mod. I will relate a short story. A certain man, who had lived a profane and wicked life, was brought upon a sick bed, and on being told by his physician that his case was hopeless, and he must soon die, and advised to put his trust in Providence, exclaimed "Damn Providence!" and immediately expired. What do you suppose became of him? Did he go directly to heaven?

U. The most correct account that I have of him is that the dust returned to the earth as it was before, and the spirit to God who gave it.

Mod. Yes, to be sure, the soul went to God.

U. I did not say *soul.*

Mod. Well, the *spirit* ascended to God to hear its sentence, and descend into the regions of despair.

U. Where in the scriptures do you read that the spirit ascends to God, to hear its sentence and descend to hell?

Mod. Mr. Norwood! why do you ask such a question? You *know* it is so represented on almost every page of the word of God.

U. I do not *know* any such thing; and I ask the question that you may direct me to a place where we are informed of such an event.

Mod. The Bible abounds with such expressions.

U. Will you please to repeat *one?*

Here one of the brethren interrupted by saying that the case of the rich man and Lazarus was proof that we shall be judged in another world.

U. I am now talking with Mr. Merrill; when he is done, I will answer you.

Mod. You may take that same subject, if you please.

U. It says nothing about the spirit. And I consider it a parable.

Mod. It is no parable; the Lord Jesus said there *was* a man.

U. Do you suppose that spirits have natural *eyes* and *tongue* as the rich man did, and go where there is "gnashing of *teeth?*" The Saviour says, "A spirit hath not *flesh* and *bones*, as ye see me have."

One of the Church. The Saviour did not say so.

U. Then I am mistaken, for I thought he did.

Another of the Church. I believe the Saviour did say so.

Several of the brethren were now speaking together, and of course many things were said, some of which I can remember and some I cannot. But I have time to record no more.

Night was now approaching, and the Moderator observed that we did not come here to dispute, and should come to no conclusion by talking in that way. The meeting was then called to order, and one of the brethren moved that there be a committee appointed to labor with me. This, however, was opposed, and it was then moved, by Mr. Nathaniel Emery, "that Abraham Norwood, Jr., be suspended from this church."

U. Brethren: I wish you to act conscientiously in this matter, and to act individually for *yourselves*, and not be influenced by the prejudice of others. Remember, you are to decide a case between you and I and our God; and if you are so much at variance with, and have so much enmity against me, that you are unwilling that I should remain

in your society, I desire you to make it manifest. (Several of the brethren arose and stated that they had nothing in the world against *me*, and were not at variance with *me*, it being my *belief* with which they were disaffected.)

If you suppose that I have not as much faith in the Saviour, and as much confidence and trust in our Heavenly Father, as you have, and on that account feel an unwillingness that I should continue among you, I hope you will not hesitate to make it manifest. And let him who feels that he is without fault in his religious opinions, and not liable to err in his belief, lift the first voice, and raise the first hand, against me.

Brother Nathaniel Emery. Did you not expect that the church would suspend you if you continued to believe as you do?

U. I did not know what the church would do, but I did expect, and not without reason, that three or four of its members possessed enough of the Jewish spirit to make their greatest exertions, and to prejudice others, that they might unite with them to expel any one from the church, who should dare to believe and *confess publicly* that Christ is the Saviour of the *whole* world.

The motion of Mr. Emery was then seconded by Deacon Waldo Hill, put to vote by the Moderator, and Mr. E., Deacon H., and R. T. Jordan, *all three*, voted in its favor.

Mr. Emery then addressed the brethren, and desired that the vote might be more unanimous — that they would all vote either one side or the other, for (added he) they that are not for us are against *us, and he that gathereth not with us scattereth*

abroad. I also requested them not to hesitate or feel any delicacy in voting against me, if they felt it their duty so to do, for their votes could do me no possible injury; and if the Lord was on my side, I need not fear what men could do unto me; and besides, I wished to know how many among them were in favor of the "proscription for opinion's sake."

The vote was now again taken, and *four* hands were all unanimously raised. The Moderator then requested all who were in favor of my suspension to leave the pews, and stand in the west aisle of the house, and the opposers in the east.

When lo! *seven* were soon distinctly counted in the west company, which was declared a majority, and which plainly indicated that there were *seven* men in Biddeford, besides women and children, opposed to the salvation of all mankind.

The following are the names of those who voted: — Waldo Hill, (deacon,) Nathaniel Emery, R. T. Jordan, Benjamin Smith, John C. Hussey, George F. Goldthwait, and Edwin Tarbox.

I then desired the church to grant me one small request, which was the last favor I had to ask of them as a church, which was, that I might have a written account, touching the things whereof I was accused, and the reason why I was suspended, signed by the Moderator of the meeting, and by all who were in favor of such proceedings. I also remarked, that I believed their vote to be illegal and irregular, as we, at a meeting some months since, voted that no member should be excluded from the church without the concurrence of two *thirds of its* members. But the passage of such a

vote not being admitted by the church, I appealed to the Moderator, who, not having the record with him, was unable to decide. It was therefore taken for granted that no such vote existed, and that consequently I was suspended.

My request for a certificate was utterly rejected and denied me by the church, who referred me to the record, which I was told I might copy. The deacon declared, that as no such thing had ever been practised by the church, it was not their duty to comply with my request; I was at liberty to examine the record, and that was sufficient.

Here I could not forbear expressing my thoughts, that they were very uncharitable, and manifested anything but the peaceable spirit of pure Christianity. And, upon more mature deliberation, I do think they showed much of the narrow, contracted spirit of bigotry. The favor I asked was, in itself, very small, and would, I presume, have been cheerfully granted by any other society (of men or *women*) than an "Orthodox* Congregationalist Church." I forbear comment, and leave the reader to make his own reflections.

The meeting was then adjourned to the next Sunday morning, for the purpose of further considering the case of William Joy, who was accused of getting *groggy* and tearing a man's coat, *subsequently to his being under censure* for the sin of *intemperance*. He, however, at the adjourned meeting, *expressed* sufficient sorrow for his misconduct, to induce the brethren to receive him again into "full communion."

*The word "*Orthodox*" is used throughout this work in its *common acceptation*, without reference to its true meaning.

And here I will take the liberty to state, as my opinion, that the church would rather retain *five* drunkards, who will get drunk repeatedly, and return just before communion, and *say* they are sorry, than *one* who honestly differs from them in religious opinions, and cannot conscientiously subscribe to every article of their mysterious creed, however upright may be his external deportment.

Their conduct towards me forcibly reminds me of an account, contained in the 9th chapter of John, of a blind man, to whom the Saviour gave sight; and of the spirit manifested by the Jews towards him and his parents. For myself, I can truly say, with the blind man, in regard to many things, that "whereas I was blind, now I see." But it appears that his parents feared to profess their belief in the Saviour, because "the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, (which means the Saviour of the world,) he should be put out of the synagogue."

And it is by no means difficult, at the present day, to discern the same malignant spirit of persecution in the conduct of the modern Scribes and Pharisees. For it is agreed already among the Jews, (I say *Jews*, "for he is a Jew who is one *inwardly*,") who consign to eternal torments all who do not believe in and practise their mode of justification by works, that if any one does believe, and *confess* that Christ is the true Messiah, or Saviour of the whole world, he shall be cast out of the church (or synagogue) into the "visible kingdom of Satan."

It is manifest to me that those who believe in, *and contend* for the endless torments of a great

part of their fellow-creatures and that they themselves shall escape the just punishment of their sins, are trusting in themselves that they are righteous and despising others, and do not expect to receive eternal life as the gift of God, but as a reward for the works of the flesh or spirit in this world.

I know they do not wish to have it said and understood, in plain words, that they believe and teach such doctrine, but a little investigation will satisfy the candid mind that my assertion is founded on fact. That what I wish to show may appear more plainly, I will subjoin the following dialogue, which I have frequently held with those who make high professions of, and pretensions to, religion, in very nearly the same words — though some have refused to answer my interrogations. I shall write it as taking place between a Universalist and Orthodox.

U. Do you believe that we can be saved (the word *saved* is used to denote the eternal felicity of the spirit in another world, and *lost* the opposite) by our works?

O. By no means — we can do nothing to merit heaven.

U. Do you believe there is something for us to do, in order to secure our eternal salvation?

O. I believe there is a duty for the creature to perform.

U. Do you believe we are free moral agents, and can perform or neglect the duty allotted us?

O. We certainly are left to the freedom of our own will, to choose or refuse to employ the means of salvation.

U. And if we employ them shall we be saved, and if not, lost?

O. Certainly, for if we will not comply with the requirements of the gospel, we cannot expect to be saved.

U. Then it appears that there is something for us to do, which we have full power to perform or neglect, and if we do it we shall be saved, and if not, lost. Does not our salvation, then, depend upon something which we can do?

O. No; we must receive it as a free gift. But we are commanded to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.

U. Then you do not now believe we can do something of ourselves to obtain eternal life?

O. We *must* do something in order to obtain it, but yet we can do nothing of ourselves; the spirit that dwelleth in us doeth the work.

U. If we can do *nothing* of ourselves, but if it is "God that worketh in us," why do you say that we are left to ourselves to accept or reject the means of salvation?

O. I say so because it is so, but we cannot expect to clearly comprehend it, for "great is the mystery of Godliness."

U. If there is something for us to do in order to be saved, which, if we neglect, we shall be lost, it requires no great degree of discernment to discover that our salvation *depends* upon our performance of it; nor is it involved in such mystery but *that* any mind of common sense can, if it will, *clearly com*prehend it. But to make it more plain

if possible, that you are depending upon works for salvation, I will ask, if you believe that old Mr. S. will be saved?

O. To speak candidly, I cannot say that I think if he should die now, that he could possibly be saved.

U. Why could he not be saved?

O. Because he is an old transgressor, and is hardened in sin.

U. Do you believe that Mr. H. will be saved?

O. Why yes, if anybody is, I think that he will be.

U. Why do you think so?

O. Because he is such a good man.

U. Do you not see, then, according to *your own* statement, that the salvation of which you tell us depends upon works? For the bad man will be lost for his bad actions, and the good man will be saved for his good ones.

O. True, the bad man will be lost for his bad actions, and have no one to blame but himself; but the good man cannot be saved by his good deeds, for they do not merit anything, and he does not trust in them for salvation, for by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified. So you see that he takes no praise to himself, for he does not deserve any; but gives the glory to God, who performs the work of salvation by his holy Spirit.

U. Then you suppose that salvation is the work of God, and not of man?

O. Most certainly; for, left to ourselves, we should none of us be saved.

U. If salvation is *entirely* the work of God, why may *not the bad man* be saved?

O. Because he resisted and grieved the Holy Spirit, and continues impenitent.

U. If he should now repent, can he be saved?

O. Yes, for "they that repent and believe shall be saved."

U. Then it appears that he is not to be punished for his sins, but because he does not repent of them.

O. If he repents, his sins will be forgiven.

U. Then why does he not repent?

O. Because he has sinned away the day of grace.

U. What day of grace?

O. The day when the spirit strove with him.

U. What made him resist the spirit?

O. Because he yielded to the temptation of the adversary.

U. Who is the adversary?

O. The devil.

U. Who is the devil?

O. A fallen angel.

U. Where did he fall from?

O. From heaven.

U. Where is he now?

O. Everywhere. He goes about "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and enticing the children of men.

U. What does he know about the children of men?

O. He knows all their thoughts and actions, and is pleased when they do wickedly.

U. Who created his satanic majesty?

O. I don't know, but I suppose he created himself.

U. What made him fall from heaven?

O. He was cast out on account of his sins and rebellion, and because he kept not his first estate.

U. Was he cast out of the heaven that you expect to go to when you die?

O. He was, and that shows that sin cannot dwell in that sacred place.

U. It seems that sin did dwell there, at least for a time; and how do you suppose it first originated?

O. It first showed itself in a rebellion among the evil spirits.

U. Who did they rebel against?

O. Their sovereign and creator.

U. Who is their creator?

O. Deity.

U. Was it his will that they should rebel?

O. No, it was entirely against it.

U. Did he know before their creation how they would conduct?

O. Of course, for he sees the end of all things from the beginning.

U. Is it likely that an all-wise Being created creatures and gave them power to do things which he wished them not to do?

O. We have no right to interfere with the secret will of the Almighty, for secret things belong unto the Lord, but things that are revealed to us and our children forever. And there is enough of the scriptures made plain for us to understand, without prying into the dark and mysterious passages; and I think we have no right to meddle with things that we know nothing about.

U. Is *all scripture* given by inspiration of God,

and is it all profitable, for doctrine, reproof and correction in righteousness?

O. It is.

U. And must we read it all?

O. We must.

U. Will it be profitable to us if we do not try to understand it?

O. No; but we should do better to practise what is made plain, than to seek to understand the mysterious and deep things of God.

U. We are instructed to seek that we may find but who ever supposed we are to seek for what we have already found, and endeavor to understand what is already made plain? It is manifest, that if we seek for knowledge, we seek to understand that which we do not already know. But if, when we "search the scriptures," we are to notice only those parts that are made plain to the understanding at first sight, there is a great part that we shall never be any the wiser for; and, as it regards us, might as well never have been written.

O. But we must not cavil with the scriptures, nor substitute our carnal reason for the word of God.

U. How do we cavil with and substitute our reason for his word?

O. We cavil by being too inquisitive about non-essentials, as you were about the devil. And we take reason for scripture when we employ it about the part that is not plainly revealed.

U. And must we not reason about what we do not understand?

O. No, by no means.

U. *Did* not Paul *reason* before Felix? "Come

:t us reason together," saith the Lord. But
ay we must not reason. Why are we en-
l with reason, if it is not to be used on subjects
ıost concern us? As to cavilling about the
—if the Bible speaks of such a being, and
: us to resist him, is it not right and reason-
hat we should find out who he is?
:ording to your statements, he is the supreme,
:e being, that you fear and reverence; for you
be him as possessing more power among the
)f men than any other being whatever, and
ng self-existent, omniscient and omnipresent.
what more will you make of the Almighty
ou sometimes tell about? And now I think
I will ask you, if you think this same devil
mong the angels who sinned in heaven and
cast out? If he was, did not their creator
: him also?

It is no use to talk in this way, for we shall
) good by it; and besides, there is no sense
ason in it.

I thought you did not like to employ *reason*
:h subjects; but as you do not wish to talk
the devil, we will talk about ourselves.
in the first place, I should like to know who
you and all mankind?

God is the maker of us all.

What did he make us for?

To love and serve him.

Shall we answer the purpose for which we
made?

(*After a long pause.*) No, we shall not.

You say that God sees the end of all things
the beginning, and also affirm that he has

created men that will not answer the purpose for which they were made. There appears to me to be a sort of contradiction in your assertions; for I cannot see how an infinite Creator, who sees the end from the beginning, can possibly be disappointed in the works of his creation. If he *foresaw* and *knew* the result, it follows of course that he *intended* it so to be. But if we argue that he did not *intend* to have things as they are, we argue a want of good calculation in the Creator of all things; and also, that he is liable to err, and subject to disappointment, like unto ourselves.

And to be consistent, we must argue that *infinite* knowledge is *ignorant*, and that *omniscience* is *blind*! But it cannot be — "Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar;" for it is *Israel* that doth not *know*, the *people* that do not *consider*.

O. Well, I can't say but that we shall answer the purpose for which we were made, for I have never thought much on the subject. But suppose we do, — what of it?

U. Why, according to your own statement, it proves, beyond a doubt, that we shall all "love and serve" our Maker.

O. I know there are a great many mysterious things, and I also know that all mankind will not be saved, and that Christians do not expect to be saved by their works.

But I leave this argument, for I have already inserted more of it than I at first intended, and much that does not have a direct bearing upon the fact that it was adduced in proof of, viz: that there are many Orthodox Christians who depend upon works to secure their eternal salvation.

But I trust there is enough to the point to satisfy even some of the incredulous. But those who are so blinded by prejudice and bigotry that the *light* of reason only renders their mental darkness more visible, I do not expect to convince, nor shall I attempt it. A short argument, and a little examination into the subject, will, I presume, satisfy the impartial, *considerate* mind, that what I have said is not far from true. Finally, I believe it requires no argument, for the article of faith that says, "I believe the eternal world is a place of rewards and punishments, where we shall be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body," bears in plain characters, upon the very face of it, the indisputable fact, that whoever believes it expects to be saved from misery in another world by his good behavior in this.

But so thick is the cloud of intellectual darkness with which prejudice and superstition have overshadowed and darkened the mind of man, that there are not wanting those who, in the very face of facts, will deny the existence of them. Whom no argument or reason can convince, and nothing can satisfy but a firm, unshaken belief that the greater part of their fellow creatures will be eternally tormented in the sulphurous flames of an endless hell; their ideas of which cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than by an extract from the "Practice of Piety," a book written by an "ancient divine." After stating that the soul of the sinner, as soon as it leaves the body, will be "carried by the evil angels with violence into hell," and speaking of "what a woful salutation *there will be betwixt* the damned soul and body,

at their re-uniting, when the one shall be brought out of hell, and the other out of the grave, to stand on the left hand of the Judge," the *pious* writer proceeds: "Within thee, thine own conscience (more than a thousand witnesses) shall accuse thee; the devils who tempted thee to all thy lewdness shall on the one side testify with thy conscience against thee; and on the other side shall stand the holy saints and angels, approving Christ's justice, and detesting so filthy a creature; behind thee an hideous noise of innumerable fellow-damned reprobates tarrying for thy company; before thee all the world burning in flaming fire; above thee an ireful judge of deserved vengeance, ready to pronounce his sentence upon thee; beneath thee the fiery and sulphurous mouth of the bottomless pit, gaping to receive thee. In this woful state, to hide thyself will be impossible; (for on that condition thou wouldst wish that the greatest rock might fall upon thee;) to appear will be intolerable; and yet thou must stand forth to receive, with other reprobates, this thy sentence: '*Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.*'

"O, terrible sentence! from which the condemned cannot escape, which being pronounced cannot possibly be withstood, against which a man cannot except, and from which a man can nowhere appeal: so that to the *damned* nothing remains but *hellish torments*, which know neither *ease* of *pain* nor *end* of *time*.

"From this judgment-seat thou must be thrust by angels (together with all the *damned devils* and *reprobates*) into the bottomless lake of utter dark-

ness, that perpetually burneth with fire and brimstone. Whereunto thou shalt be thrust, there shall be such weeping, woes, and wailing, that the cry of the company Korah, Dathan and Abiram, when the earth swallowed them up, was nothing comparable to this howling; nay, it will seem unto thee an hell, before thou goest into hell, but to hear it.

"Into which bottomless lake, after that thou art once plunged, thou shalt ever be falling down, and never meet a bottom; and in it thou shalt ever lament, and none shall pity thee; thou shalt always weep for pain of the fire, and yet gnash thy teeth for the extremity of cold: thou shalt weep to think that thy miseries are past remedy: thou shalt weep to think that to repent is to no purpose: thou shalt weep to think how for the shadows of short pleasures thou hast incurred these sorrows of eternal pains: thou shalt weep to see how that weeping itself can nothing prevail: yea, in weeping, thou shalt weep more tears than there is water in the sea; for the water of the sea is *finite*, but the weeping of a reprobate shall be infinite. There thy lascivious eyes shall be afflicted with sights of ghastly spirits: thy curious ears shall be affrighted with hideous noise of *howling devils*, and the *gnashing teeth* of *damned reprobates*: thy dainty nose shall be cloyed with noisome stench of sulphur: thy delicate taste shall be pained with intolerable hunger: thy drunken throat shall be parched with unquenchable thirst: thy mind shall be tormented to think, how, for the love of abortive pleasures which perished ere they budded, thou so

foolishly lost heaven's joys, and incurredst hellish pains, which last beyond eternity.

"Thy conscience shall ever sting thee like an adder, when thou thinkest how often Christ, by his preachers, offered the remission of sins, and the kingdom of heaven freely unto thee, if thou wouldst but believe and repent; and how easily thou mightest have obtained mercy in those days; how near thou wast many times to have repented, and yet didst suffer the devil and the world to keep thee still in impenitency, and how the day of mercy is now past, and will never dawn again.

"How shall thy understanding be racked to consider how for momentary riches thou hast lost eternal treasure; and changed *heaven's felicity* for *hell's misery*, where every part of thy body, without intermission of pain, shall be continually tormented alike.

"In these *hellish torments* thou shalt be forever deprived of the beautiful sight of God, wherein consisteth the sovereign good and life of the soul. Thou shalt never see light, nor the least sight of joy, but lie in a perpetual prison of utter darkness, where shall be no order but horror; no voice but of blasphemers and howlers; no noise but of tortures and tortured; no society but of the devil and his angels; who, being tormented themselves, shall have no other ease but to wreak their fury in tormenting thee. Where shall be *punishment* without *pity*, *misery* without *mercy*, *sorrow* without *succor*, *crying* without *comfort*, *mischief* without *measure*, *torment* without *ease*; where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched; where the *wrath of God shall seize upon the soul and*

body, as the flame of fire doth on the lump of pitch or brimstone; in which flame thou shalt ever be burning and never consumed; ever dying and never dead; ever roaring in the pangs of death, and never rid of those pangs, not knowing end of thy pains. So that after thou hast endured them so many thousand years as there are grass on the earth, or sands on the sea-shore, thou art no nearer to have an end of thy torments than thou wast the first day that thou wast cast into them; yea, so far are they from ending, that they are ever but beginning. But if, after a thousand times so many thousand years, thy *damned* soul could but conceive a hope that those her torments should have an end, this would be some comfort to think that at length an end will come. But, as oft as the mind thinketh of this word *Never*, it is another hell in the midst of hell. This thought shall force the *damned* to cry, O Lord, not ever, not ever, torment us thus! But their consciences shall answer them as an echo, *Ever, ever.* Hence shall arise their doleful woe; and, alas, forevermore.

"This is that second death, the *general, perfect fulness of all cursedness and misery*, which every *damned reprobate* must suffer, so long as God and his saints shall enjoy bliss and felicity in heaven forevermore."

And in another place he calls the fulfilment of the above *beautiful* description, "the endless wrath of Almighty God, which is called the damnation of hell." But I will shock the reader with no more such horrid extracts from this *pious* author.

I say "*beautiful* description," because we are told by *preachers of the* present day, that the tor-

ments of the *damned* will cause great *rejoicing* among the *saints* of God, and "spirits of just men made perfect;" for they will see the justice of God so clearly displayed in the damnation of sinners, that it will make them exclaim, in ecstatic raptures, "Amen! Allelujah!" while the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever.

And Mr. Merrill (our present minister) told us, a short time since, that God will be glorified as much in the damnation of the lost as he will in the salvation of the saved, and that the lost in hell are under as great obligation, and are as much bound to love God, as the saved in heaven. And I can see no impropriety in calling that *beautiful* which increases the joys of heaven and displays the glory of God. If it must not be called *beautiful* because it describes the miseries of the damned, I can see no reason why the Orthodox clergy should call the doctrine of eternal and almost universal damnation the "beautiful and glorious plan of salvation," "glad tidings of great joy," &c. But if the plan and performance are beautiful, and the description just, it must consequently be a "beautiful description."

Let us now consider, for a moment, if such as believe in the description given in the above extract are believers of the gospel.

It is said in Scripture, "For we which have believed *do* enter rest;" Heb. iv. 3. And again, "So then they which be of faith *are* blessed with faithful Abraham;" Gal. iii. 9. The question now naturally arises, Those who believe *what*, are blessed?

Ans. Those who believe the truth, and have the faith of Abraham, which is the faith spoken of.

Ques. What is the faith of Abraham?

Ans. That in his seed (which is Christ) all the families of the earth shall be blessed. But it may be asked if those who believe in endless misery are not believers. I grant they are, for a disbelief of the truth always supposes a belief in falsehood; and our distance from the truth is in proportion to the extent of our belief in error.

But who can seriously consider the subject, and conclude that a belief in the cruel, unmerciful punishment of endless torments for, perhaps, nine tenths of the human race, is the faith that Abraham possessed?

(The punishment which is described in the extract from the "Practice of Piety," I cannot but call *cruel* and *unmerciful*, as it does not tend to promote the good of any, except to gratify the malignity of the devil and his angels, who are allowed the privilege of tormenting the souls of men, in order to mitigate their own suffering.) Can it be called a blessing to all the nations and families of the earth, that have lived and died without so much as hearing of the Saviour, to be now suffering the eternal torments of the "perfect fulness of cursedness?" Every merciful feeling of humanity will answer "No." But yet I find many in this civilized part of the world, who contend and profess to believe that none of the heathen can be saved, except the few that have recently been converted to the belief of endless misery, through the instrumentality of Orthodox missionaries. And yet these same believers

will pray, in a "monthly concert," that all the heathen may be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession, and that God may "justify the heathen through faith," and cause all to know him, from the least to the greatest. I must conclude either that such prayers are not offered in faith, and that those who offer them do not believe that the great and precious promises which they repeat ever have been or ever will be fulfilled; or that they are not sincere in their profession of faith as respects the heathen.

But their prayers are similar to the prayers of those to whom they look for instruction. For the Orthodox clergy, when in the sacred pulpit, lift up their hands (I wish I could say without *wrath* or *doubting*) towards heaven, and pray, in a most earnest manner, that every individual in divine presence may be blessed, that salvation may visit every house in the town, that every heart may become a meet temple for the holy spirit to dwell in; and, finally, that all mankind, — every nation, and kindred and tongue, — may come to a knowledge of the truth and be saved. Then, immediately, they take their manuscripts and read sermons that say, in effect, if not precisely the following words: "I do not believe a word of my prayer; I know you will not all be saved, and you have none to blame but yourselves; for you can all, if you choose, come forward, and in *one hour* make your eternal peace with God, and secure an interest in the Saviour.

"But you have no disposition to come, and will, consequently, be lost; and it is your own fault

and not mine, for I have not shunned to declare to you the whole counsel of God, and have cleared the skirts of my garment; therefore your blood will be upon your own head. Perhaps some of you may comfort yourselves, because it has been asserted by some that all will be saved, let them do what they will. But I can assure you it is the devil's doctrine; it will ruin your souls, and pave your way to hell. I *know* it is a lie, for there is not a single intimation in the word of God that all mankind will be saved; but, on the contrary, it is plainly asserted on almost every page of the *blessed* book, that but few will enter into the kingdom of God. Why, my hearers, if the holy Bible revealed the salvation of all mankind, I would close the book, and never more cast my eyes over its sacred pages."

Such are the prayers and such the preaching that I have always been accustomed to hear. Would it not be well for such preachers to consider that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin?" Can it be said that those who believe in the "perfect fulness of cursedness" *do* enter into rest? or that they *are* blessed on account of their faith? I think not; and many who possess such a belief do not even pretend that they have *rest* in this world, but candidly confess that they have more trouble and anxiety than others of a different belief, and that their way is much harder and more difficult to walk in; but they hope that at last they shall be rewarded for all their trials and suffering.

Can a mother, who has a large family, be made happy and enjoy rest, by believing that

though she may be saved herself, her children are all in danger of being miserable to all eternity?

But some parents will say that as their children reject the offers of mercy, it is but just that they should be lost, and therefore they are willing to have it so. Such parents are either blinded by superstition, or "without natural affection," and quite unlike him who is "not willing that any should perish." It is strange to me that those who believe such doctrine (especially those who *preach* it) should employ themselves as the means of introducing helpless, miserable, "totally depraved" children into this "state of probation and trial," when the probability is, that nine tenths (according to their own account) of them will continue to be miserable through a boundless eternity.

Viewed in this light, what excuse can be offered in palliation of such enormous guilt? and what better name do such people deserve than *wicked monsters?* What! raising up children for the devil! Think of this, oh ye cruel, unrelenting believers in endless misery, and be more consistent in your faith and practice! Think of the unspeakable, yea, almost *unthinkable*, anguish and suffering that your innocent offspring are heir to on your account. Repent, therefore, and *forsake* this, your greatest sin, before it assumes a more crimson hue; for if any one sin, in the whole black catalogue of your crimes, deserves to be recorded with the blackest mark, it must be this. I entreat you to weigh this subject with candor and attention, and see if you can find *peace*, and *joy*, and *rest*, in believing the *glorious* doctrine of endless misery.

But it is said by some that we are commanded to "increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth," and have no right to cavil with the secret purposes of God. And it is our duty to pray for ourselves and our children, and then leave them in the hands of their Maker.

I grant it — but is it anywhere asserted in scripture that an infernal demon is to possess a great part of the children of men, and torment them eternally? Is it not, on the contrary, written, "*All* souls are *mine*, saith the Lord," for by him, and *for* him, we are and were created; "We can do nothing of ourselves," but "*in him* we live and move and have our being," for "there are divers operations, but the same spirit, and the same Lord that worketh all and in all?"

I believe it is admitted by all denominations of Christians, that God is the "common Father of us all." And the scriptures represent us as clay *in the hands* of a potter, who has a right to do what he will with *his own*. I see no reason why any should wish to "cavil with the *secret* purposes of God," for he has *revealed* to us that "the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all," and that we are "*his own;*" therefore we are commanded to glorify him in our bodies and our spirits, which *are his*, for he "will not give his glory to another." And the Saviour says, "None shall be able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

It appears manifest that *we are the Lord's*, and that *he will have us*. What, then, supports, or from whence arises, the popular and cruel doctrine, that *an invisible*, immortal, unmerciful being,

called *devil*, will have the heathen for his inheritance, and all who do wickedly for his possession; and that he will have power to "bless" most of the "families of the earth" with the "perfect fulness of cursedness?" Such a doctrine is shocking to every feeling of humanity, and causes the heart of compassion to revolt with horror at its uncharitable sound. And must it not arise from the "carnal mind, which is enmity against God?" None but the devil and his angels wish it to be true, for those who believe and teach it are continually praying that it may prove false. Can such preaching be called the *gospel*, which signifies *good news*, "*glad* tidings of *salvation* which shall be to *all people?*" I think not; and yet millions of dollars have been paid to "college manufactured clergymen," for telling us that a few are elected to be saved, and the rest reprobated to be damned, which they intermix with other assertions of the same character, and command the people to believe them, whether they understand them or not, upon pain of "eternal damnation."

Let us view in the light of this doctrine what has been stated above, viz: "that it is our duty to pray for ourselves and our children," and we shall find that the same prayer that says, "Lord, let *me* and *my* family be saved," conveys the petition, "Lord, let nine (or a large number) other families be lost, to satisfy divine justice; and as but *few* will be saved, let me and mine be of that number."

I frequently hear Predestinarians say that such an one has "entertained a hope." A hope of what, *I would* ask? Why, of course, nothing more or

less than a "hope" that he is one of the elect, and will consequently be saved, whilst others, being reprobates, will be eternally lost.

But, say they, he has been converted, and has met with a saving change, and is brought to a knowledge of the truth.

To a knowledge of *what* truth? I will ask.

Why, say they, to a knowledge of the truth of the gospel as it is in Jesus, and he has become a believer.

But did he not believe, previous to his "conversion," in "endless misery," "election and reprobation," the "justice of God in the damnation of sinners," and that "repentance and faith are indispensable pre-requisites to our salvation?"

Why, yes, he had a speculative belief in the glorious plan of salvation, but now he has a *saving* belief, which the *natural* heart is a stranger to.

What! a "*saving* belief" in the *glorious* gospel of "*endless misery*," and "plan of eternal and almost universal damnation?"

But I forbear — for a representation of such heretical absurdities must shock the understanding of every reader who is not so accustomed to having them *warm* from the mouths of their fiery advocates, as to suffer himself to be persuaded that they are right, and just and true.

But I will ask again — Is there peace and joy in believing such doctrine? I answer, no; for I have believed it myself, and it partakes largely of that fear which hath torment.

And I have conversed with many who are probably as firm believers as any among us, and they all *(with one exception)* are perplexed with doubts

and fears, and give the strongest evidence that their minds are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest.

Having been among them so much, I have had a good opportunity of acquainting myself with their views and feelings. The exception to which I allude is a pious, well-meaning female, who has assured me that she is perfectly sure of going to heaven, and has had full assurance, through faith, for a number of years; and that she is just as well satisfied that she shall go there when she dies, as she should be if she were there now.

I sometimes wonder that well-meaning men, who converse rationally and reasonably upon every other subject, should believe such irrational, unreasonable, and unscriptural doctrine.

But my astonishment ceases when I consider what an amazing influence the power of prejudice and force of education have upon the mind of infancy, youth, manhood and old age.

As soon as I was old enough to understand and articulate words, I was taught to think that an invisible, supernatural devil stood at my elbow, continually tempting me to do wrong, that he might have me to burn in his great fire.

And I was also supplied with a picture-book which contained his satanical portrait at full length. He stood erect, like a man, and had a very long tail, which he occasionally coiled artfully between his legs, on one of which was a large cloven foot. He had a pair of large horns upon his head, upon which, I concluded, he would take us, if he got a chance, and fly away; for he was furnished with a set of very extensive wings. I was also taught

God loved good children, and was angry with ones. But the former frightful representation predominant over all milder instruction, and omitted any of the sins to which children are sed in very early life, it was not from a *love* y *Creator*, but from a *fear* of the *devil*. I e the above simple anecdote to show the bane- ffect that such erroneous instruction is likely oduce in the youthful mind. From stories hich the above is a specimen arises the deep- oted prejudice which darkens the reason of so y in the present day, and is such a powerful cate of modern Orthodoxy. Impressions made he mind in the first stage of our existence, her they be good or evil, right or wrong, are apt to grow with our growth, and strengthen our strength. And oftentimes, when reason es to maturity, and convinces the understand- f the errors of the mind, prejudice in favor of impressions will stifle her voice, and, uniting the pride of the heart, (which very much dis- to own itself mistaken,) declare *that* to be and *just* which reason loudly and plainly aims to be *wrong* and *unjust*.

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ev. Mr. Marsh stated, at one of the church- ings, that he did things every day *contrary to ill of God*, and that it caused him great sor- of heart. And I find there are others who courage and boldly assert that *they also* can ings against the will of God.

now that *the harshness* of any rough expres-

sion may appear softened by habitual use, but, after all, I cannot but wonder that any man of common sense, who has ever seen himself to be nothing but a poor, sinful, impotent, mortal man, should dare to lift his eyes towards Omnipotence and say, that he has power to do things whether he is willing or not. I shudder at the thought of such an expression. What! shall I dare to say, in the face of my Maker, that I can do what he is not willing that I should do, when he has said that "he worketh *all things* after the counsel of his own will," and that we "can do *nothing* of ourselves?" If we can do *one* thing against his will, it follows of course that we can do *others;* and what need we ask or pray for anything? If we want a blessing, reach up and take it. If we wish to go to heaven, go there, and say nothing about it. If asked why we intrude ourselves into that sacred place, say it is written, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," and lo! here we are.

Doubtless some of the professedly pious, who may chance to read this, will say that I have dipped my pen in the fountain of pollution, and plunged into the depths of profanity. Well, they may say what they please, and I will state my views, and then, if wrong, wait to be corrected. But will not such allow that "the powers that be are ordained of God," that there is no power but of him, and that *of* him and *to* him and *through* him are *all things?* and also, that he is the great first cause of everything?

If he has *all power* in heaven and on earth, and *performs* all his good pleasure, from whence

we derive power to do that which he wishes us not to do? It must be granted that we derive *all our power* from him, "for *in him* we live and move," &c.

But it is and will be said that he *suffers* us to do things which he does not *wish* us to do, for it is not likely that he wishes us to *sin*.

I will ask if it is not his will to *suffer* us to do what *we say* is against his will. Some are constrained to answer in the affirmative, whilst others say, we are tempted of the devil when we do wickedly. But one way or the other does not alter the argument, for I shall now ask who *suffers* the *devil* to tempt us? and from whence does *he* derive *his* power?

If it be said that God gives it to him, I ask, does God give him power, against his own will, to do what he does not wish him to do? But if it be said that the devil has power of his own, for "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man," then it appears that he is an independent, self-existent being, and is coeval with Deity himself.

But few, I trust, are so destitute of regard to their Maker as to come to such a monstrous conclusion; for if the devil is an independent being, what would it signify for the son of God to be manifested that he might destroy his works?

Every rational mind must, I think, conclude that the devil is dependent on Deity for what power he possesses, who bestows it upon him because he *will*, and not because he *will not*. And I can see no difference between God's suffering or permitting the *devil* to act in opposition to his will,

or *men*. For if infinite wisdom sees fit to give men the power of action through the agency of the devil, or any other being, it remains just as much the power of God as though he bestowed it directly upon us; and he gives it to us in that way because it is his will so to do.

I see not but that we must unavoidably conclude (with or without a devil) that we have just as much power as infinite wisdom is pleased to give us, and that we employ it just as he sees fit to let us. If we do not, we must deny that he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," that he doeth his pleasure in heaven and upon earth, that he "governs all his creatures and all their actions," and that the "righteous and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God." If the assertion be true, that we are free moral agents, and are capable of doing what he who made us is not willing we should do, it proves to a "dead certainty," that instead of God's performing his good pleasure, and doing his will, and *our* being reconciled to *him*, that we can do as we please and perform our will, and *he* must be reconciled to *us*, or not be reconciled at all.

But the objector will say, that I make no difference between the *secret* and *revealed* will of God. I will ask him what he knows about the *secret* will of God. I think he must answer "nothing." What difference then does *he* make between what he knows, and what he neither knows nor expects to know?

About what is revealed he may know *something*; what is secret, *nothing*. So it appears there is *something* on one side, and *nothing* on the other;

and who ever thought of making a difference between *something* and *nothing*? It does not look well for any man to pretend to know or to teach others what he is ignorant of himself. For my part, I do not pretend to a knowledge of anything that is secret with God; I am perfectly satisfied with knowing what he is graciously pleased to reveal to me by the scriptures, and the reason which he has given me.

His *revealed* will is, that he will have all men to be saved; that he is *not* willing that any should perish; that intercessions, prayers, supplications and giving of thanks, be made for all men; and that every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Now, my former pious brethren are perfectly willing to let us give thanks for all men, although the greater part of them are to suffer the "perfect fulness of cursedness," because by so suffering they will confess that Jesus is Lord, *to the glory of God* the Father. But they do not allow us to pray for the salvation of all men and to pray in *faith*, because the justice of God requires the eternal damnation of a great many sinners, that saints may *rejoice* and he be *glorified*. To be sure, they tell us it is our duty to pray for the salvation of all; but if we attempt to pray *in faith*, we must keep it to ourselves and be profound hypocrites, or expect to be despised by them as heretics and unbelievers.

And again, God has *revealed* that it was his will to give his son a ransom for all, to be delivered for our *offences, and* raised again for our justifi

cation — to bear our iniquities, and heal us by his stripes. And it is his will to finish transgression and make an end of sin, to see of the travail of his soul *and be satisfied*, to destroy *death* and hell, and to make a new *heaven* and a new *earth*, and wipe the tears from off all faces.

Finally, it was and is (for he changeth not) his will that Christ shall be the *Saviour of the world* — that he should be manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and should finish the work that was given him to do — to gather together in one *all* things *in Christ*, which are in heaven and on earth, even in him, that there may be one fold and one shepherd.

But time would fail me to tell of half he has revealed. I must, therefore, refer the reader to the Bible, and humbly request him to read it for *himself*, (if he never has before,) and not for his *priest*, while I content myself by saying, in conclusion, that it is his revealed will that his will *shall be done* on earth as it is done in heaven; and if we do not believe that his will is and will be done on earth, we cannot pray as the Saviour teaches us, lifting up holy hands *without* wrath or *doubting*. Witness the Saviour's prayer for those who slew him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Here is a bright and glorious example of prayer and forgiveness set for our imitation. And can we suppose that he prayed without faith? We cannot, we will not for a moment, suppose that he practised deception, but are constrained to believe that it was a prayer of faith, that his enemies were forgiven and saved, and take

it for an example that we should follow his steps and do likewise.

And again, in a prayer to the Father, speaking of the Son, he says: "Thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." Here we have abundant proof that it is our duty to pray that all flesh may see the salvation of God, and to pray believing it will be so. *Whoever* denies this, whether priest or people, do, as much as in them lies, make the blessed Saviour an impostor, his prayer sin, and the gospel of none effect through their traditions.

After all that is revealed, I greatly marvel that people will be at the trouble to make a will of their own, and ascribe it to the Almighty as his *secret* will, that a large portion of the human race shall be eternally tormented. I say "*secret* will," because I believe it is nowhere revealed in the Bible that he has made any such determination.

I will here insert an article of the Rev. C. Marsh's creed. "Art. 4th. We believe that God has made all things for himself; that known unto him are all his works from the beginning; and that he governs all things according to the counsel of his own will."

How, I ask, can any person sincerely believe that "God has made *all things for himself*," and at the same time be *sincere* in preaching that the *greatest part will be lost?* Or how can one believe that God "*governs all things* after the counsel of

his own will," and at the same time believe that he can do things every day contrary to his will?

"Known unto him are all his works, from the beginning." How could our Creator know from the beginning that his works would operate in opposition to his will, and yet create them? We may as well say that we can frustrate the grace of God, which is ordered in all things and sure, and render the plan of salvation of none effect, as to say that we can do what God wills we shall not do.

But some will say, "If we all do the will of God, it appears that he wills all the sin and wickedness in the world."

I will here introduce an extract from a "Letter to Rev. Mr. Jewett, of Sandy Bay, by Ezra Leonard," which I think is to the purpose. "Although I believe God had a design in the works of his hand, and that his decrees are immutable respecting all events that transpire, nevertheless, I believe that the ultimate good of every individual was therein determined.

"'God foreordained, for his own glory, whatsoever comes to pass.' Well, it came to pass that Adam sinned, therefore, according to Calvin, God decreed that Adam should. But, I ask, did God decree that he should sin for an ultimate or final good to him, or for a final damage to him?

"God subjected the creation to vanity, and decreed that all mankind should be sinners. Was this for the ultimate good or damage of his dependent creatures?

"If sin was decreed for the ultimate good of Adam, or any individual, what plausible reason

can be assigned that it was not so ordered for the final good of every individual? and why all mankind, who have been made subject to vanity, and have borne the image of the earthly nature, shall not be delivered from the bondage of sin and moral corruption, and bear the image of the heavenly nature? Does this depend upon the will of God, or upon the will of man? If upon God, and he has decreed that some shall be eternally miserable, for his own glory and the greatest good of the universe, and if your will is perfectly bowed to the will and decree of God, and you love him so supremely that you are perfectly willing to be eternally miserable for his glory and the good of the universe, then it is utterly impossible for you to be saved, unless you are saved against your own will; otherwise you must have two wills, viz: one will to be eternally miserable for the glory of God, and another will to be saved in order to escape misery — this last will is likely to predominate, and not having the glory of God in view, it is altogether selfish and condemned by the word of God.

"Calvin says 'That the decrees of God are without any foresight of faith or good works, as conditions moving him thereto.' Now if you believe in such a decree, you may well be under fearful apprehensions that God might give you great light, joy and peace, and raise your expectations very high, for the express purpose of plunging you deeper into eternal misery, you being not one of the elect, and not predestinated to be saved, but to be eternally miserable for God's glory.

"If you *believe that* God decreed sin and all

events to take place as they do, then in this we agree, though we both believe that God is not the author of sin as sin; but had a good design in all his works and in all his decrees; and if man designed the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures in all his actions, then there would be no sin in the universe, except the sin of ignorance.

"God designed that Joseph's brethren should sell him to be a slave in Egypt; but his brethren designed and intended evil against him, and they were punished for their evil intentions. In the sense in which God intended that event, it was good, and his good designs ultimately prevailed over their evil intentions, so at last it turned for the good of Joseph, his brethren, and the Egyptians; and, no doubt, God intends all things that wicked men design, for their final good, though they suffer for their evil intention. God intended nothing for evil, but all for good and glorious purposes."

Article 9th, of the same creed, says: "We believe that although the invitations of the gospel are such that whosoever will may come and take of the waters of life freely, yet the depravity of the human heart is such that no man will come to Christ, except the Father, by the special influence of the Holy Spirit, draw him.

"*Art. 10th.* We believe that those who embrace the gospel were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love; and that they are saved, not by works of righteousness that they have done, but according to the distinguishing mer-

cy of God, through the sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth."

These articles, among others, we are commanded by the clergy, in the name of the Lord, to believe, or be damned eternally; and almost positively forbidden to doubt their veracity, or question their reasonableness, on pain of the eternal anger of our Creator. When they exhort us to flee to Christ to escape the wrath of God, and are told by the sinner that he cannot go, except God sees fit to draw him, their *holy* zeal burns within them, and the poor "*totally depraved* sinner" is told that he is trifling with sacred things; that God is under no obligations to save him, and is very angry because he does not repent; that he can come to Christ if he will, and it is his duty so to do, because God requires it; that he chooses darkness rather than light, because his deeds are evil; and it is entirely his own fault that he is justly and righteously exposed to the "perfect fulness of cursedness."

If the sinner attempts to say that he cannot repent unless he is "chosen in Christ," and the "*distinguishing* mercy and *electing* love" of God lead him to repentance, he is told that he is a free moral agent; that *election* and *distinguishing* mercy are no hindrance to his being saved; that all can be saved if they choose; and the reason they are not is because they harden their hearts, grieve the spirit, and resist the truth; therefore, they have none to blame but themselves, and the throne of God remains spotless, and he is glorified in their damnation.

Such *contradictory* absurdities are manifest to

any discerning mind, if it is not wilfully ignorant. What can a person think who pretends to know all about such things, to call upon a sinner whom he says is entirely depraved, utterly destitute of holiness, and incapable of doing a good action, speaking a good word, or even thinking a good thought, and tell him he must make to himself a new heart, and love the description of a being to which he is entirely opposed, or suffer his *insufferable* wrath and vengeance to all eternity?

However unscriptural or absurd such proceedings may be, yet such is the language, and such the *consolation* with which the clerical "messengers of *mercy*," and their adherents, undertake to bind up the broken in heart, and heal the wounded spirit of the sinner. Such are the poisonous *weeds* that are applied to the sin-sick soul, instead of the healing *balm of Gilead;* and with what fatal success, the wild frenzy of the wretched maniac, the horrid anguish of a dying hour, and the bitter yearnings of a weeping mother, can give a decisive answer.

I do not believe that more than *one quarter* of those who belong to the Orthodox churches understand or know what the articles of faith are to which they subscribe. It is not because they are not read to them from the pulpit, but because, having eyes they see not, and ears they hear not, for *themselves*, but put their trust in their minister, who, they implicitly think, will not request them to believe anything wrong or unscriptural. I believe if many professors of religion will take the trouble to examine, impartially, the creeds of their respective churches, they will be as much

astonished at what they profess to believe as David was when Nathan said unto him, "Thou art the man!" Verily some are so ignorant of the meaning and bearing of the Orthodox creed, when they are prepared to unite with the church, that when I hear of their being *propounded*, I am forcibly reminded of the word *confounded*.

Can it be said that the Orthodox clergy bring *glad* tidings of *salvation*, publish the gospel of *peace*, and proclaim the words of eternal *life*? Do they proclaim liberty to the captives, sight to the blind, and opening of prisons to them that are bound? Or can it be said of their words, "They are spirit and they are life?" I trow not. Do they not rather bring *woful* tidings of *destruction*, publish the *bad news* of *strife* and *discord*, and proclaim the words of eternal *death*? Instead of giving liberty and *sight* to the *captives* and the *blind*, do they not bind them stronger with the chains of priestcraft, ignorance and bigotry, and darken their mental vision with clouds of incomprehensible creeds and articles of faith?

"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn."

Can the doctrine that has been enforced by fire and sword, and caused "wars and rumors of wars," make them to whom it is preached rejoice, and fill them with *peace*, and *harmony* and *love*?

Is it not better calculated to fill them with *weeping*, and *lamentation*, and *mourning*? Surely none can *rejoice* at the sound of *such* news, except those who are so hardened and destitute of natural *affection* as to *rejoice* and be exceeding

glad, while they expect a great part of their fellow-creatures (who are as good by nature as themselves) to suffer the "perfect fulness of cursedness."

And are not the prophets and priests who propagate such principles profane? And when, by their artful devices, *they* bear rule in the hearts of the people, do not the *wicked* bear rule, and the people mourn? Can it not be said to them, "With lies ye have made the hearts of my people sad, whom I have not made sad."

We are commanded to "try the spirits, whether they be of God." Suppose the people should try the spirits of the hireling priesthood by doing unto them as they have been and now are doing unto us. I mean, by preaching unto them that they are rebels against God, are totally depraved, and richly deserve the wrath and vengeance of their Maker to all eternity. I am ready to conclude that, should this be done, we should very soon see that the "old man with his deeds" is not *entirely* confined to the "lower order of society," and we should soon hear the cry of "our craft is in danger!"

But we must, or do, sit patiently in our seats, while the traditions of men, the thunders of Sinai, the curses of the law, and the imaginary endless flames of liquid sulphur in the invisible world, come rushing, like a torrent, in phials of wrath, poured out, without mixture, from the professed "ambassadors for God," and followers of the Prince of Peace.

But is this all? No. We not only sit and *receive* whatever sentence their vehement zeal

thinks fit to pass upon us, but voluntarily pay those who bring the news that we are "reprobates of hell," and call it *glad* tidings. Are not these they who "bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers?"

I am acquainted with a preacher, who would not, or did not, come to settle in this town, unless a certain number of rich men would be obligated to pay him five hundred dollars per year for five years in succession. *Two* parishes were united in *one* to support a minister of the gospel, to labor alternately in each parish, which had previously supported *two;* but this *faithful, Christian* minister was not willing to come and labor among this great people, and trust the Lord to give him favor in their eyes, that they might reward him according to his work and labor of love, without a previous obligation; and yet he preached, that the Lord holds the hearts of all men in his hands, and turns them as the rivers of water are turned. Does this look like implicit *faith* and *confidence* in his heavenly Father, and like taking no thought; saying what shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Does it not rather appear as though such an one would rather trust three or four *rich men* than all the Providences he preaches or believes in? And is there not reason to say, "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together?" And where the *money* is, there will the *priest* be also? for the most money makes the loudest call.

However *well* or good it may be, in its proper

place, to preach against the inordinate love of money, and laying up treasures on earth, I cannot think it looks well to come from one whose "chief end" is to find the "nearest way to wealth."

And that this is the chief end of many who profess to preach the "unsearchable riches of Christ," is manifest to all who view their conduct with an observant eye. Yes, (do not start, gentle reader!) many of the *Christian* clergy are so in love with the world and the things thereof, that they willingly *go to the devil after money!*

By their own words and works are they condemned, and the truth of my statement verified. They do not hesitate to tell us, in their lectures, that we are of our *father* the *devil;* that we are the children of the wicked one; and, finally, that we are "incarnate devils;" and, the next day, perhaps, they will be round among us, begging in the name of some "charitable society," (if not in their own,) and "grinding the face of the poor," to get every cent and dollar they can; for no sum is too small for their acceptance, or too large for their insatiate grasp.

And again, Universalism is called the *devil's doctrine*, and those who preach it *devils;* for, say they, "If a man is a *devil*, and we say he is a *devil*, is that scandalizing him?"

But Universalist *money* is just as acceptable to, and current with, such preachers, when they can get it, as the best Orthodox. If this is not *going to the devil after money*, then what is it?

I am conscious that some things I have written, and some that I probably shall write, may sound harsh at first; but a violent disease demands

a powerful remedy. I have endeavored, and shall endeavor, to state what is true, and let the consequence rest where it may.

I doubt not but many hard speeches will be uttered by them that speak mischievous things; who fear their works will be burned by the fire of truth. But let what will be said, the strong holds of sin — spiritual wickedness in high places — the mysteries of iniquity, and the seat of the beast, must and will be attacked with weapons that are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling them down.

I will here introduce another assertion of the Rev. C. Marsh, when moderator of one of the church-meetings, viz: "We do not *now*, in *any sense*, stand before the judgment seat of Christ." This assertion appears to be without proof, and consequently upon a sandy foundation. But so numerous are the assertions which the friends of eternal torments make, in the exercise of a "zeal without knowledge," which appear to be in contradiction of, and in opposition to, the scriptures, that common politeness seems almost to require something like an apology from any one who attempts to compare them.

However, as the cause of truth is of more importance than any other consideration, I shall not shun to declare whatever is likely to advance it. I have often been told that the natural, unreconciled heart of the sinner, will rise in opposition to the truth, and I do not doubt but that some who

read some of my statements, which are *strictly true*, will feel their hearts rise in opposition thereto.

I will now adduce some scripture, to show that we do *now*, in *some* sense, all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Gen. ii. 17: "For *in the day* that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." By this passage I understand that we are judged already, and shall surely be punished in the time when we commit sin. Ex. xxxii. 34, 35: "Nevertheless, in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them. And the Lord plagued the people because they made the calf that Aaron made." Here I find that the children of Israel were *plagued* and *punished* for their sins *in the wilderness*, and *at the time* of their transgressions. And who is so absurd as to think they were punished without being *judged* according to what they had done? If the reader desires to know *how* they were punished, I refer him to the 27th verse of the same chapter, and to the first six verses of the succeeding one.

The next passage which I shall notice is Eccl. iii. 15, 17: "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

By this it appears that if judgment *is to be*, it hath *already been;* and that if it hath already been, it *now is;* and consequently we do now *all*, in some sense, stand before the judgment seat. For it must be acknowledged by them who admit that God is *infinite* in knowledge, that he sees all the people that have been, as well as them that now *are*, and will be. And, admitting this, we also

t that we all, in the view of Deity, now stand
e him.
rses 16, 17: "And moreover, I saw under
sun, the place of judgment, that wickedness
there; and the place of righteousness, that
ity was there. I said in my heart, God shall
e the righteous and the wicked; for there is a
there for every purpose, and for every work."
is manifest, according to this quotation, that
day or time and place of judgment are *under*
un; and that God will judge the righteous and
wicked, and reward them according to their
s, *in the earth*, for there is a time *there* (un-
he sun) for *every* purpose and for *every* work.
any more quotations might be adduced, but I
t the above are sufficient to convince any re-
ng mind, which is less inclined to credit the
tions of the clergy than the testimony of
ture, that mankind are *now* in the presence
im who is omnipresent, and *are* judged by
who searcheth the heart, and causeth every
o eat of the fruit of his own way; and that
re rewarded according to our works: "for he
will not plow by reason of the cold, shall beg
arvest, and have nothing."
here is another passage, however, which it
be well to notice in this place, as it is so fre-
tly used to prove that there will be a *day* of
ment in the eternal world, where there is *no*
t. The passage to which I refer is: "For
hall all stand before the judgment seat of
st." *Who* shall *all* stand, &c.? Everybody,
he world, say the Orthodox. *Where* and
? *In another* world, at the judgment day,

say they. But there is another passage, that reads thus: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, *we are* the Lord's." Who are they who live and die to the Lord, and are the Lord's?

O. Those who have been converted, become new creatures, and confessed Christ before the world.

But does it mean *exclusively* his professed disciples, when it says, "*No man* liveth to himself?"

O. Certainly, it means *no true Christian* liveth or dieth to himself. When we read a letter, do we not look to see to whom it is directed? So when we read the epistles of the Apostle, we must take notice to whom he directs them; and in this instance we shall find he was writing to the *brethren*, and not to the *world*.

This is an argument with which I am sometimes assailed; and now, kind reader, just read the xiv. chapter of Romans, and you will find (if the Apostle meant none but professors when he said "brethren") that none but professors are to stand before the judgment seat, or give account of themselves to God. In the 10th verse we find he addressed himself expressly to the brethren, and then adds, "For *we* shall *all*," &c.; and in the 12th verse, "So then every one of *us*," &c.; and in the succeeding verses he continues to admonish the brethren. We see, then, if when the Apostle says "brethren," he means only those who believe just as he does, that the judgment and account, of

which he speaks, have nothing to do with any one else.

But, without this passage, the scriptures abundantly teach that all mankind shall be judged and rewarded according to their deeds; that we shall all become guilty, (by the law,) and be justified by and through faith, and saved by grace, which is the gift of God; Rom. ii. 5, 6; iii. 19, 28; Eph. ii. 28.

There is still another passage which says that "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

It may be found in 2 Cor. v. 10, and is subject to the same objection as the similar one in Romans; for, as that was written in reference to the brethren, so this was written in reference to such as "have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" see verse 1st. And these are they spoken of in verses 18th and 19th, where it is said that "God was in Christ *reconciling the world unto himself.*"

Such is the *charity* of the Orthodox that they are perfectly willing all the plagues, threatenings, curses and judgments, that are written in the Bible, or thought of out of it, should fall with tenfold violence upon all who dare to differ from them by being fully persuaded in their own minds; while all the consolations, promises, blessings, and justifications are reserved for their particular, devoted selves. But they are not permitted to have it so, (except in their own opinions,) for the above scriptures show that the bitter will go with the sweet, so that every one will have his portion in due season; for *God is no respecter* of persons.

Or, in other words, they show that the blessings of the gospel do not apply exclusively to those who *call themselves* Christians, nor the curses of the law to those whom *they call* sinners, but that all things come alike to all. "Therefore, as, by the offence of one, *judgment* came upon *all* men to condemnation, even so, by the righteousness of one, the *free gift* came upon *all* men unto justification of life." So it appears that we are all condemned in the flesh, and shall be justified in the spirit; that as sin hath reigned unto death, *even so* will grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Universalists are frequently accused of taking the promises to themselves which belong only to Christians, but it is manifest, if those who call themselves Christians claim all the promises of the Bible, they must take its threatenings also.

I will now say something about the *time* when we shall all stand before the judgment seat; and, in the first place, shall ask the Orthodox when *he* thinks it will be.

O. It will be on the great and notable day of the Lord, or last day of the world, when the elements will melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and all that is therein, be burnt up.

U. And at that time will the Lord Jesus be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not his gospel?

O. He will; and separate the righteous from the wicked, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats.

U. And shall we then all give account of ourselves to him?

O. We shall, and he will reward every man according to his works.

U. Will he condemn those who never heard of him?

O. All will then have heard of him, and be without excuse; for the gospel must first be preached to every creature, and then cometh the end.

U. It is said that a time shall come when one shall not say to another "Know thou the Lord," for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest; when do you suppose this prophecy is to be fulfilled?

O. Just before the end of the world. It will be a glorious time, called the Millennium, for which Christians are continually praying; and all will be holy, insomuch that even upon the bells of the horses will be written "Holiness to the Lord;" and his will will then be "done on earth as it done in heaven."

U. Are you sure that these things will come pass just before the end of the world?

O. There can be no doubt of it, for we have promise of Him who cannot lie.

U. Do you expect the millennium is to between the time of the gospel's being pre every creature and the end of the wor

O. I do, for all cannot know the Lo ey hear the gospel.

U. According to your statement, the millennium and day of judgment will both come together. And if all know the Lord, at that time, from the least to the greatest, on whom will he take ven-

geance because they know him not? And if all are *righteous* and *holy*, where will be the *goats* to place on the left hand?

O. I do not expect we shall be judged on the earth, but the wicked will be raised out of their graves, and caught up, together with the righteous, to meet the Lord in the air, and receive according to what they have done.

I shall note down no more of this argument, nor comment upon what I have written; but leave the reader to examine it for himself, and make his own observations.

It may be well, however, for us to notice, in regard to this subject, that many who profess to be teachers in truth and veracity are continually pointing *up*, and representing that we shall go to the Lord in *another* world, to be judged and rewarded with blessing or cursing; while the Bible is continually pointing *down*, and representing that the Lord will come to us in *this* world, to judge and recompense us with the fruit of our own ...ty. The following are a few of the numerous ...iptures which evince the correctness of the last ...tement. Isa. xl. 10: "Behold, the Lord God ...ll come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule ...him: behold, his reward is with him, and his ...before him." Matt. xvi. 27: "For the Son of ...shall come in the glory of his Father, with his ... and then he shall reward every man acc... his works." Mark viii. 38: "Whosoever ...efore," &c. Luke ix. 26: "For whosoever shall," &c. Rev. xxii. 12: "And, behold I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to *give* every man according as his work shall be."

How can any reasonable, unprejudiced mind, in the face of such demonstration, conclude that he who said "For judgment have I come into this world," will *not come quickly*, nor reward us according to our doings until some far distant period, perhaps thousands of years hence?

But not only *this* is believed, but it is also contended by many that he will *never* come *here* to reward us for what we do; but, as stated above, *we* shall go to *him*, &c.

But this is not all; for the enemies of the gospel contend that we shall *never* be rewarded for our good deeds, or punished for our bad ones, neither in this nor a future state; or what in my view amounts to the same. For, they say, the punishment of the wicked will *never end*, and if this *is* the case, it is as plain as anything can be, that they will never be *sufficiently* punished, and can never say, "I *am punished*, or "I *have been punished*," but can only say, "I *am punishing*," or "I am *being punished*."

If any will not admit this argument as positive, they may have the following.

I have heard Rev. Mr. Merrill publicly that the righteous must expect more tribulat *this* world than sinners, as *they* will be *reu* in another world, and sinners punished. confident that I have got the *sense*, if not the exact words.) And, at another time, we are told, that "every sin deserves God's wrath and curse," which means "eternal death." Now, according to this *supposition*, and in view of the *fact* that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," it appears evident that all deserve eternal

death as their punishment. But it is not *even contended* that Christians will suffer eternal death, as the punishment due to their sins. Far from it—for a sinner may live a most vicious and abandoned life till he has numbered his three score years and ten; then, by advice of his friends, or some pious minister, *say* he is sorry, become religious in one hour, join the Orthodox church, die immediately, go to heaven, and escape the deserved punishment of his enormous crimes.

Thus the adversary is wronged out of his right, and the church made to flourish like a "green bay tree!"

This, I believe, is in strict accordance with the *pure* spirit of modern Orthodoxy; and if it does not prove that there are those who contradict the scriptures by asserting that sinners will never be punished for their sins, then black is white and white black.

But, to preach that the good suffer more in this
lan the bad is, in my opinion, very poor doc-
and very poor encouragement for the vicious
orm, and very much in contradiction of the
ing words of eternal truth: "But godliness
itable unto all things, having promise of the
life that *now is*, and of that which is to come." "*Peace* I leave with you, my *peace* I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let *not* your heart be *troubled*, *neither* let it be *afraid*." "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have said, on a preceding page, that the Orthodox devil is described as possessing more power among the sons of men than any other being whatever. That the statement may not appear to be made without sufficient reasons, I give the following explanation.

The case stands thus. An innumerable multitude of immortal beings are placed upon this earth, by an infinite being whom the Orthodox *call* Almighty. He has erected a throne which we may call *heaven*, around which he is desirous that all beings (or men) should come, bow themselves before it, and worship him who sits thereon; and all that *infinite wisdom* can devise, and *infinite power* effect, has been done by him to invite, entreat, persuade, and cause them all to come, perform his will, praise his name, and be happy forever.

On the other hand, a being called *devil* has erected a throne, in opposition to the Almighty, which is called *hell*. He, also, is desirous that all men should bow to him, be tormented around his throne, curse his name, and be wretched forever.

And to effect this purpose he employs all the means which his very artful imagination can invent, to allure, entice, deceive, and cause them to become inhabitants of, and assist in peopling, the infernal regions of his dark domains.

A violent and dreadful contest now ensues. The Almighty striving by every means in his power to establish his kingdom, and "destroy the works of the devil," and the devil striving in his might to establish himself, and *dethrone* the *Almighty!*

The one defending his own property; the other, by a furious attack, endeavoring to wrest it from him. In short, one is exerting himself to establish good and destroy evil, and the other to establish evil and destroy good.

Now, it must be acknowledged that he who effects his purpose to the greatest extent is the most powerful, either in might or wisdom, or both. Whoever is not a *very forgetful* hearer of the modern Scribes and Pharisees, will at once decide, that, if their doctrines be true, the devil will get eventually, and possess eternally, a very great majority of the race of man. Although some of the professed Orthodox are charitable enough to believe that the devil will not get more than nine tenths, while others believe he will have ninety-nine hundredths, yet I find very few who do not allow him a great deal more than half.

I will relate two anecdotes which are strictly true, and are about a fair specimen of Orthodoxy.

I once heard a very popular "Doctor of Divinity" preach from these words: "Fear not, little flock," &c. He proceeded to state the supposed number of inhabitants in the known world, then of Christendom, America, New England States, and State of Maine, giving, at the same time, a concise account of their religious and idolatrous principles; *most* of whom, yea, nearly all, he condemned as unfit for the kingdom of heaven, and consigned them to eternal torments. Finally, he came down to notice this town of B., and lastly, this church, and decided that few, if any, who were out of it would be saved, and not all who

were in it, and very appropriately concluded thus: "Well might the Saviour say, 'Fear not, *little* flock;' for the flock of Christ *is small*, and verily there are *few* that be saved; and unto *you* I say, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'"

I now come to the second. It is of a young man, remarkably eminent for piety, who walked very circumspectly, and was preparing for the ministry of misery. We were conversing freely together, when he began to compute the number that he thought likely would be saved, in the following manner: "There are the Methodists, Free-will Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, and all others who deny the divinity of Christ, that we cannot, even in charity, hope will be saved, unless they reform.

"The Roman Catholics cannot be saved, because they are idolators; and all who belong to the churches that are truly Orthodox we cannot expect will be saved, for, among the twelve disciples of Christ was one devil, and our churches are no better than his. Alas! it is a sad thing to reflect upon."

Truly, "it is a sad thing to reflect upon," and I greatly wonder how folks can enjoy peace and consolation while reflecting upon and believing in such a dismal state of things.

This is certainly saying, with a witness, that the devil has the most power, and that his will is done in a much greater degree than the will of him whom the Orthodox call Almighty. I say, whom they *call All-mighty*, for how can it be that they sincerely believe *he is* what they call him, while

they ascribe the greatest power in the universe to one whom they call devil?

I am sensible that this is fixing the charge of absurdity and contradiction upon many of my fellow-creatures. But is it not so? And if so, do they not deserve it? Let reason and candor answer. I do not conceive, however, as the above is more absurd than it is to say that God is *infinite* in mercy, and that they, themselves, are more merciful than he. I know they do not wish to say so much in direct terms, but the following short dialogue may answer for itself.

U. Are you willing that all men should be saved?

O. I am not only *willing*, but it is my heart's desire and prayer that they may be.

U. Would you, then, if you could, cause all men to repent and be saved?

O. It would be my greatest delight to have it so.

U. Do you believe that all men will eventually be saved?

O. No, I cannot believe it.

U. Do you believe God is able to save all?

O. I do, for he has all power in heaven and on earth.

U. Are you more merciful than God?

O. No, in no wise!

U. If I credit your conversation, I must conclude you are; for you *would* save all but *cannot*, and God *can* save all but *will* not. Seeing, then, *you* have so much more compassion towards mankind than *he* has, is it not to be lamented that you are not upon the throne of the universe, holding the

golden sceptre of omnipotency and mercy over the fallen race of man?

O. It cannot be that I am more merciful than God.

U. Do you believe that he is *able* and *willing* to save us all?

O. I do.

U. Who, then, do you suppose can hinder him?

O. The adversary of souls.

Here the reader will perceive that we must, unavoidably, according to the foregoing argument, come to one of the following conclusions, viz: That the devil has more power, and the Orthodox more mercy, than any other being, or that their doctrine is false, and Universalism true.

If it be asked why I have said so much about the devil in this small work, I answer: Because he appears to be the main spoke in the great Orthodox wheel; and if his power can be broken, or if it can be shown that *such* a devil as they tell about is imaginary, and not real, it will make a very large hole in their religious net, through which many may escape from bondage, and be at liberty in the ocean of salvation.

For if it be admitted that the devil is subject to a higher power, and limited in his operations on the children of men, it must also be admitted that the power to which he is subject will, when it please, divest him of all influence, cause death and hell (which is his kingdom) to be destroyed, sin and wickedness to come to an end, and gather together in one all men in Christ. And this is the chief point that I wish to make manifest; for if sin comes to *an end*, and all men, as one, are

gathered together in Christ, it follows that universal holiness and happiness will prevail, and where sin abounds grace will *much more* abound.

And this is all I contend for; and for this such a strenuous effort has been made to suspend me from the church. For this the epithet of *heretic* is bestowed upon me with unsparing liberality. And for this I am pointed at as a dangerous person to society — an "opposer of religion," an "enemy to vital piety," &c., &c.

But if my heart does not deceive me, I have as much regard for "pure and undefiled religion" as those who are uncharitably calling me by such unchristian names; and I trust, also, that I detest priestcraft with as much abhorence as any of them, and shall exercise as much forwardness to discover the hideous monster to public view.

When I think of the spirit sometimes manifested by the church, I am forcibly reminded of the Rev. D. D. Tappan, who said (while preaching among us) that he "thanked God, on his bended knees, that he did not belong to it."

If it should be asked what sort of a devil I believe in, I reply: "The carnal mind, which is enmity against God." And whoever has seen much of it will not desire to seek after a worse one.

One attribute which believers in infinite torments ascribe to Deity is perfect justice; and yet these same people acknowledge, in their public prayers, that they are "ill-deserving, hell-deserving

creatures;" that if justice should take place, instead of being on praying ground, they would be lifting up their eyes in torments, where mercy and hope could never reach them, and from whence the boundless compassion and love of God could not extricate them. Thus, while they are supplicating blessings, they have the effrontery to charge him with injustice, and accuse him of not giving them what they deserve. Such is the language which is daily used, and such the way in which the Supreme Being is accused of injustice.

But he who can may make the best of it, by saying that "God is just, and the justifier of him who believes in Jesus. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

I shall now ask, "If God has displayed the plan of salvation by the justification of sinners by faith, how would it be just to send the very persons beyond the reach of his mercy, who are believers in Jesus and justified by faith, and have received the atonement by a spiritual application to their hearts?"

Those who pray in the manner of which I am speaking are those who profess to be justified by faith; and can justice demand that true believers should be condemned and cast off forever? Or what condemnation is there for them who are not under the law, but under grace; and walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit? I mean why are they continually under sentence of eternal death?

According *to their* own account, justice requires

those who profess to be very pious, and pray in public *vocally*, (as well as all others,) to be now writhing in the keenest anguish of an endless hell. But as they are not there, we must conclude that justice is defeated, and its proper victims escape with impunity. If this is not charging our Maker with injustice, then what is it? And yet these people say that he is a just God, and a Saviour of the world, while at the same time they deny both. But the following anecdote, on this subject, may suffice.

A few weeks since, while dining in company with some Orthodox friends, one of them very fashionably apologized for the homeliness of our fare, when I observed that I supposed it to be just as good as we deserved. Another immediately remarked that it was *better* than we deserved; which, as soon as the cloth was removed, gave rise to the subsequent conversation between an Orthodox and Universalist.

U. Do you pretend to believe that God is a just being?

O. I do not *pretend* any such thing, for I know it is so.

U. Do you also know that he will do justly?

O. He certainly will, for he cannot be just unless he does.

U. Will he give every one his portion in due season?

O. Yes, I expect he will.

U. Then why do you say that we have *better* than we deserve?

O. Because it would not do for us to have so

ad as we deserve; for if strict justice was done, we should be in hell now.

U. Then how can God be just and we not here?

O. Because he is *merciful* as well as just.

U. Does mercy prevent justice from taking place?

O. When justice would cut the sinner down in his sins, mercy pleads, and he is spared a little longer that he may repent.

U. You say, in the first place, that God is just and will do justly; and, in the next place, that justice is not done, and that it will not do to have it done. Does not this look a little like contradiction? or like saying that God is both just and unjust?

O. It does as you state it; but you do not understand it as I do; and as I cannot convince you of your error, I will strive no longer about words to no profit, for there is neither sense nor reason in your method of arguing.

I shall here notice something that was said at one of the church-meetings, which is not found in the record of said meetings, as I intended to notice it elsewhere.

One of the brethren (Captain William Hill) asserted, and persisted in the assertion, that if all are to be finally saved in another world, it is no sort of matter how bad we do in this; and that the righteous have a far worse portion here than the wicked. *To prove* his position, he cited the

saying of the apostle Paul, "If in this life only we have hope of Christ, we are of all men most miserable." He also referred to the fact, that the Saviour, who was the best of beings, "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood;" and to the apostles and martyrs who suffered and died in the cause of Christianity.

I confess I was rather astonished to hear such language from one whom I had previously heard say that "whoever takes notice of the ways and visitations of Providence must see that people are rewarded, *even in this world*, according to their deeds; though what they receive here is not to be compared to what will be received in another world."

However, to ascribe the heaviest yoke and the darkest way to Christians, seems to be in strict accordance with the celebrated writings of John Bunyan; for who can imagine or depict a more dark, crooked, thorny, or troublesome way than he has marked out for the Christian in his famous "Pilgrim's Progress?"

Only think, gentle reader! the poor pilgrim was sometimes sinking in the slough of Despond; sometimes firmly locked in Doubting Castle by the giant Despair; sometimes standing on one foot, the other being lifted, and the darkness so intense he could neither see nor feel where to put it down;—and finally suffered the shameful, undesirable death of being hanged.

I do not speak thus of the above-mentioned author to intimate that he did not give a just description of what he intended to; for it is, and must be acknowledged, a true description of many,

very many, who are called good and faithful Christians.

Such Christians as sometimes believe that a few will be saved, and hope that they shall be of the number, and then lose that *hope*, doubt the word of God, and utterly deny that he will have all men to be saved.

But if to say that the vicious are happier than the virtuous agrees with the word of Bunyan, it does not agree with the word of God, which says, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

"The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble."

The above scriptures "are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge," and *plainly* show, whatever man may say

to the contrary notwithstanding; that it is better for us, even while we live here, to do well than to do wickedly, leaving out of the account the crown of glory which all believers in eternal torments expect to wear (if they get to heaven) in another world, as a compensation for their good behavior and suffering in this.

But according to the strict doctrine of Orthodoxy, none of us will get to heaven; for if justice requires that *one* shall be eternally wretched, it does that all shall; and if Orthodoxy be true we shall all be lost, but if scripture, all saved.

I would ask those who assert that "the better we do the worse we fare, and the worse we do the better," if they know this by personal experience, and feel better when they have done ill than when they have done well? And if they find that the way of the transgressor is not hard, but pleasant, peaceful, and happy? If they answer in the affirmative, it proves, to my satisfaction, that they are possessed of a very large portion of the carnal mind, which is enmity to God. If answered in the negative, it proves just what I expect to prove, viz: that they contradict their own assertions, and do not believe what they pretend to.

But plain contradictions in terms is not the only way in which they contradict themselves; for I often hear them say, "Well, if we are only saved at last, it is no sort of matter how we live what little time we are here, or how much we suffer."

Ask such if they expect to be saved, and the answer will be, "Yes, I hope I shall." Ask their *conduct*, and what will *that* say? Why, it will tell you that they are generally as much after

"meats for the belly, and the belly for meats," as much involved in the cares of the world and the things that perish, and as much concerned about what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed, as the multitudes, which their religious zeal and charity condemn as fit for nothing but to suffer the "perfct fulness of cursedness," without measure or mercy.

I cannot think such people do *seriously believe* what they so boldly assert; for, if they do, why is it that we see among them so much twisting and cheating, that they may become rich in the things of this world? And why is it that the clergy are so frequently declaiming against the value of money, calling it "paltry trash," "filthy lucre," &c., in order to lessen it in the estimation of others, that they may stand a better chance to get the more themselves?

Here I cannot forbear saying, that I think there are many avaricious clergymen, who, because they *read* occasionally a cold sermon on charity to their hearers, conclude that they are entirely justified without, and excused from the practice of, such a virtue; and their every day deportment plainly declares that they possess no more "pure and undefiled religion" than many whom they *piously* style heretics, unbelievers, reprobates, and incarnate devils.

I know that I am sometimes pointed in my observations, but let it be distinctly understood that I *implicate none but the guilty;* and no one has a right to my remarks unless he deserves them. Therefore, whoever concludes that they apply to him, must conclude himself guilty; and for such

they are particularly intended. It is my bu
to make a garment of truth, hoping that all
it may fit will be careful to wear it profitabl

It may be proper to notice the passage of
ture adduced to prove that Christians are
miserable in this life than others. It may be
in 1st Cor. xv. 19. Let us examine the c
and we shall find that the Apostle had been
ing of some who denied the resurrection
dead; and he concludes, if their doctrine b
that those who believed in the resurrection be
in vain, inasmuch as they were found fals
nesses of God, were yet in their sins, and
hoping against hope for what they would
possess, if the dead rise not. He then very
infers, that if that *was* the case, they were
men most miserable, for their hope in Christ
perish, and the consolations of the gospel,
they had hitherto enjoyed, would console th
more.

But, in the 20th verse, he boldly testifie
Christ *is* risen from the dead, and become th
fruits of them that slept; and, consequently
hope and faith were not vain, nor were they
men most miserable; for their hope was an a
to the soul, and their faith was the substar
things hoped for, the evidence of things not
For, though they were defamed, reviled,
cuted, killed all the day long, and accoun
sheep for the slaughter, the filth of the worl
the off-scouring of all things; yet they cor
joice in tribulation, in everything give thank
were more than conquerors through him who
them.

And those who possessed the grace of God, and the gifts by grace, to the same extent as did the Apostle, were contented in whatever situation they were placed, and could say, "I am *filled* with *comfort*, I am *exceeding joyful*, in all our tribulation."

But it is said the apostles and martyrs were, of all men, most miserable, because they suffered, and some of them died, in defence of the gospel. But if they *suffered much*, did they not *enjoy more?* And if, being chastened as a father chasteneth a son in whom he delighteth, they sometimes had cause to weep; by the sadness of the countenance were not their hearts made better, so that they could rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? For example, see the devoted martyr, Stephen, who, when the Jews gnashed on him with their teeth, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said: "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried with a loud voice and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him, calling upon God and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

This great and good man was enabled to rejoice amid the severest persecution; and having commended his spirit unto him who gave it, he seems to have forgotten the extreme suffering of his body, and strikingly manifested the spirit of the

Saviour, by spending his last breath in prayer for his murderers. He was once dead in trespasses and sins, and had been made alive by the words which are spirit and life, and had part in Christ, who is the first resurrection; therefore, over him the second death had no power. So great was his composure and resignation, when his earthly tabernacle was about to be dissolved, that it is not said he *died*, but he *fell asleep*. Who would not, in view of such a death, exclaim, "Oh! 't is a glorious boon to die."

Another example brought to prove that the best men suffer the most was that of the blessed Saviour, who "sweat as it were great drops of blood." 'T is true he suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, and on him was laid the iniquity of us all. But, it was his greatest pleasure to see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied; it was his *meat* and *drink* to do the will of his Father in heaven. Heb. x. 9: "Then said he, lo, I come to do thy will, O God." And it was his own will, as well as the will of his Father, that he should lay down his life for the world. John x. 18: "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

The following scriptures show that it was also the will and pleasure of the Father that the Son should receive from men just such treatment as he did receive. Isa. liii. 4: "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, *smitten* of *God*, and afflicted." Also, verse 10th: "Yet it *pleased* the Lord to *bruise* him; he hath put him to grief." Acts ii.

23: "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain;" iv. 27, 28: "For of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel *determined before* to be done."

Hence it is obvious, that as the Saviour suffered much on his mission to this lower world, he also enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of doing the will of his Father in heaven, and finishing the work that was given him to do. And so far was he from teaching that the way of the *Christian* is *hard*, that he taught the way of the *transgressor* is *hard*, and said unto them "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

But it is still said, "If we are all to be saved at last, it is no sort of matter how we live here." People who make such an assertion must be of those unto whom blindness in part hath happened, having their eyes holden that they should not know the Saviour; but he will be testified to them *in due time*. I cannot see why it is not as much matter how we live here if *all* are to be saved, as it is if a *part* or *none* are; unless that *part* are saved by their works, which the Orthodox are unwilling to allow *in plain words*. Even if none are to be happy in another world, or even if there

were no other state of existence, would it not be better to live in *peace* than in *war?* If not, why is it spoken of as being a glorious time when the nations shall convert their implements of warfare into those of husbandry, and learn war no more? It is no more consequence how we live here, if a *part* are to be saved, than it is if none are, unless (as I said before) we are to be saved by our behavior. Whether, therefore, we are *all* to be *saved*, or *all lost*, does not alter the argument.

I am confident that those who attempt to confute the above reasoning by the rules of modern Orthodoxy, are very ungrateful for, and make very light of, the life and blessings which an all-wise Creator has bestowed upon us. Can such cite the words of Solomon in proof of their position, viz: "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor. This also I saw that it was from the hand of God."

I wish it to be understood that I do not even *attempt* to argue that firm believers in infinite misery, who call themselves Christians, are not of all men most miserable; for I firmly believe, that some among them, who are not without natural affection, are completely miserable. But I speak of those who are true believers in the gospel, and not in this life only have hope of Christ for themselves and others, as not being the most wretched of mankind.

I do not suppose that the inhuman murderers of the pious Stephen possessed as much enjoyment in the execution of their infernal purpose as *he did in* the endurance of their unhallowed rage

They are represented as *gnashing their teeth*, (which expression, the Orthodox tell us, is used in scripture to indicate the *keenest anguish*,) whilst he was holding sweet communion with the Father of his spirit, and his countenance beaming with seraphic fire. True, they gratified, in some degree, a most malicious, blood-thirsty disposition, by such a cruel display of savage barbarity and resentment; but, was Stephen at the same time destitute of enjoyment and consolation? He was not. He was filled with the love of God, which passeth knowledge, and enabled to rejoice that he was counted worthy to suffer for his sake, remembering the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." So far were his thoughts from being engrossed about himself, that he looked with compassion upon his deluded tormentors, and without intimating that their crime deserved eternal torments, fervently prayed that it might not be laid to their charge.

I leave the reader to judge whose enjoyment was composed of the best materials, and consequently capable of affording to its possessor the most and best *immediate* happiness and consolation.

"What!" says the bigoted, well-meaning heretic, "stone a man to death for preaching that everybody will be saved! I do not, I cannot, I *will* not, believe it!"

But let such an one look around him and see if there are not some within the sphere of his personal knowledge who personify the Jews that gnashed on Stephen with their teeth, when they could not resist the wisdom and spirit by which he spake.

Is it not as reasonable to suppose that the apostles and disciples were persecuted for preaching universal salvation, as it is that they were for healing the sick and doing good to mankind? And that the latter appears to be the case, may be seen by referring to Acts v. 15—18.

I do not expect the Jews had any objection to having the sick among them healed, but they did not like to have it done in that way; they were jealous of men possessing such power, lest the goddess Diana should be blasphemed, and the priestcraft by which they got their wealth exposed to danger. Their greatest enmity and hatred appear to have been directed against the *doctrine* taught by the apostles; for, as they were trusting to their own righteousness for salvation, and were unwilling to receive it in any other way, they accounted all who dared to call in question their faith or practice, as heretics and unbelievers. And they were also very much opposed to the gospel, because it revealed peace for them that were afar off, as well as for them that were nigh, and declared that Gentiles, as well as Jews, were heirs of salvation, for God was no respecter of persons. They were angry, and would not enter into the gospel covenant, because the Gentiles, whom they despised, and the Samaritans, with whom they had no dealings, were to be saved by the grace of God even as they. In short, they despised and rejected the gospel because it did not exclusively favor their particular sect, but revealed and taught Christ as the power and wisdom of God, the Saviour of the world, and a friend to publicans and sinners. *Yea, such* were the force of education, and dar-

ness of bigotry, that even Peter, and others of the brethren, could not believe that the gospel was to be preached unto the Gentiles, until it was thrice made manifest in a vision; which vision plainly shows that all the nations of the earth are, in the view of Deity, cleansed from sin, and justified by and through faith in him who taketh away the sin of the world; and also, that they will all be received up to heaven in the great sheet, which may represent the gospel embracing the four corners of the earth, or more properly the Saviour; as it is written, "He will gather together in one all things *in Christ*." "For as in Adam all die, even so *in Christ* shall all be made alive."

Now let us draw a comparison between the ancient Jews and the modern Orthodox, just to see if they bear any resemblance to each other.

1. The Jews, being ignorant of God's righteousness, went about to establish their own, expecting to be saved by their works; and that the Orthodox are doing the same I think is fully proved in another part of this work.

2. The Jews embraced the letter of the law, which is the ministration of death, and rejected the gospel, which is the ministration of life, because it applied to others as well as to themselves. And the Orthodox embrace the traditions of their fathers, and preach eternal death and damnation for the greater part of mankind, and reject the gospel of eternal life and salvation, and the grace of God which hath appeared for all men, and by which, through faith, all men will be saved.

I have heard a popular minister assert, in the pulpit, that *if the* Bible taught universal salvation,

he would never open it again. I also heard a pious woman say, that if there was no hell she would never read the Bible again.

3. The Jews rejected and slew the Messiah, persecuted all, and put to death some, of his followers, because they declared him to be the Saviour of the world; and agreed that if any among them did confess him to be such, they should be put out of the synagogue. And the Orthodox have agreed already that if any one among them shall confess that Christ is the true Messiah and Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe, and *will save them*, he shall be put out of the church, and condemned as a worshipper of the beast, and unfit for any kingdom but that of the devil. Here, thank Heaven, their power stops, and the comparison fails in regard to external acts of hostility and persecution.

But I do not impute it to any fault of the clergy that the hottest fires of persecution are not now flaming and "crackling like thorns under a pot," with nothing to moisten their rage but the innocent blood of alleged heretics, even in America. Nor do I impute it to a present lack of bigoted zeal without knowledge in the faithful representatives of the ancient Jews, that all who dare to believe and confess that Christ is the Saviour of the world are not stoned, tortured, sawn asunder, hunted down, and extirpated from the face of the earth, with as much fury and rage as were ever displayed by Saul of Tarsus; for I doubt not that some are so blinded by the powers of darkness as to think that such employment would be doing God service.

We have therefore unbounded cause for gratitude and praise to Him who saith, "Thus far shalt thou go *and no further*," that we are protected and permitted to live in the enjoyment of good and wholesome civil laws, that utterly forbid the effusion of blood on account of difference in religious opinions.

But if ever the power of priestcraft is allied to the civil of our beloved country, then farewell to our religious freedom; for, doubtless, the fagot and the stake would quickly witness the enduring patience of many a devoted and expiring victim.

I thus judge and speak from a conviction that the cause which has invariably produced such effects in other countries would be more than likely to produce a like effect in this. But may heaven, in infinite mercy, preserve us from such a dangerous combination!

4. The Jews were generally unwilling to *hear* the gospel. It is said, in the case of Stephen, that they "*stopped their ears*, and ran upon him with one accord." And the Orthodox are very averse to hearing the gospel of Universal salvation.

I could name many instances of a private character that have occurred since I became a believer, but have not time. I will relate one of a public nature, which I believe to be true.

An Orthodox clergyman, who recently preached in the town of Newfield, in this state, being about to go on a mission in quest of something that his hearers were unable to give him enough of, addressed them in nearly the following manner: "My beloved hearers, — Existing circum-

stances make it my duty to be absent from you a short time; and as I am about to depart, I have one request to make, with which I charitably expect you will comply. It is this: I wish you not to neglect assembling yourselves together at this place on every Sabbath during my absence, even if you have no regular preaching; for some of you can pray, and some can read and exhort, and it may be the means of keeping the society together, and of doing much good. But if any of you have such itching ears that you must needs go to some other meeting, I positively request you to go to none except the Calvinistic Baptist. *If any of you go to the Universalist meeting, I never desire to see you in this place again.* My request is now before you; you know my will, and happy are ye if you do it; and, finally, farewell."

But this is not a solitary instance of such an exhortation, for I believe it is a general practice among the clergy to warmly advise, and almost positively forbid the people to attend to the preaching of the gospel of universal benevolence and salvation, or even to read the productions of those who advocate such a glorious gospel. For they very well know that if the people hear for themselves, their very formidable weapon of misrepresentation will become utterly useless.

But the Salvationists are not all against whom they warn us, for the church in this place has endeavored to prevent me from going occasionally to hear a Baptist minister, of Saco; and I was once reproved by a minister for daring to leave

his meeting for half a day, to hear the Rev. Mr. Johnson, an Orthodox minister, of Saco.

I should really think that a preacher who has any pretensions to modesty would be ashamed to look a man of common sense in the face and say what amounts to this: "It is your duty to attend my meetings, to hear me preach, and nobody else, unless I see fit to exchange. Anything short of an implicit compliance, I consider as an utter disregard and breach of your covenant promises and obligations."

Enough, I trust, has been said to show that the Orthodox personify the ancient Jews, by stopping their own ears, and striving to prevent others from hearing a gospel which embraces as its object the salvation of publicans and sinners as well as Jews.

From the foregoing statements and comparisons, as well as from many other things and circumstances that might be written, it is evident to me that the sect of Christians who call themselves Orthodox bears a striking resemblance to the ancient Jews in many particulars. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that such a people are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; or that we so often hear them complaining of their way, which is hard, and their burden, which is grievous to be borne; or asserting that those whom they call heretics and unbelievers have less trouble, more consolation, and are much less miserable, than themselves. The reason is obvious—it is because they, like the Jews, do not enter into the *rest* that remains for the people of God, on account of their unbelief. And, as

they think themselves the only Christians in the world, it is not strange that we hear them exclaim, "Christians are of all men most miserable!"

I do not expect, in this small work, to advert, in a particular manner, to half the objections against, or considerations in favor of, either Universalism or Orthodoxy, but shall pass to notice what is usually the last plea made against Universalism, which is, "Well, if it *is* true, it won't do to preach it." This objection almost invariably introduces a conversation like the following:

U. Then what must we preach?

O. Why, we must not preach *that*.

U. Must we, then, preach a *lie*, instead of truth?

O. We certainly must not.

U. Then, if Universalism *is true*, why not preach it?

O. Because it will have a very vicious and immoral tendency.

U. If we faithfully preach the truth, are we accountable for the effect it produces?

O. We are not; for "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase." But Universalism always has a bad effect, and, therefore, cannot be true.

U. *Why* does it have a bad effect?

O. Because it encourages folks to sin, by teaching that all will be saved.

U. Do you expect to be saved?

O. I have a hope that I shall.

U. Do you find that such a hope leads you into *temptation*, and causes you to sin?

O. I do not. I confess I am very ungrateful, but I cannot be so much so as to sin, wilfully, against the infinite love and mercy that will finally bless me with salvation.

U. Then is it not uncharitable to conclude that *others* will be encouraged to sin by being assured that infinite love and mercy will finally bless *them* with salvation? Is it reasonable to suppose that one will love another the less, for being told that we are all the children of one common Parent, who loves us all with an unchangeable love, and will, eventually, subdue our evil dispositions — make us to see eye to eye, to be of one heart and mind, and gather us all together in one fold, that we may glorify, praise, and enjoy him forever?

O. Such doctrine will do well enough for *some*, but not for all to believe; for there is no threatening against sinners, or terror to dissuade from sin.

U. We cannot express *every part* of *any* doctrine in one short sentence: but, as to terror and threatening, true Universalism is always a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well, and threatens that every one shall be rewarded according to his works, and, *by no means*, escape the just punishment that his sins deserve. It also teaches that the *goodness of God* leadeth to repentance, and not the *fear of an endless hell*. But I must object to *your* doctrine, as having a bad tendency in the world.

O. My doctrine a bad tendency! I don't see how.

U. Yes, I believe your doctrine has a bad, very bad tendency. For, in the first place, mankind

are apt to partake of the spirit of the God in whom they believe; therefore, if they believe in a God who loves a few of mankind, and hates the rest, they are very likely to go and do likewise; which will tend to promote anything but "peace on earth, and good will towards men." And again, your doctrine teaches that sin is pleasant *in this life*, and that we may sin as much and as long as we please, (provided we do not happen to die,) and then, by a *momentary* repentance, save ourselves from all the punishment that justice requires, and our crimes deserve, and be rewarded with a crown of glory and eternal life.

And it also teaches that a very vile sinner is in a fairer way to heaven than one who behaves well; for I have heard preachers say, "There is more *hope* of a sinner's being converted, who is openly vicious and profane, than of one who is upright and moral in his external deportment; and this is, certainly, encouragement to sin, with a witness.

And, moreover, it is a great cause of mental derangement, and many parents, acting under its immediate influence, have cruelly murdered their children, and themselves; and many who were once bright ornaments to society are now deplorable, wretched, miserable maniacs, wandering from place to place, or confined in narrow cells, exhibiting, in awful colors, the direful consequences of preaching what is called the glorious gospel of peace and salvation.

And again; it is, probably, the greatest and most successful *manufactory* of Atheists, Deists, Infidels, and unbelievers of every description, now in operation in Christendom, if not in the world. I

do not say it is the *whole* cause of such doctrines, but that it is a *very great* cause. For many candid, inquiring minds, that would joyfully embrace the gospel as the standard of their faith and practice, if they knew its author to be such a being as he is, on hearing his character described by the *peace* "destroying angels" of John Calvin, are struck with horror and disgust; and, believing that the Bible does actually reveal a being of *infinite cruelty*, they very rationally reject it altogether, and, consequently, are led to wander in the cold, dark, cheerless wilderness of infidelity, and say, in their hearts, "There is no God."

These are some of the numerous instances in which your doctrine has a bad, vicious, immoral, and shocking influence; whereas Universalism is free from deserving such imputations.

O. I never viewed my doctrine, as you call it, in such a light before; but if it is liable to some objections, yours is subject to many; therefore, if Universalism is true, it won't do to preach it.

The reader will perceive that the argument ends just about where it began, as it regards the Orthodox, who, in the various windings of controversy, will acknowledge and admit enough of divine truth to constitute the belief of a liberal Christian; and then, after all, and without demonstration, pertinaciously adhere to his first narrow-contracted and limited principle. The best I can say of such is, "There is none so blind as he that is perfect" in his own view, and wilfully shuts his eyes against the light of revelation, and stops his ears lest the voice of *infinite* mercy should *reach* his heart, and constrain him

to abandon some of the traditions of his fathers; therefore, "he that is ignorant, let him be ignorant still; and he that is filthy let him be filthy still," if he will not be reclaimed.

The reader will probably recollect that my request for a certificate, signed by the moderator and brethren of the church, stating the reason of my suspension, was refused, and I was referred to the church record for information.

Our present minister, Mr. Merrill, (who, by the way, is very much respected and beloved for his very exemplary walk and conversation among us) has very politely furnished me with a copy of so much of the record as relates to my case, which I shall here subjoin.

"*September 27th*, 1831. The committee (this committee was appointed at a previous meeting, consisting of brethren Ralph T. Jordan, William Hill, and Nathaniel Emery) visited Brother Abraham Norwood, Jr., concerning whom, it is reported he is a Universalist. He told them his belief, and said he was ready to come before the church and state it to them. Being present, he was requested to state his belief, particularly in regard to the doctrine of universal salvation. After much cavilling, and many equivocations, he did state, explicitly, that he believed all would be saved.

"Many questions were asked, and much conversation was had with him, but all to no purpose. His case was deferred to an adjournment of this meeting.

"*October 17th*. Met according to adjournment, Brother Abraham Norwood, Jr., being present, his

case was taken up. His belief was the same as at the previous meeting. Much time was spent in trying to convince him of his error; but all in vain.

"It was, therefore, stated to him, that the church, at their next meeting, would be under the necessity of suspending him from their communion, if he continued to believe as at present.

"*Voted*, To adjourn this meeting to immediately after the next preparatory lecture.

"*November 10th.*—The church met at the meeting-house, immediately after the preparatory lecture, according to adjournment. The case of Brother Abraham Norwood, Jr., which had been deferred, was resumed. After considerable time spent in defending the position that there will be no punishment or suffering for sin in the world to come, and in endeavouring to invalidate the arguments and scriptures brought to the contrary, it was moved and

"*Voted*, That Mr. Abraham Norwood, Jr., be suspended from the fellowship of this church, for avowing and maintaining a doctrine in direct opposition to their, and his former, confession of faith. A true copy. STEPHEN MERRILL."

This appears to be a fair record, though in rather "short metre." If the reader pleases, he can turn to the first part of this work, where the "much caviling and many equivocations" are recorded. As to my "endeavoring to invalidate scriptures," I remark, that I have no desire to weaken the force of any scriptures, but only wish

to have it directed to its proper object, and applied where it belongs.

In conclusion, I can truly say that I do not attach the least possible blame to the brethren of this church for their public conduct towards me, for I do believe they acted conscientiously, being "zealously affected." And although I cannot subscribe to every article of their creed, nor believe everything that they profess to, yet I do not find it in my heart to cherish any unfriendly feelings towards them; but, on the contrary, those of peace and good will; and I have no reason to think that they are not by them reciprocated, for I do not doubt but that they verily thought they were "doing God service."

If, in this short work, I have said anything that seems to contradict the above language, let it be remembered that it is not against them personally that I have written, but against the erroneous doctrine they advocate. It would probably have spared them some trouble had I requested a dismission, and one reason that I did not was that I was perfectly willing to see what would be done in such a case. It is now said that I am "suspended from the church."

This is a prominent part of Orthodox discipline, of which I never approved, and for which I can see no good reason, although it has long been practised. *Suspension* is a sort of *half way house* between the church and the world, into which some of the bad ones are sometimes put; but if all who deserve a seat there, by violating the "Orthodox church covenant," should be accommodated, it would necessarily be a very large building, and

the church, consequently, a very small one. But, as we are frequently told that there is no middle ground between heaven and hell, — that we are either fit for one or the other — I can see no good and sufficient cause why the Orthodox, or any body else, should create such a place between the church and the world, which are considered to contain the righteous and the wicked, the saints and the sinners.

By the word *suspend* I understand *to hang;* and why the church can want the bad ones *hanging* to it as a dead weight, is something that I am unable to comprehend. However, I shall trouble myself no more about it at present; but as they have found considerable difficulty in *hanging me*, I will save them the trouble of *cutting me down*, by thus publicly declaring myself entirely free from their rule, discipline and authority.

Although many and various religious opinions are extensively prevalent in our day and generation, yet I fervently hope that the happy time is hastening when strife and discord will be no more — when all shall be gathered together in one, and know Him whom to know is life eternal — when "all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee" — when all flesh shall see the salvation of God, and be no longer subject to bondage through fear of death — and, finally, when tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, will be heard saying, Blessing and honor, and glory and power, be

unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

I will conclude with a poetical dialogue, written by the author, and published in the "Maine Democrat," when his trial was pending before the church:—

REASON AND PREJUDICE.

Once Prejudice and Reason stood,
Conversing, face to face,
In nothing like a wrathful mood,
Till Truth came near the place.

Lo! there is Truth, mild Reason said;
I know her by her dress;
Upon her lovely form is laid
A robe of righteousness.

And on her head a crown she wears,
Bright as a summer's morn;
And in her proffered hand she bears
A rose without a thorn.

Behold how beauteous are her feet!
And words of peace she brings;
Her voice proclaims, in accents sweet,
"Glad tidings of good things."

It is not she, said Prejudice;
It is not, cannot be;
For I have heard her oft described,
And know it is not she.

Truth comes in a most haggard guise,
To hide her lovely form;
With flaming vengeance in her eyes,
Like lightning in a storm.

Around her feet are burning coals,
Her hand upholds a dart;
While awful, just destruction rolls
Out of her head and heart.

She comes not like a summer's day,—
She comes to bless but few;
This is what my grand-parents say,—
I know it must be true.

REASON.

If Truth is such a hateful guest,
Then she and I must part;
I'd sooner spurn her from my breast
Than clasp her to my heart.
But those that seek to find her so,
And their *grand-parents* ape,
May often *talk*, but never *know*,
About her dress and shape.

PREJUDICE.

I own she's lovely to the view
Of Faith's discerning eye,
Although she comes to bless but few,
And cause the rest to die.
And some there are who do not see,
And think her beauties few;
But though it is not so with me,
I fear it is with you.

REASON.

That I am wrong and you are right,
You think, but must confess
I saw her clad in garments bright,
You in a "haggard" dress.

If you are right and I am wrong,
This shall decide the case:—
Just prove to me, in language strong,
It was not Truth who passed along,
So plain, before my face.

PREJUDICE.

Well, that is quite an easy task,
As one I find in ten;
I'll *prove the* very thing you ask,
By two substantial men.

A great divine has written much,
And did not write in vain,
That her dark mystery is such,
Should she approach us to a touch,
We could not see her "plain."
Besides, it was not she, I know,
But cheated were your eyes;
A certain *preacher* told me so,
And one that *never lies*.

REASON.

Such proof as that I can't receive
As any proof at all;
So, if you would make me believe,
Quote Matthew, Mark, or Paul.

PREJUDICE.

That is as true as Gospel facts,
(Believe it now or not!)
Recorded in the book of Acts,
And I will tell you what:—
There is no reason in your talk,
Nor sense in what you say;
I am in haste — and so must walk,
I wish you, sir, good-day!
Exit — in a huff.

REASON — (*alone.*)

Alas, alas! poor Prejudice!—I find
He always was, and always will be, blind;
The seeds were sown in childhood and in youth—
Unhappy man! he does not know fair Truth.
He bows to men — will kiss the serpent's rod,
And nought can change him but the LOVE OF GOD

CHAPTER VII.

Visits Rev. H. Ballou — Is advised to preach — Studies with Rev. S. Cobb — Preaches in Annisquam and other places — Extract from a sermon — Visits Cape Cod — Preaches in Saco, Me. — Spends a winter in Annisquam — Urged to remain — Farewell sermon — Removes to Cape Cod — Opposition — Success of the cause — Churches built — Singular incident at a funeral — Extends his operations — More opposition — Method of treating it — Elder Wood's conduct — Meeting disturbed by converts — Affairs in Brewster — Exciting conferences — Ministerial experience — Amusing incident — Happy death — Temperance matters — Opposition and fall of Rev. S. Ewer and others — Creeds against conduct, and conduct against creeds — Pilgrimage on the Cape ends.

When this pamphlet was ready for the press, I did not wish to act hastily in its publication; and, having no Universalist friend at hand, with whom to consult, I proceeded to Boston, and introduced myself to the Rev. Hosea Ballou, whom, until then, I had never seen. He kindly examined a portion of my manuscript, bestowed his approbation, and expressed a wish to see it published. "But," said he, "I have something in my mind of more importance than this. Our denomination is in great want of preachers. You are yet young. There are enough to catch fish besides you. My advice is, that you commence preaching, and I doubt not you will be successful, useful and prosperous."

I *was surprised to* hear this veteran of the cross

advise me to commence *immediately* preaching the Gospel, assuring me of success. Had he advised me to commence a *preparation* for the ministry, I should not have been so much astonished; for, while I was with the Orthodox, (so called,) I had become accustomed to it, having been solicited many times to allow myself to be educated for the ministry, by the "Home Education Society." But I always declined, for two reasons: 1st, I did not feel it my duty; and, 2d, a complaint in my head made it improper for me to study deeply.

But Mr. Ballou would take no excuses, and insisted that nothing would prevent my preaching but "*want of a disposition.*" Thinking of other business and engagements, I observed, "I have not time to preach." "Time!" said the venerable theologian; "you have all the time that anybody has; you have the whole." True, I felt a great desire for the world to rejoice in the truth, but was not satisfied of its being my duty to proclaim it publicly. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. I promised to reflect upon the subject, and call again. During this interview with Mr. Ballou, I saw also Rev. Benjamin Whittemore, now of Lancaster, Mass., and they have both been my unwavering friends from that time to the present; and I hope never to forfeit their confidence and esteem.

I called on them again, in a few weeks, and receiving the same advice, I resolved to pursue the course recommended, and devote myself to the work of the ministry, trusting in Him who hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to *confound* the things which are mighty.

Pursuant to this resolve, I returned to the East, and soon arranged all my business affairs to my entire satisfaction. On the 5th of July, 1832, receiving directions from the ministering brethren of Boston, and being by them commended to the grace of God, I went to Malden, with a letter of introduction to Rev. S. Cobb, who agreed to board, advise, instruct and assist me, in preparing for the arduous and responsible duties of the gospel ministry. I had been there but a few days before I was called on to officiate at the funeral of a young lady, in Medford, whose name I have forgotten. Though the performance of funeral services was new to me, yet I found no difficulty in my first effort.

In the latter part of this month I found myself, for the first time in my life, in the desk of a temple dedicated to the worship of God, in the town of Woburn, Mass. I preached through the day, to an attentive audience of perfect strangers. I met with no difficulty, nor was I particularly agitated, except being annoyed a little at the commencement of the services, by certain men who sat in their pews reading their newspapers. But when they found I was a young man, and not to be trusted without watching, they laid their papers aside, and watched me throughout the day.

On the 12th of August, I delivered the message of God's grace in Hingham; and, on the 26th of the same month, by invitation from the society, I found myself in Annisquam, my native parish, preaching the word to a full house. I will give an extract from a discourse delivered there, as follows: "But no man knoweth what a day may bring forth. It is not in man that walketh to di-

rect his steps. The ways of God are wonderful, past finding out. Had some prophet declared to me, a few years since, that after beating about upon the tempestuous ocean a great part of the time for sixteen years, I should become an humble instrument, in the hand of God, to declare his unsearchable riches to the sons of men,—had I been told, that after being a fisher of fish for so long a time, I should become a 'fisher of men,' and spread the gospel net thus early in life,—I should have been as much astonished as was Hazael when Elisha assured him that he should be king over Syria. But so it is; and here I am with my hook securely bent upon the gospel line, and well baited with the truth of heaven. And I confidently hope, that while the frail vessel of this earthly tabernacle shall ride upon the sea of existence, I shall be enabled, by the grace of God, to cast my net upon the right side of the ship—enclose a great multitude of fishes—and draw them, by the cords of love, from the stagnant waters of superstitious fear, that they may drink of the pure river that flows from the throne of God, and swim delighted and happy in the boundless ocean of salvation. And even *one year* since, I possessed no more thought of coming among you as I have come, than did any of you."

I will give another extract. It refers to my first Sabbath there. "Here were assembled those with whom, in life's young morn, I met so frequent at the village school—with whom I sported, played, and passed full many a giddy, happy hour, in youth's bright, halcyon days. And here were faces that were once familiar at the slightest glance, but

grown strange, unknown, by absence long — anhood's noble brow — by anxious care, or or withering grief, or nature's sure decay. here were aged men who also saw me ere my cheek the tears and smiles of infancy and ood had departed. They saw me when a r youth, led by a father's hand, and with my nce their remembrance fled; but now, when ection had again returned, they looked, and htfully exclaimed, '*Is that the boy?*' And were those whose well remembered features nor absence could efface from memory's page. here were *kindred*, too, bound to my heart by r ties, whose fervent prayers arose to heaven ıy success — whose hearts were filled with solicitude lest I should begin to build and be e to finish — lest I should strive to rise only k the lower. And here were strangers, who, en, knew not that I existed.

ı short, here were relatives and strangers, ls and neighbors, rich and poor, old and ʒ, wise and unwise; and some of almost every and station of life, assembled from various es, to hear a weather-beaten fisherman at- to speak of the goodness of God to man, and ıim the joyful tidings of a world's salvation. .nd, brethren, what think ye were my emo- when, young and inexperienced, I arose, and d every eye of a crowded audience fixed on ith an unwavering gaze? I was enabled to n unmoved, undisturbed as the unruffled sea, not e'en a gentle zephyr plays upon its sur-

My heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord; could adopt the language of the poet:

"'Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
His grace has led me on thus far,
His grace will guide me home.'"

I remained at Annisquam three Sabbaths, then, being sent for, went to Brewster, by pac and, on the 20th September,

For the first time, I stood on the shores of Cape C
To deliver a message of mercy from God.

I spent two weeks on the Cape, and returne Malden. After preaching in Malden, Mili Stoughton, Lowell, and other places, I wer Saco, Maine, having been repeatedly invited t so. Sunday, Nov. 11th, I preached the word large hall, which was perfectly crowded in e accessible part. There were present many of acquaintances, and some of the members of church from which I was suspended,—having their own meeting to attend mine. I felt n freedom of speech, and in the morning addre them from Gal. iv. 16: "*Am I, therefore, be your enemy because I tell you the truth?*" I my book had then lately been published, and v in a few miles of here my trial for heresy taken place. I therefore thought the text an propriate one, and I endeavored to make the mon as much so as possible. In the aftern my text was Gal. iii. 17.

Rev. Jason Whitman, Unitarian, very ki appointed a meeting of his own at some c place, that we might have the use of his ch for an evening service; and, as he informed the next day, he would have attended himself,

his meeting could not be deferred. The church was thronged. I have preached in Saco and Biddeford many times since. In these towns there is now a good Universalist society. Their church is in Saco.

The last of November I returned to Annisquam, having agreed to preach for the society there during the winter; it having been destitute of a pastor since the death of the lamented Rev. Ezra Leonard. I spent the winter very pleasantly, in attending to my private studies, and public duties. The society treated me with great kindness, and gave me much encouragement. By their charity and kind feeling, they inspired me with such confidence, that when I entered the sanctuary to speak before them, I always felt certain that they would make the best of my performances. There, doubtless, was a stronger sympathy between us from the fact that many of them were of the same oocupation which I formerly pursued; and their conduct seemed to say, "A preacher hath the Lord our God raised up unto us like unto ourselves; him will we hear." The society shares largely in my fondest recollections, and there are many friends deeply embalmed in my most affectionate remembrance.

During the winter I received several communications, urging me to revisit Brewster early in the spring, with a view to assuming the pastoral care of the Universalist church and society in that town. I consented to do so, for I felt a sort of irresistible impulse urging me to that course. Besides, I was engaged but three months only where I then was. When *it* became known that I thought

of departing, the society was taken by surprise, and made every proper effort that a society could make to have me remain, or, at least, promise to return after I had made my visit to Cape Cod. Even after I had preached a farewell sermon, they urged me by various motives — passed a resolution of satisfaction with my past services — offered more salary than there was a probability of my receiving whither I was bound, &c., &c. Perhaps I did wrong to leave this good people; but I felt as if duty impelled me, so that I could not remain, nor consent to return, though they generously offered to wait for me till the next January. Since then they have several times intimated to me their wish for my return.

I must indulge myself by giving an extract or two from my concluding sermon. In regard to my public communications I observed: "You know, brethren, that when I came to you I came not with excellency of speech, and enticing words of man's wisdom; nor did I attempt to speak great, swelling words of man's vanity; but my desire was to preach the truth in simplicity and purity, and to enforce it by sound argument, scripture, and reason; employing language that all could comprehend. My endeavor has been to declare the wisdom of God in demonstration of the spirit, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

"I have not attempted to excite your admiration, secure your attention, and elicit your praise, by continually shrouding some newly invented theory in the fascinating habiliments of fine-spun speeches, and deeply-studied strains of captivating elo-

quence; but I have rather sought to win your esteem and good will, the honor that cometh from God, and the approbation of my own conscience, by declaring the truths of the gospel with great plainness of speech.

* * * * * *

"I am now about to leave you, to take up my abode in a land of strangers; and He only, who knows all things, knows if ever again I shall stand in this sacred place, and my voice be heard within these consecrated walls. This brings to mind again our text: '*Finally, brethren, farewell;*' and, in the words of an apostle, permit me to exhort you to 'be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' Be perfect in every good word and work. Be of good comfort, inasmuch as ye are assured that your hopes and faith are built upon the sure foundation, Jesus Christ, himself, being the chief corner-stone. Be of one mind, inasmuch as you know that you are engaged in a good cause, and that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. *Strive together* for the faith of the gospel. Be firmly and inseparably united in your exertions to sustain the cause, and to support the preaching of the word among you. If you neglect this, grievous wolves will come into the fold, not sparing the flock. False doctrines and diversity of opinions will spring up among you, and your society be scattered. But I hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak. I trust that when my presence is with you no longer, God will, in answer to *your prayers* and efforts, send you a

good and faithful servant, who will not shun to declare his whole counsel.

"'*Finally, brethren, farewell.*' Unto you who are advanced in life, and unto you whose locks are whitened by the frosts of time, permit me, with profound respect, to say a few words before we part, to meet again, perhaps, no more forever. You have lived long in the world, and, according to the course of nature, will soon have numbered the few remaining days of your earthly pilgrimage. It is well for you to take a retrospective view of your past lives. And if you have been grateful for blessings, penitent for sins, and have walked uprightly and humbly before God, who has so kindly preserved you, blessed are ye, and happy will be your reflections. But if, on the other hand, you have been wicked, impenitent, ungrateful, and unjust, let the decline of life admonish you that it is high time to change your course, and attempt to make some amends to the world for the injuries you have done. Then will you be prepared to lie down in peace upon a bed of sickness, and resign your wasting flesh to the narrow house appointed for all the dead. Then your last days will be your best days, and the fervent prayer be answered of him who now respectfully and affectionately leaves you, with the words of an apostle, '*Finally, brethren, farewell!*'

"You who are in the prime of life, and you who are but just engaging in the busy scenes of manhood, I would tenderly and earnestly entreat to walk in the path of the virtuous—not in the way of the ungodly—strive ag

sin — follow peace with all men — seek for wisdom from above to direct you, and for grace to enable you to resist all the evil temptations to which you are exposed, and let your trust and confidence be in the God of heaven. Thus will you enjoy peace of conscience, the approbation and blessing of God, and the respect of men, and your path will be as that of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Now, unto you, in all the ardor and affection of one of your companions, I breathe for the present, and perchance forever, a final and pathetic farewell, farewell!

"You who are yet but little children, and who have so often sat, silently, to listen to my voice, go on, and still continue to do well, not only while you are in the house of God, but wherever you may be. Obey the commands and listen to the advice of your parents and instructors. Always be good and obedient children, and then, when you become men and women, you will be wise, virtuous, and happy. I am now going to leave you, and so farewell!

"Unto you who have so sweetly and harmoniously conducted our devotions, while chanting the delightful praises of the dear Redeemer, we are all indebted. And I doubt not that I express the cordial united sentiment of all, when I say that you possess my sincere and warmest thanks, and good wishes for your future welfare.

"'*Finally, brethren, farewell!*' And may you all, old and young, male and female, be directed by the grace of God, and surrounded by his richest blessings.

"And though I must leave you, and bid you farewell,
And come not again at the sound of your bell;
Long, long may you meet here, to sing and to pray,
And be in the spirit upon the Lord's day.

"I go, — yes, I go to the shores of Cape Cod,
To spend, and be spent, in the service of God;
I leave you, I leave you; in peace may you dwell;
Once more, then, adieu! fare ye well! fare ye well!"

April 14, 1833, I commenced my labors on Cape Cod, by preaching in the Universalist church in Brewster, from Acts x. 29: "*I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me?*" The society was small, but zealous and united, and able to have preaching but one half the time; the other half I was to spend in Chatham and Orleans. I preached in Chatham, ten miles from Brewster, a part of the time for two years, when the society became either able or willing, or both, to have preaching every Sabbath, and Bro. A. P. Cleverly became their pastor. They have had preaching ever since.

In Orleans, six miles from Brewster, a very small society was organized in April, 1833. I labored with them a part of the time, and the society and the congregation increased. The opposition was bitter and unprincipled; but the hand of the Lord was with us. Our meetings were held in a school-house, until the frame of a church was erected and boarded, when we immediately assembled within the walls of our own sanctuary to worship. We had previously applied for an occasional use of the Methodist house, (a part of which was owned by Universalists,) but it

was utterly refused us, although they seldom used it themselves.

Some of the professedly pious around us were unceasing in their opposition, and our house was called by some most singular names, such as "Save All," "Devil's Nest," "House of Hell," &c., &c. I was told that one man said he could not pray as he wished to about a vessel that was sent east to bring the materials for building our house, because he *had a son on board*. I suppose the poor man wished to pray for the vessel to sink, but was afraid his son would get into difficulty. This may be regarded as a striking instance of natural affection. But the man was an ignorant Christian, and ought to be "converted over again," or he would have just told the Lord either to take his boy to heaven, or let him escape on the *main hatch*, or some other part of the wreck, and then his prayers would not have been hindered. This would have been an easy matter, but I suppose it did not occur to him in season; so the vessel arrived, and the house was built. But even then he might have done as some of his brethren did in Chatham. I was told that the night before the Universalist house was raised there, they got upon the frame and prayed that it might never go up. But there are some prayers that it would be best not to have answered, and so the house went up, without accident, on the next day. I believe that some prayers effect but very little.

However, in Orleans we took liberty to attend to our own affairs, and not having religion enough to quarrel about, we got along finely. Many

souls were converted and brought to a knowledge of the truth. On the 6th of November our temple was dedicated, and there was great joy among the believers, whose numbers daily increased, and the house was thronged through the winter. In the following spring, they settled a preacher, and have been blessed ever since with a constant ministration of the word.

I should, perhaps, have stated before, that soon after I commenced my studies with Brother Cobb, I received a vote of fellowship by the Boston Association of Universalists, and in June 5, 1833, was ordained, at a session of the same body, held in Haverhill, Mass., some time after I commenced my labors at Cape Cod.

When Orleans and Chatham were provided with preaching constantly, I directed my attention to other portions of the heritage. I was called to Yarmouth-port, ten miles from Brewster, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Edward Thacher, who had been a most amiable woman, and one of the few firm, understanding Universalists of the village.

The house was filled with people, and many were in the front yard. I stood in a door-way to address them and offer prayer. An incident occurred which may be interesting to a clerical reader, if I ever have one. While engaged in prayer, I had referred to most of the relatives, when I heard a voice saying, "Brother Norwood, there is the old lady, who expects to be mentioned in your prayer. She is a Universalist, and will feel badly if you don't mention her. I was afraid you had forgotten her, and so I thought I would mention it to you." The person speaking had placed him-

y my side, and uttered these, and other words,
r ear, speaking rapidly, but making very slow
ess, as he was a little excited, and quite a
nerer. I heard what he said, but gave no
ation of it, but kept speaking just as if
ng was happening, until he had got through,
I brought in the desired case, by referring
individual as "last though not least, in our
on." It was, however, a rather hazardous
iment to make upon a young preacher in a
ge place, as it might have embarrassed and
ed him instantly, in which case the remedy
l have been worse than the complaint.
t few Universalist sermons had been preached
In the evening I lectured in a hall, and
nted to preach there on a future Sabbath;
which, I continued to preach there occasion-
At first, the meetings were small, with no
ng, and very few females; but they gradually
ased, until the hall was crowded, the singing
and the females occupied their full share.
bers were converted from the other sects.
on Joseph Hawes, an aged and excellent man,
cast out of the Orthodox church for attending
paying at our meeting.
society was organized, and in November,
a meeting-house was dedicated, in which I
hed a portion of the time, until I left the Cape.
while I labored in South Dennis, where a
society was organized. My introduction
was on this wise: Having no engagement
Sabbath, I went there, without notice or in-
on, on a Friday. Comparatively few Uni-
list *sermons* had been preached here, though

there were some excellent friends. Notice was given, and in the evening I preached in an academy, to a very small audience. On the next evening, the audience was larger. The Orthodox minister, Mr. Sanford, preached there the next morning. After he had stated the arrangement of his discourse, he discovered me among his hearers, and immediately changed his plan, neglected his manuscript, and spoke nearly an hour against Universalism. In the afternoon, my turn came, and I examined his discourse and gave a reply. In the evening, Mr. Sanford held another meeting there, and thus Universalism found its way amidst showers of partialism. I preached here occasionally, and sometimes statedly, until I left the Cape. Since then, they have built a fine church. I was there on a visit when it was completed but not dedicated, and had the pleasure to enter in and preach the Gospel for the first time. Rev. J. B. Dods had been there a short time before, but declined preaching in it, thinking it would be improper, before its dedication. I was asked my opinion, and, turning to a mother, I inquired, "Do you think it proper to wash your child before it is sprinkled or baptized?" "No, certainly not," was her reply. The doors of the sanctuary were thrown open, and we entered in and rejoiced together, no man forbidding, and none of us being injured.

I preached also in North and East Dennis, and reorganized there a society that had long remained dormant. Our meetings were held in school-houses. In short, I preached in almost every town and village, and in every other place

ere a meeting could be got up in all that region. dom a Sabbath passed but that I preached three, l sometimes four sermons. And my missionary irts were in no wise confined to the Sabbath, I travelled, and talked, and preached, a great ny other days and nights, especially in the last ı years of my residence there. I have, many a e, preached the gospel from house to house ɔugh the day, held a public meeting in the ning, and then conversed with inquirers, at my ɔping place, till past midnight. I have slept in rly a hundred houses on the Cape, and prob- y preached in more new places there, and ned acquaintance with more individuals, than r other preacher of the Universalist denomi- ion. I frequently met with both private and lic attacks and opposition, from persons of va- ıs denominations, not excepting the Mormon- ; but sometimes, nay, almost always, they ved merely a flash in the pan, and I got along hout serious injury.

will mention a case or two. One afternoon, Yarmouth-port, a brother came to the desk and ɔrmed me that a Mr. Joselyn, a Methodist acher, was present; that he had come with the ɔress understanding that, by his own particular uest, he should have liberty to speak and to pose questions. I was really glad to see him re, as I had an account to settle with him for tain boastful sayings, which he had uttered to tain of my hearers in Brewster. After I had ken an hour, I gave liberty, and the eyes of crowded audience were turned upon my oppo- ıt. I again arose, and urged any who pleased,

to use the liberty; but there sat friend Joselyn, and he could not be raised, his courage having cooled down to the freezing point. The fact was, he knew more about Universalism, after hearing the discourse, than he did before, for I mentioned some things for his especial benefit. On another occasion, two of their preachers came, but not one of them could be prevailed on to speak.

At another time and place, a man arose at the conclusion of my discourse, and, in a severe manner, made a short speech, and proposed a question. I replied; and proposed to him a question; a thing I frequently take liberty to do in such cases. He retorted, and I again rejoined. This was continued for some time, when, as he could not conclude what to say next, he stopped the controversy by remaining silent. "If the brother has no more to say," I observed, "we will unite with him in prayer, and close the meeting." He declined, in a hasty and unpleasant manner. I urged the request, and he again declined. "I understood you," said I, "that you was a praying man, and that Christians ought always to pray; and you accused us of not being a praying people. I hope you will not utterly refuse to pray with us."

Well, the man did pray; — a short prayer, 't is true, but the best he had to offer, and, I have no doubt, the most effectual prayer on himself that he ever uttered. He was probably not aware of the unkind spirit in which he had assailed me, until called upon to pray. This request was perfectly unexpected, and brought him to an understanding of himself. He did not dare to address the Deity *in the* spirit which he had indulged towards a fel-

low-creature, *in defence of his religion.* No wonder he declined, and that it was some time before he could tranquillize his mind enough even to make an effort to offer prayer. It was a severe lesson to him, but I think he learned so much from it that he will not again be caught in meeting in such an unprayerful condition.

It has been my common practice to invite a public opposer to pray, at the conclusion of the controversy; and I believe it is usually beneficial, though sometimes an excited opponent will say improper things even unto the Lord. Controversialists, on all subjects, but especially on religious ones, should be careful always to *debate in the spirit of prayer.* Much is lost by not attending to this. It is a common saying of the hearer, that he can tell who gets defeated by seeing who gets mad first, even if they debate in an unknown tongue. The moment a debater becomes angrily excited, his adversary has the advantage. Hence he may be considered fortunate who has not religion enough to get angry about.

I once heard the Rev. Mr. Thompson, (Christian) then of Fall River, tell his congregation, that he wished that meeting to be emphatically a *prayer* meeting. Praying, and not talking, was the religious thermometer by which the true degree of spirituality in the meeting could be ascertained. "Any body," said he, "can get up and *gabble, gabble, gabble,* to his fellow-men; but come to talk to God is an altogether different matter; *this* tries his religion."

I will relate an instance of opposition that manifested *itself in a different* manner from the pre-

ceding. In the winter of 1835, two clergymen of the Christ-ian order, Elder Wood, of Fairhaven, and Elder White, of Mattepoisette, called on me, and introduced themselves. I had seen one of them before, but did not instantly recognize him. They stated that they called on me, being perfectly unacquainted with any one else, and believing me to be a liberal man; that there was no society of their order on the Cape, and they had come to disseminate their doctrine.

I gave them a cordial welcome; took them to visit some of the neighbors; entertained themselves and horse while they pleased to stay; assured them that the people of the Cape were a good people, and deserved the best doctrine; that we would listen to theirs, and if it appeared better than we had now, receive it; offered them the use of our church, and to circulate a notice of a meeting for them in the evening. But they declined my offer, as they said they wished to go further before holding a meeting. I then offered them letters of introduction to excellent individuals in East Brewster and Orleans, who would treat them with the utmost hospitality, and require nothing in return but to converse with them on the new doctrine, whose claims they had come so far to establish. This offer, also, they declined, but for what reason I am unable to say, unless they thought this excess of kindness, in an opposer, was a delusion of the adversary to draw them from the path of duty. However, I bade them "God speed," as far as their doctrine was right, and they departed with expressions of thankfulness.

In April, 1836, I was on a preaching excursion

in New Bedford, Rochester and vicinity. One evening I had an appointment in a school-house in North Fairhaven, where Universalism had seldom been preached. Learning that Elder Wood preached in the same school-house a part of the time, and that his dwelling-house was near, I sent to inform him that I should be happy to see him at meeting. I could not call on him, conveniently, as I had to preach a funeral sermon in Taunton in the course of the day, and did not arrive at my appointment till night.

Arriving there alone, I found the house occupied, in a noisy manner, by nearly twenty young persons of both sexes. Most of them were very well dressed, and, I was told, belonged to some of the most respectable families in the neighborhood. Notwithstanding my presence, and their being spoken to by two or three individuals, they continued to act in a most perfectly unbecoming manner. They were all upon one side of the room, and as the congregation gathered together, the tumult increased, for no one who possessed the authority had the disposition to prevent it. A deacon was present, (I think he belonged to Elder Wood's church,) but I believe he came on purpose to see the row, as he made no effort to allay it. The *females* were quite as forward, brazen-faced, and disturbative as the males.

Finding it impracticable to conduct religious exercises under such circumstances, I stood out upon the floor, and gave notice to that effect. "But," continued I, turning to the disturbers, "there are some young people here, who, among *other things, have repeatedly inquired, 'What is*

to be your text?' For their especial gratification, and I hope benefit, I will name it thus: 'There were certain *lewd fellows* of the *baser* sort,'—*of both sexes!*" I proceeded briefly to point out to them the impropriety of their conduct, the disgrace they were bringing upon themselves, their friends and their neighborhood, and the probable unhappy results that would accrue from such a course; and concluded by giving them the best advice in my power. During the address the noise measurably subsided, and the countenance of one after another of the females fell and blushed, and its owner sneaked away from her guilty companions, until but three or four remained with the rest of the "lewd fellows."

When I had ceased, one of them said, in a bite-me-nose-offish sort of way, "Well, we have had a sarmon; we ought to give thanks!" Another voice exclaimed, in the same dragon-snappish tone, "We thank you for your sarmon!" I replied, mildly, as though I took it all in earnest, "I am glad, my young friends, that, vicious as you appear, you have yet grace enough to be thankful for anything; but, especially, for good advice, which we all see you need more than anything else—*except the practice of it.*"

As I was about retiring from the house, a man, who stood near the door, expressed regret that the meeting was prevented, and observed, "Sir, those young people are church-members; they were all converted and baptized, last winter, by Elder Wood." "I have no doubt of it," said I. He seemed astonished at my credulity, and I explained by saying: "In the first place, I have no doubt of

their conversion, for by nature people are not made so bad; and, in the second place, I have no doubt they were converted by Elder Wood, for, had the Lord converted them, they would have been made better, and not worse."

I understood that Elder Wood was about home, and I am suspicious that the disturbance was the result of the deliberations and advice of older heads and worse hearts than those directly engaged in it. I suppose the agents and the actors all thought they were doing the Lord service, to keep the dreadful doctrine out of their neighborhood, by any means in their power. As I departed, "thinks I to myself," "Well, if these are the fruits of Elder Wood's doctrine, we can well dispense with it on Cape Cod. To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is manlike; to render evil for good is devil-like." Elder Wood may make the application.

But I must not stop, at present, to particularize more cases of opposition upon the Cape.

I have before stated that the society in Brewster was small, but united and zealous. They had passed through many trials and difficulties, and had been peculiarly unfortunate in the loss of valuable members, by death and removal. While I was with them this fatality continued. During my stay it lost more by deaths and removals than were at church when I preached my introductory sermon; so that, although we had occasional additions, our numbers, on the whole, were not greatly increased. Nevertheless, we enjoyed much spiritual happiness and consolation, in the observance

of the ordinances of the gospel, and the means of grace.

We had an organized church, Sabbath school, and ladies' sewing circle. And then we had very many precious conference meetings, which warmed and encouraged our hearts, and were the means of bringing numbers to rejoice in the truth.

In these meetings we were seldom troubled for want of speakers. Both male and female spoke. At first I had doubts as to the propriety of females speaking in meeting. I called a council of the preachers of our faith in all that region, and some other persons, to consider the subject, and it was decided, unanimously, that females should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to speak in social conferences. Bro. Cleverly, of Chatham, observed that he should be very glad to have females speak in his meetings, but the trouble with him was to persuade even the men to do so. The fact with me is different. I have never lived with a society where we have not had excellent conference meetings, or where there has been any particular difficulty for want of speakers. Some of the women on the Cape are the best instructed in the word of God, the "most mighty in the scriptures," of any that I ever saw. In our conferences I have seen the spirit of devotional enthusiasm rise as high as seemed in any wise proper. I have no doubt that I could have raised a *very great excitement*, even without the doctrine of endless misery, had I been disposed to put forth such exertions, and employ such means, as were put forth and employed while I was with the Orthodox. But I was

apprehensive that converts might be made too hastily.

I will state one case, just to illustrate what I mean, and to show that an excitement could have been raised. One evening a woman came, for the first time, to one of our conference meetings. (They were held in school and private houses, in various parts of the town.) She had never heard Universalists speak before. Her disappointment was such that her feelings became powerfully excited. I noticed her while addressing the meeting — saw her eye moisten with tears, and kindle with enthusiasm. When I paused, she could refrain no longer, but arose, and vainly attempted to give utterance to her conflicting thoughts and feelings. But she could only exclaim, in the most agitated manner, "Glory to God! glory to God! There *is* religion among the Universalists! I *know* it! I have found it — I have found it!"

Towards the close of the meeting she became more composed, and "related the exercises of her mind," in an intelligible manner. She had heard much said against Universalists; had, at last, determined to hear them for herself; had looked forward to this meeting with deep solicitude; had many things to prevent her attendance, but overcame them all; found that the spirit and religion of Christ were with us; had felt them in her own soul as she never had before; praised God that she had been brought in among us to "experience religion," and to rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" exhorted us to press on, and entreated us to pray for her, that her faith fail not.

but that she might be strong therein, giving glory to God, &c. &c.

Others were converted about the same time, but not in so sudden and prominent a manner; and I believe they all, or nearly so, remain firm unto this day.

I do not wish to see either men or women so much excited that they cannot reason correctly and understandingly, but I know that much more might be done than is done, without danger of this extreme. Admitting that our ministers are all spiritually pious men, — and they all either are or ought to be, — I am certain, that if they would exert themselves zealously and perseveringly, as do many of the clergy of other sects, they would be utterly astonished and rejoiced at the happy and gracious fruits of their own doctrine and efforts, above and beyond what they have ever witnessed, or perhaps anticipated. I know that our clergy have done much, and I also know that they may accomplish much more, for truth, religion and humanity.

During my stay upon the Cape, I had a great variety of experience in the clerical life — its joys, sorrows, duties, cares, comforts, pleasures, perplexities, disappointments, and poverty. But I was measurably prepared for all these things, and did not regret having devoted myself to the work; for I believed the grace of God was sufficient for me, and that the cause prospered in my hand, through the Divine blessing, whilst I labored faithfully to perform the duties that devolved upon me.

True, I found much bigotry and opposition to contend with, but I found also many true and

warm hearts to support and encourage me. And I saw many individual cases where foes became my friends. I will mention one of many. I was called occasionally to visit a lady whose health was feeble. She was an excellent woman, a firm Universalist, and the mother of a small family. I noticed that her mother, who belonged to the Orthodox church, always left the room, if she happened to be in, when I entered. One day the sick one observed, "I am unable to attend meeting, and I wish therefore you would read and explain to me the 25th of Matthew." I took the book, and most cheerfully did as she desired. I think no one else was present. I sat some distance from the lady, and, as I read, explained, in a clear, distinct voice. I was proceeding as earnestly and innocently as might be, when instantly a door, leading to the kitchen, burst open, and the mother stood before me. Her hair was dishevelled, her countenance glowed with unpleasant excitement, her dress was loose, wet, and untidy, and in an upraised hand she grasped a dripping floor-cloth. Her eyes sent forth into mine a look of pity, scorn and defiance. Gracious mercy! what in the world is coming now? thought I, as she spread herself before me, large as life; but surely, this large open Bible will protect me from an assault and battery with that wet mop-rag! There was time to think no more before her pent up spirit found vent in the following manner: "It's all a lie! It's all a lie! It isn't so! I know better! You don't understand it! You don't explain it right!" &c. &c. The moment I *discovered the beginning* of a cessation to this

salutation, "*Good morning*, madam; *how do you do*, Mrs. C?" said I, in the gentlest manner and kindest tone, and just as if nothing had happened. Had she been shot, she would not have stopped more suddenly. The cloth fell from her hand; she trembled, sallied towards the open door, and, recovering herself, "*Oh!*" said she, in an entirely altered tone, "*good morning*, sir!" "Don't be in a hurry," said I; "please take a chair, sit down, and *make yourself at home*. I believe you was not in when I called last." She was perfectly overcome, and instantly did as I requested, apologizing for her hasty and untidy appearance. "Oh! no matter about that," said I; "my mother and sisters all had either to 'clean house' or go untidy. I have been reading and explaining a chapter to your daughter, and whilst you are resting I will resume it. I do not now understand it as I did when I belonged to a branch of your church; but then, by talking it over together, perhaps we shall get some new light upon the subject."

She listened to me very attentively; and, although she did not become a believer, she was, ever after, a warm personal friend, and willing to converse with me on religious subjects. But I must not stop to relate incidents of this character, though I could give many in which the individuals concerned became not only personal friends, but true believers in and firm supporters of the doctrine. I select this instance because of some peculiarities about it. The fact was—and I should have mentioned it before—the old lady was in an adjoining room, engaged in her domestic duties, and, overhearing my conversation, listened until

she became perfectly excited by what she thought my heretical exposition, and her anxiety for her daughter's spiritual welfare overcoming every other consideration, she burst into the room, as stated above. The daughter afterwards died, rejoicing in the faith. I saw her a few days before her death, early one Sabbath morning. She was raised up upon her bed, and was singing aloud when I approached the house and entered the room. "I am singing the praises of the Lord," said she. "They used to tell me that I could not sing; but I can sing now, and I *will* sing the praises of my God! Would not you, Brother Norwood?" "Yes, certainly," said I; "sing and be happy, sister."

"Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, the eternal king.

"Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For us, whose sins he bore."

By her request, I then read her some beautiful hymns, suited to her condition, which she truly enjoyed. I left her singing, and before I saw her again, her voice was hushed in death, and her emaciated frame enshrouded in the habiliments of the grave; and her spirit, emancipated from its tenement of clay, was, I trust, tuning its celestial harp with the spirits of the just made perfect, and the angels about the throne. I have witnessed many happy death-bed scenes, and *know* that Universalism will do to die by as well as to live by.

But I must continue my narrative. Being opposed to rum-drinking, I took a deep interest in the temperance cause. While in Annisquam, a temperance society was formed in the parish in which I labored. Soon after my settlement in Brewster, I gave an address on the subject. Two original hymns were sung, which I wrote for the occasion. Forty-five names were added to the pledge. I have continued to lecture occasionally upon the subject, ever since. In many cases I have found free admittance into houses owned by partialists, but in a few I have been denied their use when applied for by a temperance society.

Intemperance is an evil which affects the vital interests of all classes of the community, and of all denominations of Christians.

Even though we, as individuals, "touch not, taste not, handle not," the liquid fire-water, still we are affected by its baneful influence, so long as it is used by any of our fellow-men around us.

It is an evil that mingles in with all the great and small events of human life; worse, if possible, than the loathsome frogs in the kneading-troughs and bed-chambers of the Egyptians.

It debases the noblest specimens of humanity, enervates and prostrates the strongest and most exalted intellects, weakens and sunders the highest and holiest ties, crushes and tramples on the fondest and most confiding hearts, and, like an early frost or blighting mildew, cruelly blasts and withers the fairest flowers of hope, and love, and joy, that spring and bloom beside the pathway of our earthly pilgrimage.

The judge and the culprit, the lawyer and his

client, the king and his subject, the merchant and his customer, the physician and his patient, the minister and his hearer, — yea, all classes and professions, — have bowed submissively to the iron sceptre of this despotic tyrant.

This evil practice affects us in a thousand ways that cannot here be named, — mentally, morally, physically, and financially.

And as it is an evil that thus affects us all, all are called upon to unite in efforts for its complete extinction.

And it would seem, to the mind of the philanthropist, that, however widely religionists may differ in their faith and practice, in religious matters, here is a cause in which all can unite in the most perfect harmony, and labor together with untiring patience and perseverance. But, alas! this is not universally the case; for even clergymen have scornfully refused to labor in this good cause with others of a more liberal faith.

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But it *is not* my object, in this work, to detail

the moral delinquencies of preachers of other denominations. And besides, I remember that our own clergy are not as free from transgression as they should be. I think, however, that a majority of the clergy of all sects are, in the common acceptation of the phrase, good men. I have found worthy ones among all with whom I have associated. But that some are a disgrace to themselves, to their profession, and to the world, cannot be denied. And, as a body, I think them far behind what they should be in purity and holiness of heart and life, — too cold and sluggish, and time-serving in regard to the important moral subjects that agitate the present age, and call for their exertions and assistance, as Freedom, Temperance, Peace, &c.

I have no doubt that the Universalist clergy do more, according to their numbers, for the success of these objects, than the clergy of any other sect; but, compared with the respective doctrines, our practice is very far behind that of our theological opposers. For our doctrine requires everything of us in these matters, and theirs of them nothing.

I think the man who believes God will enslave countless millions to all eternity, with "heavy chains, tormenting racks, and fiery coals," and that there will exist an eternal warfare between him, the Creator, and them, the created, violates, destroys, makes shipwreck of his creed, the moment he denounces slavery and war, and pleads for universal liberty and peace. He tramples ruthlessly upon the example of the God whom he professes *to* worship and to follow, and resolves and dares

in New Bedford, Rochester and vicinity. One evening I had an appointment in a school-house in North Fairhaven, where Universalism had seldom been preached. Learning that Elder Wood preached in the same school-house a part of the time, and that his dwelling-house was near, I sent to inform him that I should be happy to see him at meeting. I could not call on him, conveniently, as I had to preach a funeral sermon in Taunton in the course of the day, and did not arrive at my appointment till night.

Arriving there alone, I found the house occupied, in a noisy manner, by nearly twenty young persons of both sexes. Most of them were very well dressed, and, I was told, belonged to some of the most respectable families in the neighborhood. Notwithstanding my presence, and their being spoken to by two or three individuals, they continued to act in a most perfectly unbecoming manner. They were all upon one side of the room, and as the congregation gathered together, the tumult increased, for no one who possessed the authority had the disposition to prevent it. A deacon was present, (I think he belonged to Elder Wood's church,) but I believe he came on purpose to see the row, as he made no effort to allay it. The *females* were quite as forward, brazen-faced, and disturbative as the males.

Finding it impracticable to conduct religious exercises under such circumstances, I stood out upon the floor, and gave notice to that effect. "But," continued I, turning to the disturbers, "there are some young people here, who, among other *things, have* repeatedly inquired, 'What is

to be your text?' For their especial gratification, and I hope benefit, I will name it thus: 'There were certain *lewd fellows* of the *baser* sort,'—*of both sexes!*" I proceeded briefly to point out to them the impropriety of their conduct, the disgrace they were bringing upon themselves, their friends and their neighborhood, and the probable unhappy results that would accrue from such a course; and concluded by giving them the best advice in my power. During the address the noise measurably subsided, and the countenance of one after another of the females fell and blushed, and its owner sneaked away from her guilty companions, until but three or four remained with the rest of the "lewd fellows."

When I had ceased, one of them said, in a bite-me-nose-offish sort of way, "Well, we have had a sarmon; we ought to give thanks!" Another voice exclaimed, in the same dragon-snappish tone, "We thank you for your sarmon!" I replied, mildly, as though I took it all in earnest, "I am glad, my young friends, that, vicious as you appear, you have yet grace enough to be thankful for anything; but, especially, for good advice, which we all see you need more than anything else—*except the practice of it.*"

As I was about retiring from the house, a man, who stood near the door, expressed regret that the meeting was prevented, and observed, "Sir, those young people are church-members; they were all converted and baptized, last winter, by Elder Wood." "I have no doubt of it," said I. He seemed astonished at my credulity, and I explained by saying: "In the first place, I have no doubt of

their conversion, for by nature people are not made so bad; and, in the second place, I have no doubt they were converted by Elder Wood, for, had the Lord converted them, they would have been made better, and not worse."

I understood that Elder Wood was about home, and I am suspicious that the disturbance was the result of the deliberations and advice of older heads and worse hearts than those directly engaged in it. I suppose the agents and the actors all thought they were doing the Lord service, to keep the dreadful doctrine out of their neighborhood, by any means in their power. As I departed, "thinks I to myself," "Well, if these are the fruits of Elder Wood's doctrine, we can well dispense with it on Cape Cod. To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is manlike; to render evil for good is devil-like." Elder Wood may make the application.

But I must not stop, at present, to particularize more cases of opposition upon the Cape.

I have before stated that the society in Brewster was small, but united and zealous. They had passed through many trials and difficulties, and had been peculiarly unfortunate in the loss of valuable members, by death and removal. While I was with them this fatality continued. During my stay it lost more by deaths and removals than were at church when I preached my introductory sermon; so that, although we had occasional additions, our numbers, on the whole, were not greatly increased. Nevertheless, we enjoyed much spiritual happiness and consolation, in the observance

of the ordinances of the gospel, and the means of grace.

We had an organized church, Sabbath school, and ladies' sewing circle. And then we had very many precious conference meetings, which warmed and encouraged our hearts, and were the means of bringing numbers to rejoice in the truth.

In these meetings we were seldom troubled for want of speakers. Both male and female spoke. At first I had doubts as to the propriety of females speaking in meeting. I called a council of the preachers of our faith in all that region, and some other persons, to consider the subject, and it was decided, unanimously, that females should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to speak in social conferences. Bro. Cleverly, of Chatham, observed that he should be very glad to have females speak in his meetings, but the trouble with him was to persuade even the men to do so. The fact with me is different. I have never lived with a society where we have not had excellent conference meetings, or where there has been any particular difficulty for want of speakers. Some of the women on the Cape are the best instructed in the word of God, the "most mighty in the scriptures," of any that I ever saw. In our conferences I have seen the spirit of devotional enthusiasm rise as high as seemed in any wise proper. I have no doubt that I could have raised a *very great excitement*, even without the doctrine of endless misery, had I been disposed to put forth such exertions, and employ such means, as were put forth and employed while I was with the Orthodox. But I was

to be a good man in spite of his theology. On the other hand, a believer in universal and eternal liberty and peace is recreant to his faith, false to his profession, if he does not exert himself to bring "peace on earth, good will to men," "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prisons to them that are bound." But while some possess a Universalist creed and partialist hearts, others possess a partialist creed and Universalist hearts. The former are bad, and the latter good, in spite of their doctrines. One creed is better than the heart that owns it, the other worse. God grant us all good creeds and corresponding hearts!

At length the time came for me to depart from this "end of the earth" to another field of labor. Reasons that appeared to me sufficient induced me to disregard the most earnest solicitations to remain, seconded by a promised increase of yearly income. I accordingly took leave of the societies in Brewster and Yarmouth-port, with which I was then connected, in July, 1837, having resided in Brewster four years and three months — a longer period than any other preacher of our order ever lived there before or since. When I went to the Cape, I found there three Universalist meeting-houses, and one preacher, Brother John M. Spear, who lived in Hyannis, fifteen miles from Brewster. I left six meeting-houses, and six preachers, — when the vacancy occasioned by my removal was filled. Thus the Lord owned and blessed the means, and prospered the cause.

I do love old Cape Cod, the place where the pilgrim fathers first set foot upon the sands of America. *I do love* the good old Cape, where,

for years, I strove to upbuild a cause that I once labored to destroy, and went forth zealously, bearing precious seed. I cannot think upon this part of my pilgrimage without exciting in my bosom fond and pleasant recollections. Sweet and thrilling memories come, almost unbidden, gushing up from the deep well-springs of my heart, and placing before me countenances of dearly loved, though absent friends.

Yes, I do love old Cape Cod, with its good, social, open-hearted benevolent inhabitants, — its bold, enterprising men, and its neat, industrious women. I left many precious and excellent friends when I left the Cape, and they have repeatedly invited me to return and dwell again upon its sandy but hospitable shores. As yet, however, divine Providence directs my footsteps in other paths, and I can only pray with fervency for the choicest blessings of benignant heaven to rest upon the inhabitants of old Cape Cod!

CHAPTER VIII.

Removes to Marblehead — Installation — Successful efforts — Sabbath school, Conferences, &c. — Support of clergymen — Duties of ministers and people — Dissatisfaction — Dismission — Reflections — Bitter opposition — Scene in a Baptist vestry — Visit to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard — Extracts from journal — Ichabod Norton, Esq. — Preaches to Gay Head Indians — Taunton, Mass.

My affairs were soon settled, my debts all paid, and on the 17th July, 1837, I left Brewster, in the packet schooner Patriot, Captain Barna Paine, (a good friend of mine,) and on the 19th landed in Marblehead, Mass., having previously received a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist society in that town.

I was welcomed by many warm-hearted friends, who were waiting to receive me, and was installed over the society, October 18th. Sermon by Brother Benjamin Whittemore, — prayer by Brother Thomas F. King.

The society and meeting-house were both new. I commenced *work* (for there is always enough to be done in a new society) immediately on my arrival. But I cannot stop to note the particulars of my pilgrimage in this town. A leaf or two from my journal, of Oct. 1, 1839, will tell the substance of the story, in short metre; and so here it comes. "Since my arrival here from Brewster, *I have had the pastoral* care of the 'First Univer-

salist Society,' which never before enjoyed the labors of a settled preacher.

"Their meeting-house was dedicated in March last; but much of the expense remaining unpaid, and a great dearth arising in the money market, we have had considerable trouble from that quarter, as the house has been more than once advertised for sale. However, divine Providence has succeeded and blessed our efforts, so that the society — or, rather, perhaps I should say, the *congregation* — has increased from 75 to 225 male members, and females in proportion. (I have a statement of this fact from the treasurer of the society.) A prosperous Sabbath school is established, unto which are attached nearly 150 children and 30 teachers. The library contains 292 volumes, besides a good supply of lesson books. The average attendance of scholars, thus far, this season, is 98. It was thought, by friends, when I commenced the school, that there might be 50 or 60 scholars induced to attend. An interesting and profitable prayer or conference meeting has been held weekly for about nine months, in private houses, as we had no vestry. As many as 23 of the brethren have spoken in this meeting, and some of them have prayed. The meetings are holden, whether I am present or not. They speak and pray remarkably well. Some have been truly converted, and some even of our opposers confess that our society has done much good in town. Many infidel papers were taken when I came, but, with two or three exceptions, they are all stopped, and gospel papers come in their stead. Numbers have abandoned their infidelity, and professed re-

ligion before the world. One of this number has commenced preaching the Gospel. A church has been organized; Sabbath school teachers' meetings have been held; a Bible class, also, is established, which embraces many of the teachers, and meets weekly when the evenings are sufficiently long. I have always attended its meetings, when not particularly prevented. I have, I believe, failed but twice of being in the Sabbath school, *from beginning to close*, since its organization, unless out of town. This was necessary, as the teachers were all inexperienced in the work. I have had lectures on Sabbath evenings, almost without exception, for five months in a year. I have done this so that when the seamen were at home they might have as many privileges as possible, and because a peculiar disposition exists among this people to attend evening meetings, and some would hear on such occasions that would not on any other.

"I have, time and again, commenced my evening discourse at precisely 7 o'clock and spoken till past 9 to a crowded and perfectly attentive audience. These discourses were given on exciting occasions, either when some subject was handed me for discussion, or when replying to some public attack. However, I am always sure to stop before I tell an audience I think they are weary, or beg them to have patience and hear me a little longer. It is uninteresting, if not useless, to talk to people when it requires *patience* on their part to listen. I think evening lectures in this new society have done much good, — although in an *old* and well established society it might not be necessary to *give so many*. As another means of doing good,

I have circulated religious tracts, pamphlets and papers, and sent out many on board the fishing vessels. I have visited the people at their homes, in trouble and in joy, as much as I could consistently with my other engagements, and more than preachers generally visit. I have always been received with a cordial welcome.

"I regard parochial visits, *when properly conducted*, as the best means of inducing people to attend meeting; for, if the minister visits them, they will be likely to visit him, and so vice versa; — this is 'human nature.' I am satisfied that a good, faithful, social, instructive minister, even if he is a *good* public speaker, can do more towards building up a society in the week than on the Sabbath; and that, therefore, a settled clergyman who devotes much of his time to writing books, or editing periodicals, however abundantly he may extend his influence and usefulness *abroad*, is not so *directly* useful to the society over which he is placed as if his time was occupied differently. However, when a clergyman is poorly supported by a society with which he labors, it is doubtless his duty to seek some other resources. And I would prefer having him perform any honest labor — teach school, hoe corn, make shoes, dig small potatoes, *anything* — rather than to be constantly in debt, and finally deceive those who trust him. If there is any one sin this side a state-prison offence, that can disgrace and injure a minister and his society more that another, I think it consists in his becoming indebted to individuals, repeatedly promising to pay, yet making no especial effort to do so, and finally removing from the place, and

defrauding his creditors. This is a certain method of entailing a curse upon a society, especially a new one, surrounded by opposition; and if such careless minister is not avoided by other societies, it is because they do not understand what belongs to their peace and prosperity. Societies, therefore, if they wish to prosper, should make every suitable exertion to support their ministers, without obliging them to get in debt without the means to pay. If a society is poor, and its minister prodigal and unable to practise economy, they had better at once consent to a separation, and allow him to go where the people can afford to support him, and are willing to square up his accounts for him at least once a year.

"When I lived in Brewster, the treasury was sometimes entirely empty, and I had either to become indebted or be perfectly destitute of the necessaries of life. Once, while in this condition, the treasurer came to make an annual settlement. I had looked forward with hope, for many weeks, to this time. The accounts were nicely adjusted, and the amount due became fully known, when I received a *society note for a half year's salary!* On another occasion, under similar circumstances, my dread of becoming more deeply involved in debt made me go, literally, without a particle of bread for many days — we fed on milk and potatoes. I did not feel courage to visit any of the society for two weeks. Our condition becoming accidentally known to a member of the society, they instantly and abundantly supplied our wants. They were kind-hearted people as ever lived, but they did *not always* think how much a tribe from

each would be to their minister, and therefore some of them would delay, time and again, paying their subscription. Besides, the society was poor in the things of the world, though rich in faith.

"This Marblehead society, and kind friends connected with it, have ministered freely and promptly to my wants, and treated me with much kindness and benevolence since I came to abide among them. Peace, harmony, and prosperity have prevailed, until within a few weeks, when I unfortunately and unthinkingly gave offence to a few individuals, by an exchange of pulpit services. They were expecting to hear a *great* man, when one whom they considered a *small* one preached. They were disappointed, and talked themselves into a vexatious frame of mind. They thought that, as I preached in Boston on that day, a Boston minister should preach for them. My motives and conduct were misapprehended and misunderstood. They, also, I have reason to believe, were misrepresented to me, as well as I to them, by a third officious individual. But, to make short of a long story, which I have recorded at length, under the proper dates, in this journal, so great a matter was kindled by so small a fire, that I thought best to ask a dissolution of the connection between myself and the society. This I did, at a regular meeting of the society, on the 24th ult., requesting that my services for them might end with the month. After much talk, and some hesitation, my request was granted. This proceeding caused much commotion and dissatisfaction in the society; and it was probably a hasty movement, as it took place when very many of

the men were at sea. It is surprising to me how so small an offence could lead to so important results. I know, however, that both myself and the disaffected ones have been mutually deceived, else what has taken place would not have happened. But I regard the whole affair as a slight turn (if Providence can turn) in the ways of Providence, to remove me to another part of the common heritage, where perhaps I shall be more usefully and pleasantly situated. This society will probably never obtain the services of one who will better understand the ways and manners of this peculiar people than I do, for most of them are fishermen, and I myself spent many years in that occupation. I can, therefore, converse with them freely and *understandingly* about their employment in all its minutiæ, sympathize in their misfortunes, and rejoice in their prosperity. And if a minister takes no interest in the *temporal* affairs of his people, they will prize very lightly his professed interest in their *spiritual* concerns.

"But now that my pastoral connection with them is ended, may the Great Head of the church send them a faithful pastor, who shall care for the flock, and feed them with knowledge and understanding. They may, and probably will, obtain the labors of a *greater* man, but never one who will care more for their good than he who so unexpectedly and suddenly leaves them. But, if they expect to find a man without fault or blemish, and one who will always square his conduct by their rule — moor his ship by their anchor — heave a-head by their windlass, and at their 'Yo, heave, O!' — trim his sails by their breeze — steer his course by their

compass — guide his bark by their chart, and yield his own judgment into their keeping — they will find, by experience, that they 'reckoned without their host,' misapprehended human nature, and thereby subjected themselves to disappointment.

"I have been accused of possessing firmness amounting almost to obstinacy. Well, be it so. This *obstinacy*, so far as my efforts have been concerned, has been the salvation of the society, when she has rocked amid the waves of difficulty, and been surrounded and threatened and beaten upon by the angry, howling tempests of opposition and persecution. A leaden razor for the beard, or a temperless axe for wood, would be as appropriate as a minister without firmness in the midst of opposition.

"My endeavor, since I came here, has been to do the best in my power. That I have sometimes erred, is more than probable; but it has been of the head, not of the heart. I am this day free from any particular care of any religious society; and having no particular place in view, shall go forth, like Abraham of old, not knowing whither I go. I do not think the Lord ever intended me as an idler in his vineyard, and if facts in future prove that in this respect 'my thoughts are not his thoughts,' I will endeavor to govern myself accordingly."

Thus endeth this long extract.

I was succeeded, at Marblehead, by Rev. Henry Bacon, who had been for years, and now is, the popular editor of the "Ladies' Repository." He remained with them nearly two years, since when they have employed Revs. Joseph P. Atkinson, A. Peck, and R. Breare. The society is now in a rather low and disunited condition. It has been

unate in the loss of valuable members at sea. ct, by such disasters, the whole town has been d down in mourning, and every heart made and every face gloomy.

ave visited them several times since my re- l, and we have wept and rejoiced together. , they are a zealous, affectionate people, and oyed very much while with them; — we had r precious and interesting meetings. But days and seasons have departed, never to n. If any improper feeling was indulged by who desired my departure, it long since gave to a kindlier impulse.

xperienced, while there, many manifestations ndness and Christian courtesy from individu- other denominations, and also much opposi- to my religious views, both of a public and te character.

is, however, always more agreeable, and fre- ly more profitable, to recount and reflect upon ood rather than the evil deeds of the world id us.

id it would doubtless be an improvement, d we habituate ourselves to note more of the s and fewer of the vices of our fellow-crea- , and to always possess that charity which ereth long and is kind," and prompts its pos- r to put the best construction upon their hts and actions, and to err, if at all, upon the f meek-eyed mercy.

t, in any wise, that the sins and evils and s of the world should be indiscriminately ed from observation, and never receive an

exposure and rebuke; for the Divine Master sometimes rebuked transgressors in the severest terms.

But when we attempt to imitate him in this respect, we should have in view the reformation of the erring, and the good of others.

I have said that in Marblehead I met with much opposition, and it may not be inconsistent with the foregoing remarks to give the following instance.

The account is taken from the "Trumpet and Universalist Magazine." It was written immediately after the facts occurred, and while they were perfectly fresh in the remembrance of the writer.

The editor introduces it as follows:—

* * * * *

"MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

"Where is there a Christian whose heart will not bleed to behold the scene described by our correspondent, in the following communication? Is it possible that the spirit of Christ can be supposed to rest in such an assembly? Did love reign there? Was the spirit of charity there? Let the reader peruse the subjoined epistle, and then decide.

"'*Scene in a Baptist Vestry.*

"'BROTHER WHITTEMORE — *Dear Sir:* It is seldom that I trouble you with a communication, knowing that you have constantly things of importance to attend to. But, presuming an incident that occurred here on Saturday evening last may not be entirely devoid of interest, I take the liberty to relate it.

"Learning that Rev. G. Dean, of Lynn, had been sent for, and would relate the exercises of his mind during his three conversions, I attended at the Baptist vestry. After the Baptist minister (Rev. Mr. Carlton) had opened the meeting by reading and speaking, and prayers and exhortations had been offered by several of the brethren, Brother Dean arose and related the exercises of his mind. It is unnecessary to give you a sketch of his speech, though I have it in my possession. Suffice it to say, it was just what you might expect from a man who would be converted twice in as many months. After Mr. D. had concluded, Mr. C. arose, and abused Universalists and Universalism by gross misrepresentation. It was of the common kind, and therefore need not be repeated. He called repeatedly on professed Universalists, if there were any present, or any leaning towards that doctrine, to weigh well the subject, to take the remarks home to themselves, &c. &c.

"'When he had finished, I arose and said: "It is entirely against my principle to interrupt or intrude upon any religious meeting; but, as much has been said here this evening about and against Universalism and Universalists, and as we have been called on to examine the subject, I inquire of the conductor of this meeting if it will be intruding for a '*professed Universalist*' to speak a short time."

"'Mr. C. replied, "It will; this meeting is wholly devoted to prayer, and we don't want any controversy." (Here he evidently thought it looked rather cowardly that a whole host should be afraid of one stripling; and, therefore, to shift the responsibility, *he continued*:) "However, I have,

individually, no objection to hearing you, but submit it to the brethren." One of the brethren arose, said it was a prayer-meeting; they did not wish for controversy; I must not speak, &c. &c. &c. Meanwhile, several of the brotherhood were entering their confused protest against my speaking.

"'When he had done, I replied, "Well, brother, as you are unwilling that I should speak, I will intrude no further than merely to say, that it appears singular and astonishing to me that a meeting which the brethren have said is *wholly devoted to prayer* should be so much given to *slander!*" I very quietly resumed my seat, and the expressions, "Impudence, impudence!"—"There 's been no *slander* here to-night!"—"A saucy dog!"—"An impudent puppy!"—"An ignorant *feller!*"—"'T was as well as he *knowed!*"—"Put him out!"—"Kick him out doors!"—"If I had power, *I'd* put him out!"—"If I was near enough, I 'd hit him a *slap across his chops!*" &c. &c., burst around me from the lips of excited individuals.

"'Oh! what a commentary is this upon the practical influence of the doctrines of endless misery and close communion! Had the terrified creatures allowed me to speak, no one would have been injured, and perhaps not displeased. I should not have said a word in debate, but designed simply to relate, in the mildest manner, my conversion from partialism to Universalism, and leave it in the minds of the people, in company with Brother Dean's conversion from Universalism to partialism. But it could not be. They were more frightened than injured. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

"'While this was going on, I arose and said, that as the word "*slander*" seemed to cause so much commotion, I would withdraw it, and substitute the word *misrepresentation*.

"'Rev. Mr. C. said, he was not aware that there had been any misrepresentation. One of the brethren exclaimed, "Brother Carlton, you had better close the meeting!" "I was just thinking of it, and just a going to," said Mr. Carlton, in an agitated manner. After notice of an inquiry-meeting was given, one of them prayed, a doxology was sung, and the people were told that the meeting was closed. But, as the benediction was not pronounced, many of them tarried a moment or two, when the Universalists were ordered out of the house, in a most peremptory manner.

"'One of the Baptists, with as much malice and wrath in his voice and countenance as you can easily imagine, repeatedly exclaimed to me, shaking his clenched fist, "You have no business here! you have no business here!!" "But," said I, "is not this a public meeting, which any have a right to attend?" He replied, "You have no business here, to disturb our meeting! We don't want the Universalists here!" (Some of us were there by express invitation of the Baptists, to hear Brother Dean's recantation.) "You come here on purpose for controversy!" "There has been no religious controversy here to-night," I observed. "Yes, but there would have been," said he, "if *you* had had *your* way!" "No doubt of it," was the reply.

"'A threat was made to put out the lights, if we did not retire, and one of them was extinguished. A man now mounted one of the highest

seats, and, calling upon me by name, ordered me, in a very bad spirit, to go out doors. I looked up into his face, and said, "Sir, do you really mean *me* in particular?" "Yes, I do," said he; so you go out, and then all your clan will follow you!" I replied, "You seem to give me a full share of notice to-night."

"'Being, as ever, inclined to peace and quietness, and thinking I should find more at home than in a Baptist prayer-meeting, I moved gently and comfortably out of this modern fiery furnace, unscathed and unhurt. Whether I should have succeeded in thus making good my retreat, had there not been many of the Universalist *brethren* present, is left wholly to conjecture. As it was, I was almost borne along and carried out by the crowd. When outside the door, it was proposed to give three cheers; but I requested them to make no noise on my account, as quite enough was made by those inside. Had I been in a habit of disturbing meetings, I should not so much have wondered at their proceedings; but this is, I believe, the first time that I have attempted to speak in any meeting but our own, since I came to this town.

"'This outrageous conduct reminded me forcibly of a part of Brother Dean's "experience." He said, referring to his having professed Universalism for two months, that he was deluded and fell — that he forsook his first love and his God, and that for two months he had been strengthening the hands of the wicked. But now he had returned — he felt as if he had got home — he rejoiced to meet the children of God — he felt that

a good spirit was present — it looked *just like his father's house and family*, &c. &c.

"'Oh, thought I, poor Brother Dean, if this is such a "*home*" and "*father's family*" as you have returned to in order to avoid fellowship with the wicked Universalists, and if your spirit commingles with the spirit manifested here, from my soul I pity you.

"'Is it possible, Brother Whittemore, that such people have the spirit of the meek and lowly Saviour, and are born of God, and dwell in love, and love in them? It cannot be. They are in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. Verily, the church has disgraced the world. The Lord have mercy upon and forgive them!

"'Thine, in the bonds of brotherhood,

"'A. NORWOOD.

"'*Marblehead, March* 12, 1839.'"

Sometimes, several of the "*evangelical*" (as they style themselves) societies, which before were at enmity, united into a public and protracted crusade against us and our doctrine, and men were obtained from abroad to assist in the work. On these occasions, we were called almost everything bad and improper. We were represented as having three principal ways of getting to heaven, viz: *a razor, a bottle of rum, and a halter*. However, I had been well trained in this "revival" method of sectarian warfare, and their trinity of exertion was overruled for our increase and advancement. In fact, the current set so strongly towards our meeting that, on one occasion, when a protracted meeting was held in the Methodist church, they

found it necessary to close their doors, *and fasten them*, at their evening meetings, to prevent the congregation from leaving in the midst of the services! This practice was continued until one evening some young ladies attempted to retire, and were prevented by force. This instantly raised an opposition of such a character that the doors were thrown open, and the practice discontinued. At the same time, our church, which stood but a few rods from theirs, was completely filled. But, notwithstanding the opposition, I had some excellent friends among the other denominations, whose memories I love to cherish.

In one instance, while here, I gave offence to an individual by the publication of a temperance article. He thought it fitted his own case so exactly that I must have designed it personally for him; which was not the fact, as there were many others who might have come in for a generous share. He took it in high dudgeon, and came to me in a great rage, while at work in my garden, with the avowed intention of inflicting personal violence, unless I made certain concessions. However, neither of us did according to his anticipation, and he went away quietly, without accomplishing any harm. I had not, towards him, when I wrote the article, nor have I now, one particle of unkind feeling; and it was the entire fault of the printer, that my signature was attached to it. He is now, I believe, a good, firm, temperance man; and would thank, instead of attempting to injure, one who would write in favor of the cause. The Lord prosper him abundantly!

Leaving Marblehead, I was moved upon to

visit some of the "isles of the sea." Accordingly, I took a trip to Nantucket, an island fifty-five miles from New Bedford, containing ten thousand inhabitants. I found but few who took any interest in religious matters. After considerable difficulty, and waiting several days, I succeeded in obtaining the use of the town hall, and holding several meetings. Some interest was excited, and I was urged to remain longer, but I declined. There was once a Restorationist society here, who owned a good church, but one day, whilst their minister, Rev. George Bradburn, was absent on a visit, they sold their house, and it was devoted to other purposes. He has become a politician, and probably cares as little about theology as his former hearers.

I find the minutes of my visit to this island, on my journal, quite full, and particular, but I must not indulge in quoting them. I had an interesting interview with the Hon. Walter Folger, a famous mathematician, philosopher, astronomer, and mechanic. He entertained me highly by his conversation, extracts from his journal, a peep through a large and powerful telescope, an examination of his wonderful clock, (both of his own construction,) and an exposition of his "New views of Natural Philosophy," as he called them. In regard to his clock, I think he told me, that many visit him on purpose to see it. One day, two or three ingenious mechanical gentlemen called to examine it, with a view to imitation. They scrutinized it so closely that the old gentleman (he is — was then — 74) mistrusted their object, and instantly took it entirely in *pieces*, spread it out on a large table

before them, and said, "Gentlemen, there is the clock; put it together, and it is yours." They could not comply with the terms.

I will give one brief extract, containing one of his "new views in philosophy." "He says, that the light occasioned by snow (in the night-time, of course) immediately after its fall, when the night becomes clear and cold, is owing to the fact that the air is colder than the snow, and hence particles of light and heat continue to escape from the snow, until it becomes of an equal temperature with the air, either by its own increasing coldness or a change of the atmosphere, when its power to impart light ceases. Hence is the fact, that when a mild south wind takes the place of a cold north one, and the snow begins to dissolve, it ceases to impart light; for the particles of light and warmth, instead of ascending from the snow to the air, descend from the air to the snow — the snow being coldest. And when the snow becomes sufficiently charged with heat from the air, it begins to dissolve."

"His view of the Aurora Borealis is, that it is condensed vapor."

From Nantucket I sailed twenty-seven miles to Martha's Vineyard, an island containing three towns, and three thousand inhabitants. Here I was warmly received. I remained a week, and preached the word in various parts of the island. I am not certain as I can do better than to make a draught or two from my journal, written at the time:

"EDGARTOWN, Oct. 24, 1839. — After tea, went with Capt. Henry Pease, (late convert from the

Methodists) to fulfil an appointment to preach at the dwelling-house of Ichabod Norton, Esq. He is a bachelor, aged 78, and a Universalist by nature — i. e., he never believed any other doctrine. He is very wealthy, and, in some respects, very parsimonious; but kind and benevolent to all, especially the unfortunate. It was four and a half miles to his dwelling, and the road being sandy, as is usual on those islands, we did not arrive till dark. Mr. Norton had assembled all his neighbors, about twenty-five in number, and they were waiting patiently for my appearance. Some were seated in chairs, others on a bed in the same room, others on a chest, (in which he kept his money, and which was afterwards robbed,) and the remainder on a board, the ends of which were supported by two flour-tubs. This small audience were of various religious opinions, and had come together, from various motives, to listen to what might be said by the stranger.

"After having warmed myself by a cheerful fire, I looked around for a Bible, to commence the services, but could discover nothing in the shape of a book. I stated my wants to an old lady, niece and housekeeper to Mr. N., and his only companion; and she, taking one of the three dim lights, retired. In a few moments she returned, and gave me what I have no doubt was the remains of what was once a whole copy of the Bible. It was originally a small-sized copy of such Bibles as have been printed to dispose of to the poor, by the 'American Bible Society.' But it appeared to be 'well stricken in years,' and had seen its best, and I hope its worst days. It had doubtless

been read and studied with profit and care, until its contents were familiar to its aged owner.

"But what could *I* do? I wished to read a certain chapter; the print was very fine, the lights poor, and my sight worse. (By an attack of the canker-rash, seven years since, my eyes were injured; and my sight has been gradually failing ever since, so that now I cannot see afar off without glasses.) And what was rather worse than all, the inside of the book had become detached from its covering, except at one edge, and this had given the prophets and apostles and evangelists an opportunity to be neighborly, which they had pretty generally improved. Isaiah had made a friendly call upon the beloved disciple; the sweet singer of Israel was tuning his harp, at least *some* of its strings, upon the premises of Matthew, the publican; John, the revelator, had stepped back to consult with a somewhat similar character, called Ezekiel; Luke, the physician, had made a call (professional, perhaps) upon the aged Samuel, who, through a series of accidents, had become somewhat mutilated and diseased; Saul, of Tarsus, alias, Paul, the apostle, was actually holding a scientific confab with the learned Egyptian Jew, the famous leader and lawgiver of the children of Israel; while his first epistle to Timothy, though properly directed, was entirely miscarried, and left, with the Songs of Solomon, at the door of the weeping Jeremiah, just as he was commencing to repeat his lamentations; and the aquatic Jonah had paddled his canoe down to the fishing-grounds of Peter, James and John, and appeared just as *though* he had 'toiled all night and taken nothing.'

Now, the consequence of all this sociability was, that few whom I wished to consult, whether prophphet or apostle, could be found at home; and I was therefore obliged—after taking all the lights in the room, save one, to my own private use, and sitting down at a table which, having scarcely legs enough to stand upon, I generously supplied with one of my own—to read a chapter just where I could find it. The plain English of the case is, the book was very old, very fine print, considerably worn and shattered, and some of its leaves altogether misplaced.

"It so happened that I had concluded to preach from a text that would require me to turn to many passages in both the Old Testament and the New. But, with the difficulty just described, this could not be done. I could not, therefore, take the subject I had anticipated, and what should I do? It was time the services should commence, and the people were waiting for me to begin. There were no hymn-books, and nobody to sing in them, so that I had no time to collect my scattered ideas during that part of the service. I, however, read a chapter, offered prayer, sat down, and almost involuntarily took said book in my hand. Just at this moment the full moon was rising, and looking directly in upon us through the window, in all her silvery beauty. This circumstance determined me on speaking from Hosea vi. 3, as the rising moon is by no means a faint emblem of the morning and the rising sun. I did not attempt to find the passage, but repeated the words and mentioned its location.

"I *spoke, in the* first place, of the necessity of

'following on'—that we are not to be inactive, but are to press forward, &c. &c., if we would obtain a knowledge of the Lord. In the second place, that there are *two* principal ways by which we may obtain this knowledge: 1st, The *volume of nature* and, 2d, The *volume of Revelation.* Upon examination, both volumes were found perfectly to harmonize in teaching the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of Jehovah. And no one, whether Universalist or partialist, could wish for a better doctrine to believe, or a better subject to speak upon. In the third place, I spoke of the *advantages* of possessing this knowledge, and found them to be so many and so great, that we should all be amply compensated by diligently 'following on to know the Lord.'

"In the course of my observations, I showed how, in years past, I was enabled to 'follow on' from partialism to Universalism, from darkness to light. I spoke about two hours, and was listened to with perfect attention, which, to say the least, evinced the good manners of the people. I think, however, they felt interested in the subject. I am sure that I did. At the conclusion of the discourse, I gave liberty, and Capt. Pease made an interesting speech, in which he told us of his recent conversion and renunciation. After the services were concluded, some of the brethren stopped for religious conversation, and expressed much joy to see once more among them a believer and proclaimer of the great salvation.

"The old gentleman, who, when I first arrived, seemed so feeble and ill as to be scarcely able to arise to receive me, now found it quite as difficult

to retain his seat. He *clasped me in his arms*, and welcomed me with great ardor and affection. He said I had, in my discourse, exactly met his views, and described the very way in which the Lord had heretofore been pleased to lead his mind; which was 'through nature up to nature's God,' and hence to the sure word of prophecy. He spoke, with much native force and eloquence, of the joys afforded him by his faith in the glorious gospel of the blessed God. While speaking, he would arise, involuntarily, from his chair, and stand erect — (he is a noble specimen of manhood,) — his voice would become strong — his eyes would enkindle with the fire of youth, and he would pour forth from his full, warm heart, the pure feelings of an aged Christian, who felt that his earthly pilgrimage was nearly closed, and that in a future state of purity and blessedness he would meet with a rejoicing and ransomed world.

"He declared that we must remain with him all night, but this we did not feel at liberty to do; and, as we were about to depart, he said he was glad we could not, as it would be bad for us both, for he should certainly *keep me up all night*, to converse about the things of the kingdom. He gave me some money to defray my expenses. I received it freely, as he is rich and I am poor; and, moreover, there is at this time a great dearth in the money market. He urged me to remain upon the island as long as possible, and then to come again." [With both requests I complied.]

"He lives and sleeps in the room in which he was born, and in which he expects and hopes to die. His house is a low, old one, and bears evi-

dent marks of poverty, notwithstanding the wealth of its owner. His house keeper was lately desirous to have the floor of his parlor, otherwise sleeping-room, painted; and, after much hesitation, he consented to pay for the paint, *if she would put it on.* She did so, and the floor now rejoices in a rough coat of yellow paint. He has been quite a shepherd in his day, and now owns eight hundred sheep. He possesses good, sound common sense, and a large share of native shrewdness. He has made every preparation for his departure, and even for the interment of his mortal remains, that his heirs may have as little trouble as possible. His coffin is made, and a monument erected over the spot where he designs to be buried." [I visited him several times afterwards, and conversed much on religious subjects. He died about a year since.]

"EDGARTOWN, Oct. 26, 1839. — Chappequiddick is the name of the island that forms the east side of this harbor. A meeting-house has been erected on it by the subscriptions of individuals of various places and denominations, for the use and improvement of the people here, and of seamen visiting the harbor. When funds were solicited, people were told that it was to be a Seamen's Bethel, and free for preachers of all denominations to speak in. When *Universalists* were applied to, (I *know* it was so in some cases,) their denomination, in particular, was named.

But, notwithstanding this liberal arrangement, there was now an opposition to our occupying the house, and the key was for some time withheld from those who wished to obtain it. This was

entirely wrong, for Christian denominations, as well as Christian individuals, should, in all things, conduct in good faith towards each other. However, the opposition was of no avail, for some of the people were determined to have me preach there, as no Universalist had ever preached on the island. The door was opened, the *white flag* raised, and the inhabitants, without much distinction of sect, came together to hear the word. I spoke rapidly, for two hours, as the people were anxious to hear much about the new doctrine. Several aged people expressed their entire approbation of the discourse. One aged lady, in particular, a member of an Orthodox church, seized my hand, and expressed her great joy at what she had heard, believing it to be the truth of heaven. It accorded with her views of the Supreme Being, but she was not before aware that it was what Universalists either believed or preached. This lady is not alone, for there are many in the partialist churches whose views nearly accord with ours, but who still oppose us, never having allowed themselves to hear the things whereof we affirm."

I was earnestly urged, on all hands, to remain on these islands through the winter, but I could not consent to. I will give the reader an illustration, employed by a sensible, well-informed, but humorous individual, to show the necessity of my compliance with their request. I take it from my journal, of Nov. 1. "You recollect," said he to me, "that in the fabled story of Robinson Crusoe, we are told he at one time discovered some stalks of grain springing up about the door of his house. He cultivated them with care, and the

result was, that in a few years the multiplied produce afforded him an abundance of bread. But the question arose, how came the first grains of corn about the door? By taxing his recollection, he remembered of having shaken in that place a bag, which formerly contained his bread brought from the ship. And he had no doubt the bag contained the precious seed, which ever after supplied him with the staff of life.

"Now," continued Mr. H., "if Crusoe had not *shaken that bag*, he would have been destitute of bread. Just so is it with us here upon the island, in a *spiritual* sense. We lack, at least many of us, the bread of eternal life; and such will remain the case so long as our spiritual teachers deal out the poison of eternal death. In order to bring about a different state of things, it is necessary that somebody should *shake the bag* containing the good seed. I think that *you* are the very one to *shake the bag* upon this part of the heritage of the Lord; and I have no doubt that if you should, you would soon witness 'first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear.'"

This was, to be sure, an odd though apt comparison; but it was brought forth in such a peculiar manner as fully to illustrate and enforce his ideas.

The next year I made a longer visit to the island, and preached the gospel to the Indians on Gay Head, twenty miles from Holmes' Hole, most of whom are Baptists. No one of our faith ever preached there before, and I think not since. My text was, "*Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?*" I was listened to with devout attention, and, notwithstanding I preached

the fulness of the blessing, my sentiments were freely responded to, as no one knew my religious *name* till my departure.

At this time, Nov. 1839, the cause in Taunton, Massachusetts, was prostrate — the meeting-house sold, and the society disorganized. Rev. Edwin Thompson, an indefatigable itinerating laborer in the cause of truth, temperance and humanity, had recently been among them, and by his timely and zealous efforts succeeded in arousing to newness of life the latent spirit of truth which for several years had slumbered in the bosoms of its professed friends.

I succeeded him, and preached a few Sabbaths, and thus a movement commenced which resulted in the organization of a new society, the erection of a house of worship, and the present excellent and prosperous state of things. "The people had a mind to work;" and some who had already sacrificed freely in previous efforts, came up nobly and unflinchingly to renew their exertions; and "verily they have their reward."

CHAPTER IX.

Removes to Fall River — "Tip and Ty" excitement — Goes to New London — Singular occurrence, very — Excitement in the city — Method of managing meetings with a Methodist minister — Goes to Rhode Island — Character and opposition of the people — Amusing interview with a black-eyed woman — Sabbath schools — Protracted meetings — Origin of the "Book of Abraham" — Ninety people baptized at once — Gov. Dorr and the Suffrage war — Three soldiers secreted by an elder — The author threatened with arrest — Removes to Canton — To Salisbury — Missionary labors — Missionary letter.

About the middle of December I preached in the thriving village of Fall River, and agreed with the brethren to remain with them a year. We met in a small hall. They had had but little preaching. A society and Sabbath school were soon organized, and conference meetings established. For a while we succeeded, and the congregation increased. The subscription list, which numbered twenty-seven, went up to about seventy.

Here I was thrown from a sleigh, one night, and came near being killed. It was the night on which the steamer Lexington was burned. My scalp was cut open, and I was otherwise injured; but my skull was not broken. There is some advantage in having a thick skull.

In the fall of 1840 was the unparalleled political excitement of "Tip & Ty" — a presidential elec-

tioneering contest. Almost every other subject was swallowed up by politics. The whole public mind was completely absorbed in them. It was politics in-doors and out, in the streets and in the sanctuary. In such a state of things no religious impression could be made upon the people. All religious meetings were thinly attended, and ours among the rest. This was disheartening to those of the little flock unto whom I ministered who still felt zealous in the cause. Several of them supposed that if they could exchange me for a *popular* preacher, the society would soon become large and strong. This they whispered in their own ears. They corresponded with the Rev. William S. Balch, of Providence, R. I., he being, in their view, the most popular man in the denomination, and they were allowed to think that he would live with them if I should depart.

With this impression, they neglected to reëngage me when my year was expired, and sent for Brother B., who, to their surprise, then declined coming. Some were dissatisfied with all this secret management. After this they obtained the services of Rev. John B. Dods.

Thus was I left, in winter, without employment, and destitute of the pecuniary resources that I needed, and thrown once more upon the broad world to indulge the missionary spirit that I always cherished. By what I have said, I would not intimate that any of the brethren were actuated by an unkind spirit. They had labored nobly in the cause, and promptly met every specified obligation under which they were to me; and had they possessed more experience in ecclesiastical

matters, they would, probably, have accomplished their purposes in a more courteous and satisfactory manner. Though they have had preaching most of the time since, yet they have not been very successful and prosperous.

As soon as it was published that I was to leave Fall River, I received a line from Rev. J. V. Wilson, Norwich, Conn., stating that our cause was dead in the city of New London, its friends asleep, &c., &c.; but he thought "if they had among them some of Brother Norwood's ready zeal, they might be awakened from the deep sleep into which they fell at the removal of Brother A. Moore, five or six years since." He concluded by urging me to visit them, and see if the dry bones could live.

I replied that I could not engage to awaken them, but would go and try. Accordingly, I arrived there just at night, Saturday, January 2d, a perfect stranger. There not being any one who desired to take me to his house, an arrangement was made for me to be entertained at a public inn during my stay.

I knew nothing of this, and learning the names of several of my faith, I called at the house of Joseph Skinner, 3d, where I received a most cordial welcome, and ever since I have found an abundance of excellent homes in that city.

In the evening some of the friends called to see me. A message was received from the Rev. S. Hascall, Methodist, presenting his compliments, and inviting me and my friends to meet in his church on the morrow, and let the people listen to us both. We were perfectly surprised at this movement, as Mr. H. was a violent and public

opposer of our doctrine. I returned an answer, thanking him for his kind offer, but declining to accept it, as we *must* meet in the morning in the court-house, according to notice; and for me to sit and listen to him another part of the day would be doing justice neither to myself nor my cause, as I could remain but one Sabbath, and had travelled a long distance to preach there. If his house was open for me to preach in the afternoon and evening, I would thankfully accept it.

The messenger soon returned, saying that Mr. H. saw the reasonableness of my objection, and would willingly accept my proposition, reserving to himself the privilege to speak after me.

On the next morning our meeting was larger than had been anticipated; and, at its close, when I gave notice that we would meet in the Methodist church, the audience were perfectly astonished; and so were, also, the hearers of Mr. H., by a similar announciation. I gave a New Year's sermon, from James iv. 14. Mr. H. arose, gave it his unqualified approbation, and told the people if they would live as well as I had preached, he would insure them heaven.

He had been interrogated, he said, as to why he had invited a Universalist preacher into his pulpit. These were some of his reasons, viz:

1st. He was moved upon by the philanthropy and love which he ever possessed for his fellow-men, and by that spirit of toleration which all professors of Christianity should exercise toward each other.

2d. He had acted, in this instance, in accordance with a rule which he had observed from the com-

mencement of his ministry, (which was many years,) unless prevented by the society with which he labored.

3d. He invited me because he thought it best for preachers of different denominations to hold up their *lights* together before the people, that they might follow the brightest.

4th. He was not afraid that his creed, if *true*, would be destroyed by error; and *were it false* — would it not stand the test of close investigation — he wished it to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

5th. He wished his people to hear *Universalism* from the mouth of one of its advocates, that they might be able to judge of its merits or demerits — its truth or falsehood — and he was not apprehensive that it, untrue though it might be, would defile their sanctuary.

6th. He knew we should be cold and uncomfortable in the court-house, and that his meeting-house was large enough to convene both congregations; one fire would warm us all, one illumination would give light to all, and he hoped that one spirit of love would unite us all.

Under the influence of these, among other considerations, he had freely invited me to speak from his desk, and he now, having heard me, had nothing to say against what I had advanced, but would rather urge it solemnly upon the consideration of the audience.

He invited me to preach in the evening, and notice was given accordingly. The congregation was said to be the largest ever preached to in the *city* by a Universalist. I knew that I had before

me people of various denominations, and conflicting views and emotions, drawn together, many of them, by a temporary excitement. My prayer was to do them good, and I selected a subject by which I fondly hoped to accomplish it, viz: 1 John iv. 11: "*Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought, also, to love one another.*"

Before naming the text I observed, "The discourse this afternoon was an *occasional* one. This evening you may expect a sermon of a different character; one which, perhaps, will conflict, in its theological teachings, with the views of many present. It will be my endeavor to advance nothing but what is true, lovely, desirable, of a good report, and in beautiful accordance with the blessed gospel. But should I, unfortunately, deviate from the pleasing pathway thus prescribed for my own footsteps, and thereby subject you, also, to being misled, I am happy that this good brother who sits so quietly by my side will have freedom to correct my errors, to redress your wrongs, and lead you again through right paths to the green fields of grace, and the bright waters of salvation."

I then came to the text, and labored nearly a half hour on the paternity and love of God, and the fraternity of man; my object being to call up, through the scum of bigotry and prejudice, the pure feelings of fraternal love that God has planted in the deep well-springs of the human heart. I felt, at last, measurably successful, and that the most narrow-contracted mind possessed a devout willingness to be ranked as a brother in the great mass, and to have the whole great brotherhood rejoice in a common salvation.

The attention of the audience was complete, and I proceeded gently, but earnestly, to unfold more and more of the doctrine of God's great love, — of its various manifestations — of its final victory over all hatred — of the certain accomplishment of its grand objects, and of the many high and holy duties that it constantly devolved on us to God and to each other; and, finally, in an hour and a half, the pure, sparkling, refreshing waters of universal love, grace and salvation, were freely poured out, without mixture or measure; and there sat friend Hascall rolling out his broad "*Amen!*"

My introductory remarks evidently prepared him to expect a *controversial* discourse; but he was disappointed, and, as I proceeded, his eye glistened, and he gazed on me with intense earnestness. By and bye an involuntary "*amen*" escaped his lips, and, in due course of time, another, and another, with increased vehemence and enthusiasm, until at last being inadvertently carried along by the current of thought that was rushing upon him, his amen of approbation was heard from amidst the pure, deep waters of universal grace.

When I ceased, he arose and said, "If *this* is Universalism, God grant us more of it! God grant that the fire of this love may spread through the city of New London! Live according to this doctrine, and I'll insure you heaven, whether Universalism is true or false. I have already been called a Universalist for the course I have pursued in this matter, by some of my tight-laced, *bigoted* neighbors of my own faith, who oppose

me at every corner. But I do not wish to live in a half bushel; but to go out under the command of Gen. *Philanthropy*, and gather grapes from every vintage; for 'our field is the world.' If to love all men makes me a Universalist, I *am* one. Others may have thought that I invited this brother into my pulpit for the purpose of *whipping* him." (They had reason to think so, for he had been a bitter opposer, and in the habit of *whipping* when he thought the lash would not recoil unpleasantly upon his own back.) "But," he continued, "such will be disappointed. In the afternoon I did not bring my *whip*, for I knew not as it would be necessary, and, as it proved, I had no occasion for it. And having no use for it in the afternoon, I ventured to leave it at home *this evening*, and behold I have no use for it now. We cannot, certainly, feel disposed to whip a man who comes to us with the doctrine of love, unto which we have just listened.

"I am disposed to agree with others as far as I can, and when we cannot agree, then discuss our differences of opinion in the spirit of the gospel. How far I should disagree with the brother who has addressed us, should he speak upon certain points of doctrine, I am unable to say; but with what he has advanced to-night, I have no fault to find, but should be glad to have him preach for me *constantly*, a part of every Sabbath.

"And I regret that, in my notice of this meeting, I mentioned he was a Universalist, for had you not known this fact, you would have heard with less prejudice; and from what he has said, you would *not* have known him to be of that

denomination, except those of you who had heard and learned the doctrine before. I hope we shall all be profited by the discourse unto which we have listened."

He told me that he had thus far acted on his own responsibility; but, connected as he was with the society, he could not venture to do it longer, though he should like to hear me further. An invitation was then given to all who wished for more such meetings to stop after the benediction. A crowd tarried, and voted, unanimously, for more meetings. The trustees of the church came forward and proffered its use for three months, if the Universalists would engage me to preach alternately with Mr. Hascall, and he and I might arrange the particulars. The offer was accepted, and I was there again in two weeks, and until the last of March we labored, with an occasional exception, side by side in the same pulpit; he preaching his doctrine, and I mine, and the people hearing and judging for themselves.

It was mutually agreed that I should preach morning and evening, and he in the afternoon, with liberty to speak, in all cases, after my sermon, if he pleased; but I should hold my peace after his. He proposed that we should not make a direct attack upon each other's discourses, but that each should strive more to hold up his own doctrine; and we did so. If he felt that in the morning I had shaken the foundation and removed the underpinning of his old-fashioned hell, and unceremoniously prostrated his devil in the dust, in the *afternoon* he would make a strenuous effort to *repair* and prop up his favorite habitation, and to set

his old gentleman upon his legs again. And this would be done without any direct attack upon my discourse.

It was sometimes certainly amusing, if not instructive, to see a theological warfare conducted in this manner. I never shall forget one Sabbath afternoon, when friend Hascall, trembling for the fate of his prison-house of hell, *preached by diagrams!* Yes, he had a large sheet of foolscap covered with drawings, by his own pen, to illustrate the certainty of heaven and hell. Earth was represented by a circle near the bottom and in the centre of the sheet; heaven by a circle on the right, near the top; and hell by a circle on the left, but lower down. Direct lines were drawn from the earth, to represent the various paths of men, from the purest saint, "going straight to heaven," to the vilest sinner, "going straight to hell." There was, also, a sort of accommodation track laid direct from heaven to hell, to accommodate a certain class of moralists, who might, perchance, succeed in approaching the gate of paradise, but not having the right pass-word, would be granted a free passage to their proper destination. This was a novel and ingenious, if not an instructive method of illustration and enforcement.

In a discourse delivered immediately after, I recounted some improvements that had been made in the common theology, and among them named the change of views, in regard to the number finally to be lost, that had occurred in the minds of the Rev. Joel Parker, Dr. L. Beecher, and other eminent men. Then turning to Brother H., I *continued:* "I congratulate my good brother

here, on being found in such respectable company; for I was highly gratified to notice, in his diagramic sermon on this subject, that his earth was much larger than his hell, and his heaven was much larger than them both. Should he continue to progress, as we charitably and ardently hope he may, he will soon appear before us in the fulness of the blessing, and his hell, as a place of *endless* suffering, be banished from the universe of God and humanity!" My venerable colleague shrugged his shoulders, and, with a smile that seemed to say "Look out when my turn comes," let it pass.

He was said to be a quick-tempered and rather irritable man; but we got along together without any trouble, and held a union prayer-meeting weekly, at which there were usually two Universalist speakers to one Methodist. Considerable excitement was produced in the city. I spent the winter very happily, and found many good friends there, who are remembered with deep affection.

When the term of my engagement expired, the friends, owing, in part, to an unfavorable state of financial affairs, were not quite able to erect such a church as they desired, and the Methodists (though some of them said they would hear me if I preached in any part of the city) thought it not for the good of their denomination to repeat their liberal offer.

While here I became acquainted with a brother of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He resided here, and was engaged in school teaching; was a Universalist, and partook of some of the eccentricities of Lorenzo. I saw a man here, also, who stoned

the Rev. John Murray, and an old lady who followed him from city to city to hear him preach. She attended my meeting constantly.

Before leaving New London I felt it duty to give a temperance address, and sent notices to be read in the other churches. Some read it. The Methodist (of the 2d society) and the Episcopal clergymen refused to read it. The Baptist minister observed that he "was sorry one of the devil's preachers had come to the city." Not a clergyman attended the lecture. I wish they could be made to understand that they cannot save the souls of their hearers while their bodies are full of rum. One thing they, doubtless, understood, viz: The temperance cause, in that city, at that time, was not *popular*. Since then, temperance and Universalism have progressed finely. The Universalists have erected a splendid church, and had a settled pastor for years. God bless them all!

I would like to relate many circumstances that occurred while in this city, but I have not room. I received a proposition to settle with the society in Rockport, Mass., but declined, believing the time had not yet come for me to return to my native place.

I left New London — the friends having abundantly remunerated me for my services — and returned to Fall River; and from there went almost immediately to Fiskville, Rhode Island, ten miles from Providence. A small society of believers was here gathered from adjacent towns, composed, mostly, of members from other societies and churches. Their meetings were holden in a

school-house. I went there merely because I hoped to be useful in the cause of truth, by occupying ground that other preachers of our faith declined to cultivate, and being earnestly solicited to do so by the little flock there. I could have removed to many places to greater pecuniary advantage to myself, but I felt willing to try an experiment in a wilderness, where our doctrine had seldom been preached; and I have not yet repented of having done so, notwithstanding the inconveniences I experienced.

I preached not only for the "Warwick Universalist Society," but in all the region round about, where an opportunity offered, in school, private, and meeting houses, and sometimes in the great temple of the common Father. I found much ignorance, bigotry and sin, to contend with — many professors of piety and practisers of evil. The Sabbath was regarded by some, (not all, by any means,) as a holiday, and devoted to riding, fishing, hunting, planting, hoeing, trading, dancing, target-shooting, and hog-killing. In fact, everything clearly revealed the fact that the doctrine of *endless punishment*, in which most of them believed, had, in no wise, purified their hearts; and yet they were unwilling, as a general thing, to try the effect of a different theology. For example, two men came from a neighboring village, and having heard me, urged me to visit their place, and they applied for the use of an unoccupied Methodist church to hold a meeting in. "No," replied he who had the authority, "he nor any other Universalist minister shall not pollute our *desk!* We have *rogues enough here already*, and

are afraid that if he should come, it would increase the number!" The inquiry arose in my mind, and proceeded from my mouth, "Where did they get their rogues? What made them? Universalism has not been preached there." But there are noble-hearted and excellent people in the state, and to some of them I am under much obligation.

There being no Sabbath school in the vicinity where I resided, I established one of nearly an hundred scholars. I collected, by personal application to men of any and no religion, a sum sufficient to purchase a suitable library; and went from house to house, irrespective of sect, soliciting parents to send, and children to attend, the school; giving all who desired it the privilege of selecting teachers for their own children.

In collecting this school I met with many incidents, one of which I will relate. I called at a house, and a small-sized, black-eyed, sharp-looking, middle-aged woman allowed me to enter, and offered me a chair. I knew she had several unruly boys, who had been complained of for playing ball, and disturbing the neighbors, on Sundays, and I supposed she, being a professor of the Methodist religion, would like to have them taught better.

I stated the object and plan of the school I was about to organize, and invited her to send her children.

"I shall send them if I 'm a mind to, and if I ain't, I shan't!" replied the woman, hastily.

"Very well," said I, "that is what I want; I like volunteers, and wish all who come to do so freely."

"I believe that you are the Universalist minister. I am the woman that you and Deacon Potter prayed for the other night, in to his house, and I don't want any of your prayers!"*

"I am not certain as we prayed for you *in particular;* but even if we did, I thought that Christians always desired the prayers of other Christians."

"*Universalists* Christians! *Universalist* prayer-meetings!" she exclaimed, with the utmost contempt.

"Why, yes, Sister C.; we think we are Christians, and desire to bear the cross, and follow the Saviour. We expect to meet with opposition, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before us. If we strive to please men rather than God, we are in a difficult position, and not likely to succeed; for if we hold prayer-meetings, and offer our sincere devotions to God, we are scornfully derided for making a mock of religion; and if we do not pray, except in secret, we are accused of being prayerless and undevotional. You know that when I came here, notwithstanding there were many professors of religion, there was not a prayer-meeting among them all; but since then, one has been held, weekly, from house to house, and pious Christians, of various denominations, have united with us in speaking and praying; though some have refused to attend when kindly invited. Now, Sister C., suppose —"

* The fact was, Deacon P., when inviting his other neighbors, invited her. She refused, scornfully, to attend, and he left her, saying "The Lord give you a better spirit!". He mentioned this in meeting, and she was prayed for.

"Don't call *me* sister! I ain't none of your sister, I would n't have you think!"

"Excuse me, madam, but I really thought you was. Well, now suppose you and I should have a little prayer-meeting here by ourselves — you know the promise is to *two* — and we should both kneel down here to pray, how should we begin?"

"Begin? begin just as you was a mind to!"

"But would it not be proper for us to begin, '*Our Father*, who art in heaven?'"

"You might begin just as you liked!"

"But would it not be *proper* for us both to begin, '*Our Father?*'"

"I suppose it would, if we were a mind to."

"But *is* God the Father of us *both?*"

"I suppose he is."

"Then are you not one of my sisters?"

"Well, I suppose I am, *in that sense.*"

"You may be assured that when I call you '*sister*,' I intend it in no other sense whatever; but if we are related in any respect, we should be willing to recognize the relationship, and treat each other accordingly." After further conversation, in which her disturbed spirit became more tranquil, I arose, observing that I must depart and make other calls.

"Well," said she, "you can go if you are a mind to!"

"Oh, I am in no great hurry," said I, (pausing, as I saw in her so much willingness to have me go,) "if there is something more you want to say. But about those children; if you should conclude to send them, we will do the best we can for them."

"Well," said she, "if I conclude to send them, I will; and if I don't, I wont!"

"Very well, sister — pardon me, I mean *Mrs.* C., I wish you to act your own pleasure in the case; but as there is no other Sabbath school in the neighborhood, I thought I would invite all, without distinction, to attend ours. I am not conscious of having any other object than to improve the education and behavior of the children. It will be no particular advantage to *me* to have your children attend, and to spend my time in teaching them; but I wish, while I live, so to conduct as to leave the world, when I die, better than I found it."

"Well, you must not think much of everything I say, for I am a poor, weak woman, and don't know much."

"Such an apology," I replied, "is entirely unnecessary, for I understand all about it. I always receive such conversation, when I receive it at all, from whence it comes; remembering that where little is given, little should be required."

This was a case of bigoted, uncourteous ignorance, such as I seldom found in my Sabbath school efforts; for, as a general thing, the families treated me kindly and respectfully, whether they wished to send their children or not; and they, with one consent, condemned the conduct of this woman, when they heard the story from her own lips, as she hastened from house to house to tell how she served the Universalist elder. But I suppose she really thought she was doing *God* service, and obeying the command, "Resist *the* devil and he will flee from you."

Stimulated by our example, and a fear that we should make inroads upon their society, the Calvinistic Baptists made an effort and organized a school, which embraced some that would not have attended ours, and some, perhaps, that would; and I had the pleasure not only of seeing this school established through my instrumentality, but, also, of securing for it as superintendant the services of a worthy and liberal-minded man. In fact, the cause of truth was evidently progressing in all the region of my labors.

It is not strange that the progress of this new doctrine should arouse the opposition of its opposers. Many of the elders (all clergymen are called elders in that state) became evidently alarmed, and resorted to various methods of showing their hostility. Some of the best men in their churches were suspended for attending our meetings, while some intemperate and profligate men remained uncensured.

In the winter of 1841–2, a protracted meeting was held for many weeks, obviously for the purpose of suppressing the heresy.

Soon *four* protracted meetings were in operation at the same time in the neighborhood of our little society, and were all carried on with great vigor and considerable violence; but not one of our members swerved from the faith. True, there were *two* men, who were said to be "men of wealth and influence," and who had been, in some way, identified with Universalism, who, in the time of excitement, joined, one the Methodists, and the other the Baptists. But they never, to my knowledge, assisted or countenanced our doctrine any

further than to subscribe something for the Sabbath school. The true reason of their professed conversion is, perhaps, more than hinted at in the "Book of Abraham," XL. chapter.

I attended very many times at these protracted meetings, and took notes of the proceedings; but they will not be recorded here, as they are faithfully written in a book, entitled "The Acts of the Elders, commonly called the Book of Abraham."

I discovered the Rhode Islanders were, in some respects, a peculiar people; that many of them read but little, and that, therefore, whatever was expected to be generally read, must be peculiar in matter or manner, or both. I therefore wrote my reports of the protracted meeting, which appeared, weekly, in the "Gospel Messenger," of Providence, in the chronicle, or Old Testament style, and headed them "Book of Abraham." The paper was circulated, and the articles read, entirely beyond my expectation, and I was afterwards persuaded to complete the work, and publish it in book form.

The book has sold remarkably well, and assisted me essentially in the prosecution of my missionary efforts; thus causing the persecution and opposition of the elders to aid in upbuilding the cause which they labored to destroy. And I believe it has been blessed, not only in enabling me to preach the Gospel from place to place, but in the conversion of many minds to a knowledge of the truth. I could give many anecdotes of good respecting the mission it is accomplishing. The peculiarities of the work introduce it into hands where, otherwise, it would not be found. It has

worked its way into England, Scotland, and Germany, and I have received the most flattering accounts of its reception. Several interesting letters have been written me by the Rev. David Thom, of Liverpool, England, a profound scholar and eminent writer, in which he speaks of the book in terms of the highest commendation.

I will insert here an extract from a letter from the venerable John Burnham, M. D., of Maine, on account of its queerness and originality. Under date of October 27, 1847, he says: "Without flattery, I say that the 'BOOK OF ABRAHAM' will do more good to the cause of truth than any book written before it in these United States. It takes the enemy by the horn, in his own field — leads him through the dark jungles of his own planting — shows him the placid waters of peace and love, and the spiritual Canaan where God will, eventually, gather all the human family; and then, with the silken cords of love, binds and leaves him in the cooling shade of the good olive tree."

I will give the old gentleman's affectionate benediction, which I find at the close of a lengthy epistle. "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, be your shield, buckler, strength, and support, at all times, and in all situations and circumstances in life, and preserve you to a good old age; and, in your declining years, may you blossom downwards, like the beautiful purple bell-flower, until you are gathered home to the bosom of the Saviour of the world; which is the prayer of your brother in the blessed Abrahamic faith."

The protracted meetings held in my neighborhood, as well as some held in other parts of the

state, produced an intense excitement. In one village, where I preached occasionally, about ninety were baptized, by immersion, in one day. But as most people who read this will be likely, also, to read the "Book of Abraham," I designedly omit giving any account of the surprising sayings and doings of the elders, in their distracted meetings.

This great excitement about religion had scarcely ceased, before the Suffrage War, so called, which had been gathering for a year or two, broke upon the state, causing division and discord among the people, in every circumstance and association of life, from the government itself, down through all organized bodies, political and religious, to the family circle. It was an effort of the common people to obtain an extension of suffrage, through an abandonment of the old charter, by which the state was unequally governed, and the substitution of a constitution similar to those of the adjoining states.

But to give a history of the rise, progress, and result of this outbreak, would require a volume; and, therefore, the reader, if he desires it, must obtain it elsewhere. Suffice it to say, that THOMAS W. DORR, Esq., an estimable citizen, was elected governor of the state by the Suffrage party. I heard his inaugural address at the organization of the new government, in the city of Providence. I had been with the Suffrage men in the largest of their mass meetings. The strife between the two parties was severe, and when words failed to express their feelings, or accomplish their objects, they flew to arms. I was in the city when three thousand men were armed and equipped to march

against the newly elected governor, and those that were with him at Chepachet. The city was for many days in a state of very great excitement and confusion. On entering it one night, in a carriage, I was stopped three times by armed men. I was preaching there at the time — though I still lived at Fiskville — for the 2d society; but our meetings were broken up for several Sabbaths, by the wild storm of political strife and civil discord that raged around us.

Our place of worship — the town-house — was taken for soldiers' barracks, and a store-house for munitions of war. The city and state were under martial law. Fortunately, no public fighting was done, though many outrages were committed by men calling themselves soldiers. The Dorrites became disheartened, by various circumstances, and failed to rally around their intrepid leader in the time of greatest need, as they would have done had they been true to themselves. By the urgent solicitations of friends, the governor himself finally retired from the state, and his armed followers were disbanded and scattered, and hunted like wild beasts, and hundreds of them taken and imprisoned.

I sympathized with the Suffrage party in their object, but not in all the means used for its attainment. I was told that my name was on the list of proscribed ones to be arrested; but still I declined reading, in public, the proclamation of Gov. King, for a day of especial thanksgiving and praise, and offered prayers for the welfare of the prisoners, at a time when every public man's mouth was watched, that he might be caught by

his words. Some may think that as this subject had not much to do with my *religious* history, it might as well have been omitted in this Pilgrimage; but it certainly was to me one of the most thrilling circumstances of my life, and I therefore thus briefly name it here. I close, however, by relating one incident of many which I shall never forget.

When Dorr's camp, at Chepachet, was broken up, a small company of his soldiers, who belonged in and about my neighborhood, seized their arms, and, notwithstanding the numbers and vigilance of their enemies, reached home, a distance of seventeen miles, in safety. They were closely pursued, however, and had hardly time to secrete their guns and themselves before "the Philistines were upon them." They were hunted from house to house, and from place to place, day after day, until all but three were taken and committed to prison. These three had narrowly escaped, and were very anxious not to fall into the hands of the enemy. They made a desperate effort to force their way to Connecticut, but were driven back. But where could they retreat? for they had been driven from every hiding-place, and their homes were surrounded by enemies, watching for their return — waiting with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, *for these three men.*

Gov. King's proclamation was abroad — yea, it was lying upon the table of a certain elder — forbidding, under severe pains and penalties, all persons to aid, in any way, the soldiers of the "insurgent" Dorr. Still there was one door open for

their reception, and one light to throw its glad radiance upon their dark pathway.

It was ten at night, when, hungry, wet and weary, these three proscribed, but unconquered, patriots were wending their tedious way, slowly and cautiously, through a thick grove of vines and forest trees, not an hundred rods from the "hired house" of that same elder. Suddenly they paused, for a dim light, from an inner apartment, shone through an open door, and, falling upon their sight, seemed to invite them onward. Soon were they at a stone fence, in which was an open place, apparently made by some friendly hand for their especial convenience. One stealthily passed through, and bending nearly to the ground, crossed a well-cultivated garden, and was instantly in the house. Then came another, and another, until all had entered, unseen by a sleepy sentinel, who, in a soldier's garb, was posted within two rods of that same house, to wait and watch for the returning fugitives.

Every needful thing for their comfort was done by willing hands and sympathizing hearts; and when midnight came, the poor wearied ones were wrapped in deep and quiet slumber.

On the next morning the search for them was diligently renewed, and a new company of armed men, who were better acquainted with the "lay of the land," were ordered to take them, dead or alive. One of the soldiers told the writer that they were ordered to shoot them, if, when seen, they attempted to escape.

The bayonets of the pursuers many times glittered past the windows of the room where rested

the pursued. They saw carried past, between armed men, a worthy physician, who, but a few moments before, was in their apartment, and beside whom no living mortal outside the elder's house knew of their concealment.

Many houses were surrounded and searched, and soldiers were frequently at the doors of the elder's house, which, the weather being hot, were thrown wide open. More than once did he invite them in, but they went not; and many and many a canteen did he fill with pure water for those who were thirsty. He questioned them in regard to the number and disposition of their troops, the places of their sentinels, the men of whom they were in search, &c., &c., and received information that essentially aided him in his project.

They supposed the men were in the wilderness, and would soon be starved out, and surrender themselves prisoners, at the very moment a partition only separated them from their sight, and the savory smell of the dinner of the "rebels" tantalized the noses of their foes, as they thrust them for a moment into the kitchen of the elder. But *mesmerism* came not to their assistance, and the secreted were not discovered. But so imminent was the danger of discovery, and so severe the probable penalty that would have been laid upon the elder, that the generous "renegades" declared they would, if possible, leave the house unobserved, and submit to be captured. But the elder replied, "As my soul liveth ye shall not depart; for have I not given water to the pursuers, and shall I not, also, give bread and shelter to the hungry and pursued? And, moreover, the prisons are all filled

with your fellows, and will it not, therefore, be a favor, even to your foes, that I keep you imprisoned in my own house, and guard you safely at my own expense? And will not the Assembly, and the King himself, give me many thanks that I thus take a burden off their busy hands?" And they abode still where they were.

Night came, at length, with its friendly darkness, and the trio went forth, well directed and prepared to make their way to New York. Two reached there in safety, but the third was secreted in a barn, and fed by his aged mother, until the storm of excitement had measurably subsided; so neither of them was taken. But I have room for nothing more about the war.

About this time I accepted an invitation to remove to Canton, Mass., about fifteen miles south of Boston. I had many reasons for this removal, but cannot state them here. I took leave of my many kind friends in Rhode Island, who urged my stay, but blamed me not for departing, and arrived in Canton August 1, 1842.

No preacher of our faith had ever been settled here, and no society organized. My settlement was an experiment, which, however, did not prove an eminently successful one; for though I remained there two years, and several efforts were made, yet we could not succeed even in organizing a Universalist society. There were good and willing people enough to have formed a very respectable one; but every effort was thwarted by a few crooked sticks that chanced, at that time, to grow on Zion's hill, and which could not be straightened. We owned no church, but met in

an inconvenient hall. We had good conference meetings, and a Sabbath school; but things in the business world were in a low condition, and prevented the friends from doing as they wished. I have here some excellent friends, whom I remember with pleasure and gratefulness, and am happy that they are now prospering under the effective labors of Brother C. W. Mellen.

I received, while here, an invitation to become the agent of a missionary association in New Hampshire, which, but for one reason, I should have accepted. In the fall of 1844, I received a unanimous invitation to become pastor of the Universalist society in Hingham, Mass., but declined its acceptance, having, for several years, contemplated removing to Salisbury, Mass.

In November, 1844, I removed to Salisbury, Mass., where I remain unto this present time, (August, 1848,) though I have received propositions to settle from various societies. I have been, and still am, engaged in itinerating, or missionarying, in various parts of the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and I have reason to believe that my labors have not been in vain. I believe I am accomplishing more for the cause than if settled with a society; but my labor is greater when my "field is the world," than when my "field is the parish." Still I am willing to perform a work which, should I neglect it, might be done by no one; and the friends of the cause, hitherto, where I have journeyed, have been disposed to sustain and encourage me. No missionary in our order has, to my knowledge, been sustained by any association half

as long as I have been sustained by the people, going forth on my "own hook."

It would fill a large volume to relate the particulars and adventures of my journeyings for the last four years. I will give a single letter, containing not the *particulars*, but the *outlines*, of one missionary tour, and with it I close this chapter. It is taken from the "Christian Freeman."

"*East Thomaston, Me., Nov.* 13, 1847.

"BROTHER COBB:—You are aware, if you have not forgotten it, that I am at present in this State, on a missionary excursion; and if you have no objection, I will "report progress" through your paper, for the information of any of your readers who are interested in the matter.

"I wrote you from Orland about the 20th ult., since which time I have preached the word in Prospect, Belfast, Lincolnville, Camden, Camdenport, Hope, Union and Appleton. Within the last fourteen days I have preached fifteen discourses, and given several addresses.

"I have been on this tour eight weeks, and have, among other exertions to spread a knowledge of the truth, put in circulation among the various religious sects, within a district of sixty miles by twenty, *seven hundred* doctrinal, practical and temperance books and pamphlets, most of them, however, bound volumes. I not unfrequently dispose of a Universalist book to a determined opposer to its doctrines; but never without his understanding the import of its teachings. By conversation, I create in his mind, if possible, a disposition to know more of our doctrine, and

not being able to stay long enough to meet and answer all his inquiries and objections, I sell him a book — perhaps the "Book of Abraham," or "The Family Prayer Book" — leaving him and the book together to work out his own salvation. By such personal efforts, I send many of our denominational works into families where, otherwise, they would not find their way, perhaps, for many years; and, doubtless, truthful books scattered in this way will be like the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations.

"It was but yesterday, I was met by a young, intelligent looking Irishman, who inquired if I had one of my books for him. He said he was educated a Roman Catholic, but was willing to receive truth from any source — that he heard me *prache* a few evenings since, and liked my *praching;* and learning that I had a book of my own experience and sentiments, he wished to obtain one; and he thought if others of his countrymen would *hare* me, they, also, would purchase a book. He took a copy of the "Acts of the Elders," and went his way to exhibit it among his countrymen at his boarding-house.

"In Orland there is but one meeting-house, and that *one*, strange to say, was built, and is owned, by Universalists. Brother J. E. Burnham preaches for them half the time, but they ought to have preaching every Sabbath. In Bucksport is a society of our faith; but they have no preaching. I should have lectured there, but there appeared to be no suitable place that could be obtained.

"I made an unsuccessful effort to get up lectures in Castine. I sent and received messages,

both verbal and written, but obtained so little encouragement, and so much discouragement, that I went not among them, but departed another way, saying, "Sleep on now and take your rest." The Universalists in Castine own a good meeting-house, and are able to support a minister of the gospel. But the damps of spiritual death have come upon them — they have hanged their harps upon the willows, and sat down by the cold streams of Babylon, and folded their hands in careless indifference and inglorious inactivity. The doors of their sanctuary are fast closed up, and its courts are untrodden by devout worshippers of God; the voice of praise and prayer is not heard therein, nor does the word of truth and grace go forth therefrom, though thousands around are perishing for lack of religious knowledge. True, there may be those who weep, at times, between the porch and the altar, over the desolations of Zion, but they are not enough to keep the sanctuary cleansed, and the house set in order, so that they could enter in and worship there, should a herald of the cross offer to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ," without money and without price. God grant that they may soon awaken from spiritual slumber, arise and shake themselves from the dust, and be found in the perfect pathway of religious duty!

"In Prospect, are very many professed Universalists scattered through the town. Brother Jerome Harris preaches here, in two meeting-houses, and is engaged, also, in school-teaching, not receiving a sufficient support from his ministerial labors.

"In Belfast is a good society and a good meeting-house, and as their good minister, Brother F. A. Hodsdon, has just left them, they want some other good man, "of the same sort," to labor with them.

"In Lincolnville, 'Duck Trap' village, is a neat, new union meeting-house, in which I gave three lectures. One arrangement about it, I think, is excellent, and would commend it to all who engage in building *union* houses. Though each sect has liberty to use it a definite number of specified Sabbaths, according to its amount of ownership, yet no one sect which may not see fit to obtain preaching on its day, can close the house even on that day, against another sect who may feel disposed to occupy it for preaching. The Universalists have preaching occasionally. The cause has good friends here. In Camden, Brother Tuttle lives, where he preaches a part of the time. They own one meeting-house, (at Goose River,) and have another nearly completed, at the Harbor, which is built by a parish fund, which has been accumulating for many years. The Baptists kindly opened their church for me to lecture in.

"In Hope the cause looks a little too much like despair, though there are some ardent friends and many professed believers in the town. They have preaching, sometimes, by Brother Baxter, who is engaged not only in the ministry, but, also, in school teaching.

"In Union there is too much discord among the friends of truth; nevertheless, they support preaching all the time, and the meetings are

pretty well attended. Brother W. H. Harriman is their pastor.

"In Templeton we have a few good friends, but they seldom have preaching of our faith. I lectured here one evening to a crowded and attentive audience, in a large school-house. They appeared anxious to listen to the word of life, and Brother Harriman, who was with me, made an engagement to spend a Sabbath with them.

"I am now in East Thomaston, and expect to preach for Brother N. C. Fletcher on the morrow, who is in Belfast.

"Thus have I, Brother Cobb, given a brief and shadowy outline of my efforts, and the state of the cause as it has come under my own observation since leaving Orland. Before that I had preached in Bangor, East and West Corinth, Orono, Upper Stillwater, Old Town and Bradley. I have not time, had I the disposition, to tell you just how I was conveyed from place to place; how many purling rills, meandering brooks, and flowing rivers, and placid lakes, and towering mountains, and lofty trees, and waving forests, I passed, and beheld, and admired, in my hasty journeyings. Nor whether, when, hungry and thirsty, I paused to be refreshed, there were placed before me 'unsettled coffee,' 'saleratus bread,' and 'unsavory butter.' No, I cannot now stop, as the manner of some is, to enumerate and dwell upon these interesting and weighty particulars!

"Suffice it to say, that in all my journeyings, I meet with a cordial welcome from the ministering brethren (and sisters, too) on whom I call, and from very many others; and that they most

cheerfully second my exertions, and essentially aid me in the prosecution of the work given me to do; for all of which they have my most grateful acknowledgements.

"I find it convenient to have with me printed handbills, so that I can get up meetings, sometimes, in a village, at short notice.

"As to pecuniary compensation, I depend, mainly, upon the profit arising from the sale of books; and, therefore, never take a contribution in a public meeting. This is my first visit to this portion of the common heritage. It has thus far been a very pleasant, though rather fatiguing one. I expect to leave for home in a few days, and will God grant me to arrive there in peace and safety. Amen.

"As ever, thine,

"ABRAHAM NORWOOD."

NOTE. I will here say what should have been said on page 295, in connection with the account of my residence in Canton, viz: Rev. Brothers E. Thompson and A. P. Cleverly labored here before me, but although the latter preached a part of the time for two or three years, yet neither of them *resided in the town;* and hence the assertion, "no preacher of our faith had ever been *settled* here."

CHAPTER X.

Author's family record — Opposition of relatives, and encouragement of friends — Sickness and health, poverty and wealth — Much to say, but not room to say it — "Come, and bring the baby" — End of the "Pilgrimage."

THE writer was married — he remembers it distinctly, and has not repented of the transaction — in Salisbury, Mass., Dec. 8, 1829, to Ruth Stevens Penson, daughter of Captain John Penson. She was a Baptist, and most of her relatives were professedly pious, and some of them said many zealous things because her husband became a Universalist, and even advised her to *forsake him forever!* One of them declared that she had rather have heard that he was *a confirmed drunkard!* But they have all learned better things since, and become very pleasantly reconciled, for their hearts are a thousand times better than their creeds.

Mrs. Norwood was opposed to my preaching the "heresy," and thought she could never hear me do so. But she *did* hear me, the first chance she had, and has never been willing to leave our meeting for any other. In fact, Universalism is her favorite doctrine, and I have the very great happiness of being her favorite minister; and she is my most favorite hearer; and her children are my most favorite children, and mine are here.

There are six of them — four girls and two boys. The girls are all here, and the boys are in the upper kingdom — gone home.

The first-born, Ruth Ann, came to us in Biddeford, Me., September 10, 1830, and was with her mother, in Salisbury, whilst I was in Malden, at Brother Cobb's. By the way, I intended before this to have mentioned Mrs. E. H. Cobb, merely to express my grateful remembrance of her uniform care and attention, and sisterly kindness and affection to me, while a student at her house. Moreover, she wrote an interesting and lengthy epistle to Mrs. N., who, at the time, was surrounded by my religious opposers, which much instructed and encouraged her. She has our thanks.

In Brewster, three children were given us.

1st. A son, October 4, 1833, to make a Christian name for whom, we took his maternal grandfather's surname, and called him Penson. He was a fair, forward child, but he left us August 3, 1834.

2d. Mary Parker made us her first visit February 13, 1835, and was called after one of my sisters. This child has been sick a great deal, and we have had very much labor, care and anxiety, on her account.

3d. Eliza Penson, called after one of her mother's sisters, was given us March 4, 1837, the day of President Van Buren's inauguration. A whig lawyer pleasantly observed, that as I was a strong friend of the president, she should be called Martha Van Buren.

Augusta S., named after one of my sisters,

made her first appearance among us in Marblehead, January 15, 1840.

Our last was presented us in Salisbury, November 23, 1845. He was a bright little fellow, and added very much to our stock of domestic happiness. But "to die is to go home;" and he went home, after much suffering, February 25, 1847.

Mrs. Norwood's health has been bad for seven years, which, together with her dislike of the location, was the principal cause of my leaving Rhode Island. In fact, she fortunately left before the Suffrage outbreak, and, of course, was not at the house of the elder when the three men were secreted. In Canton, her health continued to decline, in spite of medical treatment, which fact determined me on declining all invitations to a pastoral charge, and removing to this place, her native village. For two years her health has been gradually, though almost imperceptibly, improving, so that now she attends daily to her domestic affairs.

When I entered the ministry I was much afflicted with dyspepsia; but a persevering disuse of coffee and tea, and a careful observance in regard to diet, restored me entirely. I had, however, a very dangerous cough a part of the time while on the Cape, and it did not leave me fully until I had been a year in Marblehead. I also had the canker-rash, which injured my eye-sight. Altogether I have had considerable sickness in my family.

As to worldly wealth, I never expected to be rich, and am not likely to be disappointed. I have always been poor in the things of the world, yet have contrived to pay all my debts, and to be

rich in faith. I have sometimes been poorer than at others.

In Rhode Island we by no means fared sumptuously every day, and had it not been for some thoughtful friends in Providence and Woonsocket, we should not have come so near it as we did. However, though I preached in a wilderness, my raiment was not of camel's hair, nor my meat locusts and wild honey.

I labored, working with my heart, my head, and my hands, and complained not. I am still willing to labor for the spread of truth, while I have my health, and the approbation of God and my own conscience. I am happy, also, to enjoy the fellowship of my ministering brethren, and the countenance of the denomination generally; and my prayer is that I may not prove unworthy of the trust placed in me, and of the friendship of thousands who kindly receive me to their homes, and assist me in my many missionary wanderings. May the good Father abundantly bless them all!

I have yet many things to say, but this volume is already larger than I intended, so I must end the "Pilgrimage." But first let me give an extract from a letter to my friend, Mrs. M. S. R., of Lewiston, Me., who wrote us to "come, and bring the baby," not knowing of its departure. Here it is:

"As to 'bringing the baby,' we shall not be permitted to do any such thing. We had one, though, when we received your *first* letter — a boy — and his mother called him by his father's name, though it was a rather old and large name for a young and small boy. But then she liked

it, for certain reasons, and it would not look well for me to raise an opposition.

"He was a bright, enjoyable little fellow, and everybody in the house loved him dearly. But we cannot take him with us to visit you, for he has been gone from us for several months, and though we long to see him, yet we cannot have the privilege.

"Sickness came upon him, and intense suffering paled his cheek, and dimmed his eye, and shook his tender frame, as we watched beside his little couch, day after day, and night after night, anticipating his wants, sympathizing with his sufferings, and enduring the most painful anxiety and suspense. But such scenes cannot last forever, for the parental heart would break with the intensity of its agony, and the frame itself, which holds that heart, would be crushed to earth, and planted in the grave, by the weight of such affliction.

"Oh, it is more dreadful, more agonizing, to see a friend we love, but cannot help, writhing in excruciating anguish, and to feel our efforts powerless to grant relief, — to realize our perfect impotency, — to see our every effort vain and useless, than it is to look upon the lifeless form, the placid brow, the pallid cheek, the pale, wan lips, the sunken eye, and pulseless bosom, that will throb no more. Death came — the messenger of God — and soothed his anguish, and hushed his silvery voice, and closed his bright blue eyes, and wrapped his lovely form in his cold shroud! The strife was past, the high-wrought agony was o'er; *our only son was dead;* and we gazed more tran-

quilly as he lay before us, beautiful in death. We raised him gently from his cradle bed — the bed he loved so well — and dressed him for the grave; and many a lip, warm with the gush of life, was closely pressed to his cold cheek, and many a burning tear fell on the loved and lost, the early dead, the poor, pale boy! But *I* was calm, even as now; for God had done it, and I knew the fact, and held my peace and murmured not.

* * * * *

"A storm raged fearfully, and snow descended thickly from dark clouds above, as we gave the last sad look, and kissed again the marble brow, and bore him forth from his warm, glad home, and found a place among a sleeping multitude of old and young, and gently laid him there, in his cold, damp, narrow grave, and breathed a prayer, and dropped a tear, and left him in his loneliness, and sadly went our way to our deserted home; and the fierce east wind rudely sang his requiem.

"Thus have both our boys, (for *two* were ours,) one after one, been taken from us, blasting our fondest earthly hopes, but adding cherub after cherub to the better world, and laying up our choicest treasures in the upper kingdom. One was but ten, the other fifteen, months, when they departed; and they will come again to visit us no more. Still we are comforted with the blessed hope that we shall meet again in a brighter and a better world, where we can say, 'Behold I and the *children* which God hath given me.'

"But we should never grieve o'er joys or friends departed, so as to be unmindful of our blessings left. True, God has taken two of our dear, loved

ones, yet *four* remain to bless and cheer us, and we have twice the cause for praise that we have for sorrow, and, therefore, should complain not, but bow, with pious resignation, to his holy will.

"I do thus bow, and am prepared to kiss the rod that smites me, and to yield my friends, or go myself, the way of all the earth, whenever God shall call, — for I must confess my love of life is not so strong as it once was, for every time a friend departs, another tie is sundered that binds me here. But I am resolved, while friends are left me, to enjoy and love them. My own short life is, doubtless, almost spent, for two score years thereof have gone into the past, and my days are numbered, and my work, perchance, is almost done, for this earthly pilgrimage is, at longest short. But I will labor till my sun goes down, and will God grant that it may set in peace. Amen."

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

Notwithstanding this volume is, already, as large as I anticipated making it, yet I will add to it a few more specimens of my rhyming productions. The selections in Part I. are from my "Fisherman Poetry;" those in Part II. were written since.

PART I.

TO MY SISTER MARY.

Bright is the day before you,
And fair the way you go;
A cloudless sky is o'er you,
You nought of trouble know.

Approaching now life's wild-wood,
Fond Hope illumes thy brow,
And whispers to thy childhood,
"'T will fairer be than now."

It says, "Each coming morrow
Will, like the passing day,
Be undisturbed by sorrow,
And smoothly glide away."

Such hope will but deceive you,
If by it you are borne;
And soon, ah! soon 't will leave you,
And leave you, too, to mourn.

In this vain world of sadness,
Expect no perfect bliss;

The coming day with gladness
No better fraught than this.

The flowers will not be thornless
That blossom on your way;
The world will not be scornless,
While in its paths you stray.

Then set not your affection
And heart on things below;
But seek from heaven protection,
To guide where you should go.

While on life's troubled ocean,
Whene'er its billows rise,
May faith and pure devotion
Direct you to the skies!

The following was written in early life, but the author threw his mind forward to advanced age, and imagined himself on a

VISIT TO HIS NATIVE HOME.

Again did I visit the home of my childhood,
Again did I stray where I often had strayed;
I wandered again in the same shady wild-wood,
And stopped by the brook where I carelessly played.

And then did I go to the garden I planted,
Wild bushes now covered the beautiful spot,
By roses and daises it once was enchanted,
But time has been mowing, and *now they are not!*

I sat down to rest on a rock that was shaded,
On which the bright beams of the sun used to be,
For, though all the blossoms and flowers had faded,
An acorn I planted had grown to a tree.

Then o'er the green fields did I ramble, delighted,
Where often we played with a bat and a ball,

And where the poor squirrels, most dreadfully frighted,
Were pelted with stones as they fled on the wall.

And there did we sport with our cross-bows and arrows,
Which flew, when we strove with the strength of our might,
With force just sufficient to startle the sparrows,
And make them seek out a new place to alight.

I saw the old school-house, that stood by the pasture,
The crooked way to it I frequently trod;
But some of the boys, who than I could run faster,
Would sometimes play truant in spite of the rod.

I looked to the shore that is washed by the ocean,
The sea-gull and fish-hawk were waiting their prey;
Oh, how I have watched them, with youthful emotion,
To see the poor fishes borne swiftly away!

But where, said my heart, are the loved ones I cherished?
My playmates, companions, that heightened my joy?
Alas! I exclaimed, they have most of them perished,
That sported and frolicked when I was a boy.

But cease, my sad heart, for 't is vain to deplore them,
Since nothing it matters to them or to me,
If they went before me, or I went before them,
As soon in the grave we must all of us be.

Then fear not, my soul, though the way may seem dreary,
For man is immortal, — what want we beside?
Beyond the dark valley is rest for the weary,
And "Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

"THERE IS A TIME TO DIE." — *Solomon.*

"There is a time" when dust with dust must blend,
"There is a time" when mortal strife will end,
Our bodies sleep beneath the earth's cold sod,
Our spirits rise to our Creator, God.

"There is a time" when earth no joys can give,
When we by faith on things unseen must live;

Faith in the word which God to man has given,
To guide his footsteps in the way to heaven.

"There is a time" when life will lose its charms,
When Death will seize us in his icy arms,
And bear us safely to the world of peace,
Where grief and pain and sin and sorrow cease.

"There is a time" when friends around us stand,
Mark the pale cheek, and take the trembling hand;
When hearts with grief and eyes with tears will swell,
And falt'ring accents breathe a last farewell.

"There is a time" when death itself will die,
And the last trumpet rend the vaulted sky;
When time on earth, with men, shall be no more,
Earth, air, and ocean, as they were before.

"There is a time" — oh, haste, thou welcome day! —
When doubts and fears will vanish all away;
There is an hour when raptured hearts can sing,
"Where is thy victory, grave? oh, death, thy sting?"

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, oh! lay me down
Beneath some humble sod,
And let the dust return to dust,
The spirit to its God.

Let no parade, or empty show,
Be seen about my bier, —
Let not the sable shroud of woe
On kindred forms appear.

But let a friendly few be there,
My couch of death around, —
Let there be said a fervent prayer,
Then lay me in the ground.

Place there a lonely stone, or not, —
It matters not to me,

Whether remembered or forgot
This mortal frame shall be.

But let fond nature's faithful hand
My humble bed bestrew,
With flowers no human artist planned,
That wild and fragrant grow.

A "weeping willow" — mournful tree! —
(The practice good or bad)
Must never wave above *my* grave —
It is a token sad.

Let no fond heart or bosom swell
With grief's corroding pain;
From tears and sighs may hearts and eyes
Both one and all refrain.

But *should* some friend lament my end,
Nor stay the falling tear,
May God above, who rules in love,
The fainting spirit cheer.

The following is an extract from a piece written on leaving Biddeford, Me., and the last written over the signature which it bears.

FINALLY — FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the place — I can't say of my birth —
But to a bright spot on our beautiful earth,
Where peace, love, and friendship, in unity dwell,
The minstrel would breathe a pathetic farewell.

Farewell to the river, from whose banks of green,
Bright fishes, that sport in its waters, are seen;
How oft its swift current has borne me along!
Ah, well it deserves a good place in my song.

Farewell to the mountains, hills, valleys and plains!
I ne'er shall forget you while memory remains;

Where oft the wild pigeons were slain by my gun,
And foxes and hares had to scamper and run.

Farewell to my trees, both the branch and the root;
I planted, and others may gather the fruit;
Farewell to the one where I once got a fall,
Ere that is forgotten the rest will be all.

Farewell my sweet rosebush that stands by the brook,
Perhaps I no more on your beauties shall look;
Breathe gently, oh, zephyrs! its tendrils among,
While on them bright dew-drops are carelessly hung.

Ye green fields and meadows, with all your sweet flowers,
Brooks, streams, trees, and vines, and your nature formed bowers;
How oft you delighted, I never can tell,
The heart that now loves you and bids you farewell.

Farewell the green hill where I often have strayed,
To see all the beauties of nature displayed;
To watch the last rays of the bright setting sun,
Till night's sable curtain its duty had done;

To catch the last notes of sweet songsters around,
Ere sleep to their senses admittance had found;
Adieu, thou loved spot! but I will not deplore,
Though places that know me will know me no more.

Farewell, oh, my kindred! the tenderest farewell!
My words are too few and too feeble to tell;
Suffice it to say, though asunder we part,
While absent in presence, together in heart.

New scenes will delight where I hope soon to dwell,
Other fields, flowers and mountains divert me as well;
New kindred are waiting to welcome me there,
New friends will surround me, my loss to repair.

Then why do I tarry? why longer delay?
Spread, spread your white canvass, my bark, and away!
One sigh, as we part, one last lingering look —
Farewell to you all! and adieu to GOD-BOOK.

PART II.

TO MY MUSE.

Awake! my Muse, arise!
Thy harp hath long upon the willows hung;
Though cloudless, bright and pure, have been thy skies
Silent, alas, hast thou remained — unstrung.

Awake! Why dost thou sleep,
When all around is lovely and serene?
Why doth thy harp unbroken silence keep,
When nature speaks — a voice not heard, but seen?

The glorious heavens above,
The golden sun, that pours his vivid rays,
The earth around, proclaim a God of love,
And call thee to awake and sing his praise.

The forest, with its trees,
The wind, that wantons on the crystal lake,
The fields of grain, slow waving with the breeze,
All call thee to awake, awake, awake!

The air perfumed with flowers,
The hills and vales are lovely to the view,
And gentle rains, and soft, refreshing showers,
The strength and vigor of the earth renew.

The orchards yield their fruits,
To cheer and bless the noble creature, man;
The gardens teem with flowers, and herbs, and roots,
And thus obey unerring Wisdom's plan.

Sweet zephyrs gently breathe
Through the loved bowers around which woodbines cling
Where fairest hands the fairest garlands wreathe,
And loveliest birds attune their notes and sing.

Then why should'st thou be mute?
And why thy harp so long remain unstrung?
Awake! attune once more the lyre and lute;
If much *has been*, "much yet *remains* unsung."

THE SABBATH.

Hail, thou day of sacred rest!
Owned of God, divinely blest;
Precious boon to mortals given,
Peace on earth, a type of heaven.

On this day the Saviour rose
From the silent grave's repose;
On this day do Christians meet,
Chant his praise in accents sweet.

Every mortal care, depart;
Love divine, inspire each heart;
Waves of peace celestial, roll,
Overwhelm each troubled soul.

May the earthly courts of God
Be with awe and gladness trod;
And his happy children raise
Sacred songs of joy and praise.

May their fervent prayers arise
To the God of earth and skies,
And his spirit from on high
Every mental want supply.

May each herald of the cross
Count all earthly things but dross;
And the gospel truth proclaim,
That the Lord our Saviour came,

With commission from above,
To declare that "God is love;"
That salvation will extend
To the earth's remotest end,

That we all shall glory see,
Blest with immortality;
That all hearts and tongues shall sing,
"Glory to our heavenly King!"

The following lines were written and read to the young man who performed the deed alluded to, while the sad moanings of the parent cow were sounding in his ears; and they are published here by request.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS REPROVED.

THINK you that beasts can feel?
Have they affection for their tender young?
Or are their hearts so cased with triple steel,
That they cannot with anguish keen be wrung?

Hear you that lowing cow?
Does not her mournful voice salute your ear?
Why is it? Can you answer? Tell me now,
Why does her look so sad, so wild, appear?

Do you not like to tell
The sad, the mournful, and the cruel tale?
How, *by your hand*, her helpless offspring fell,
That her rich milk might fill the flowing pail?

What power could nerve your arm,
When raised, the blood of innocence to shed?
Felt you no check of conscience, no alarm?
Was tenderness avaunt, and pity fled?

How could you so destroy
A life it was not in your power to give?
How could you change to grief a mother's joy,
And put to death what she desired to live?

Think *now* a beast can feel?
If not, witness again that mother's woe;
'T is true no tears adown her cheek can steal,
But more she suffers than if tears could flow.

I cease — for you lament!
You hear her moans and you regret the deed;
But 't is too late! — 't is useless to repent!
You raised the axe — you made the victim bleed!

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS RUTH H.

And must I write, on leaf so white,
Whate'er my brains inditing?
Celestial fire my breast inspire,
And guide my pen while writing.

Let not my lays be words of praise,
And vain, poetic fiction;
But lines of truth be traced for Ruth,
In plain, unvarnished diction.

This world of ours, by other powers
Than men possess, is guided;
Pleasure and pain sometimes obtain,
Among us all divided.

Of hopes and fears, of smiles and tears,
Of meeting and of parting,
Of sun and shade, is truly made,
This world in which you 're starting.

Sometimes, though great be our estate,
And broad be our dominions,
We proudly soar to grasp at more,
And fall with broken pinions.

Sometimes we sail with fav'ring gale,
Our bark by Hope commanded,
Till ocean's wave becomes her grave,
Or on some rock is stranded.

Again, perchance, we may advance
In darksome way and fearful,
And sudden light burst on the sight,
And make us gay and cheerful.

Thus joy and woe alternate flow,
And come when least expected,
And hope or fear may start a tear,
Elated or dejected.

Professéd friends, for selfish ends,
Can pass us by unheeded;

And sometimes those we deem our foes
Will prove our friends when needed.

Such is the world in which we 're hurled
By Him who rules above us;
And we are told, in words of gold,
He will forever love us.

All changes, then, which come to men,
Both pleasing and dejecting,
We, to discern in them, should learn
The hand of Heaven directing.

But I suppose 't is time to close
This lengthy rig of rhyming,
Which I must guess you will confess
There is not much sublime in.

That I should write in strain so light,
I own it rather strange is —
But stop, my pen!
Your friend, A. N.,

P. S. And will be till he changes.

The following Ode was written for and sung at the annual celebration of the Marblehead Columbian Society, January 8, 1839.

ORIGINAL ODE.

Science hath waved her wand,
Outstretched her potent hand,
Uttered her voice:
Nations that sat in night
Have risen by her might,
And in refulgent light
They now rejoice.

Yet still she leads the way
To a far brighter day,
And bids us run;

Glad *Genius* quickly flies,
With eagle's wings and eyes,
Untired we see him rise
Toward Learning's sun.

On, on, in this bright track
And pause not — look not back,
Ye nations all!
Pursuit secures success,
Then onward, onward press!
Science all those will bless
Who heed her call.

We of Columbia's land
Extend a proffered hand,
SCIENCE, to thee;
Though not thy place of birth,
It is of priceless worth,
The spot of all the earth
Where thou should'st be

As erst, in Rome and Greece,
Come, make thy home in peace,
On this blest shore;
Then thy bright beams extend
To earth's remotest end,
And our whole race befriend,—
We ask no more.

This ode was written for and sung at the presentation of a banner, by ladies, to a Temperance Society.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

Lo, we come, with banner bright,
Waving o'er our heads to-night,
In the Temperance cause to fight;
Temperance and reform.

Fairest hands this banner wrought,
Purest hearts the offering brought,
We accept it as we ought,
Grateful hearts and warm.

To the breeze its folds we fling,
And renew our pledge to bring
Alcohol, the tyrant king,
At our feet to fall.

Yes, this monster we will rout,
Force his camp, and drive him out;
With a song and with a shout,
Rally, freemen, all!

Rally, ye whom temperance led
From the earth, your only bed,
When all hope afar had fled;
Shout for liberty!

Ye who, in some evil hour,
Yielded to temptation's power,
Rouse again, and never cower;
On to victory!

Here 's our heart, and here 's our hand, —
Join once more the temperance band,
And the tempter from the land
Shall be driven away.

Rally, all ye slaves of rum!
To the rescue nobly come,
Take the pledge, and don't be dumb;
Join the battle's fray!

Temperate men and women, all,
Come at duty's loudest call,
Save the world from alcohol,
Come and sign the pledge!

Come beneath our banner bright,
Every heart and voice unite,
Like good soldiers shout and fight,
And the battle wage!

The following was sung at a meeting of Odd Fellows and their ladies.

INVOCATION.

GREAT Parent, high and holy,
Omnipotent, divine!
With grateful hearts and lowly,
We worship at thy shrine:
A band of faithful brothers,
In "Friendship, Truth and Love,"
With sisters, wives and mothers,
Invoke thine aid above.

Before thine altar bending,
Our fervent prayers we raise;
With hearts and voices blending,
We chant our songs of praise:
We praise Thee for each blessing
To us so freely given;
For present joys possessing,
And hopes of future heaven.

Do Thou, rich grace revealing,
Still aid us on our way;
Increase each holy feeling,
Dispose each heart to pray;
And keep us all united
In Friendship's strongest ties,
With Faith and Truth unblighted,
And Love that never dies.

Each duty well performing,
Each virtue nobly done,
All hearts with fervor warming,
All members joined in one;
Our high and sacred Order
Will triumph and increase;
To its remotest border,
The Lord will give it peace.

CONCLUDING HYMN.

SUNG AFTER A LECTURE ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd Fellowship is love
And every perfect grace,
Imparted from above,
To bless the human race,
When practised forth
By every hand, throughout the land,
From south to north.

Let all its friends be true,
Obey its sacred laws,
Arise with vigor new,
Press onward in the cause;
To aid the sick,
To dry the tear, to quell the fear,
Be ever quick.

Should treacherous foes assail
With slander's voice unjust,
They never can prevail,
For still "In God we trust:"
"Be serious," then,
But never fear, while God is near,
The taunts of men.

We prize this friendly call,
This sympathy of heart;
But, sisters, brothers, all,
'T is time, and we must part;
Though sad, 't is right,
So we rejoice with heart and voice,
Good night, good night!

JUL 1 1982

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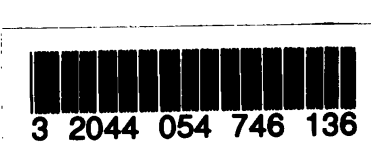
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